Sept. 2, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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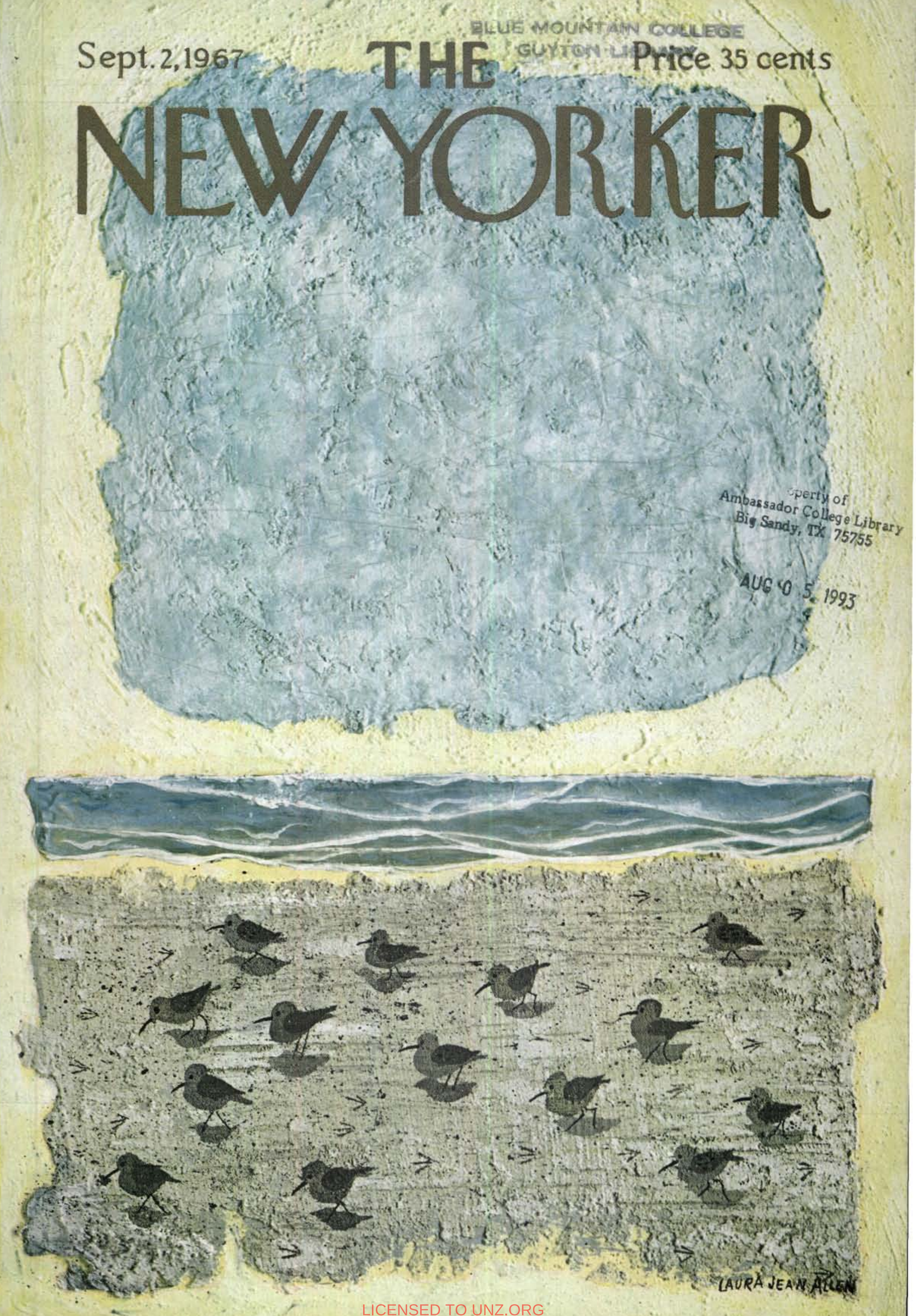
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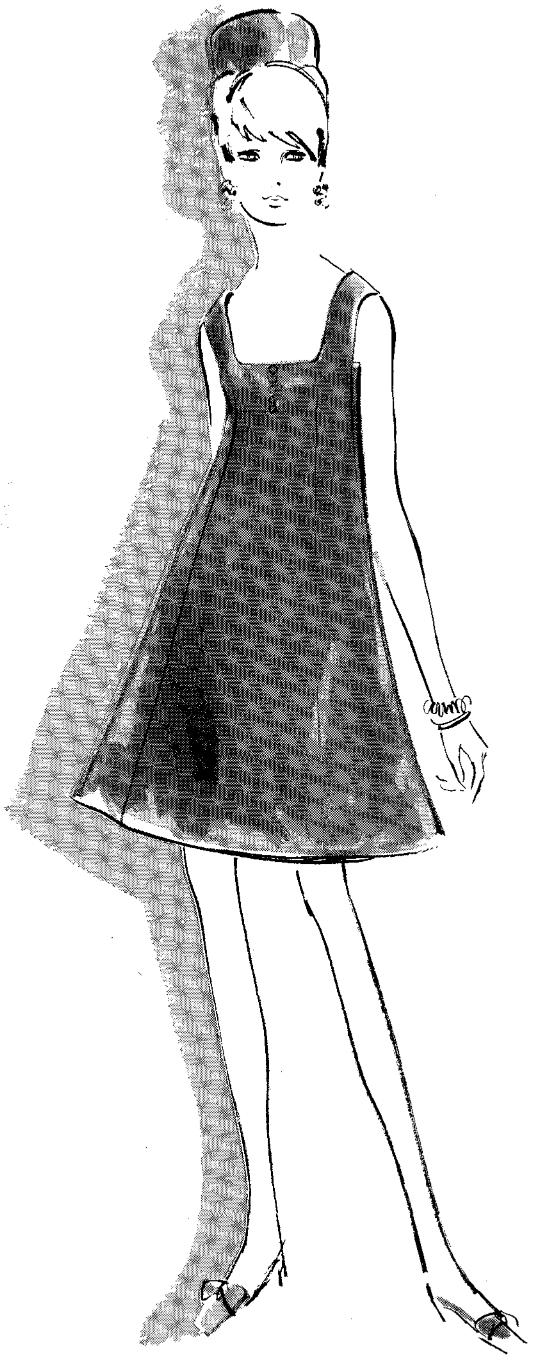

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 4. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

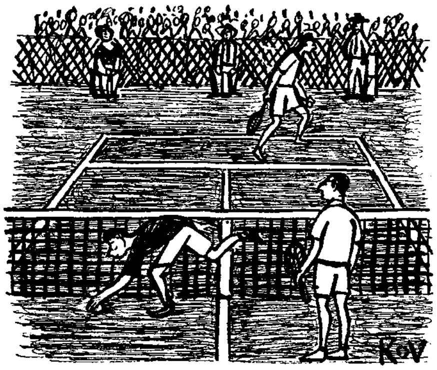
You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams is fine in the leading role, and is aptly aided by Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—THE APPLE TREE: A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Marietta Holley. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Friday and Saturday at 12:30. Closes Tuesday, Sept. 5.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Prizes will be awarded on the basis of the name and address of each winning lottery ticket in possession of the New York State Division of the Lottery. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre,

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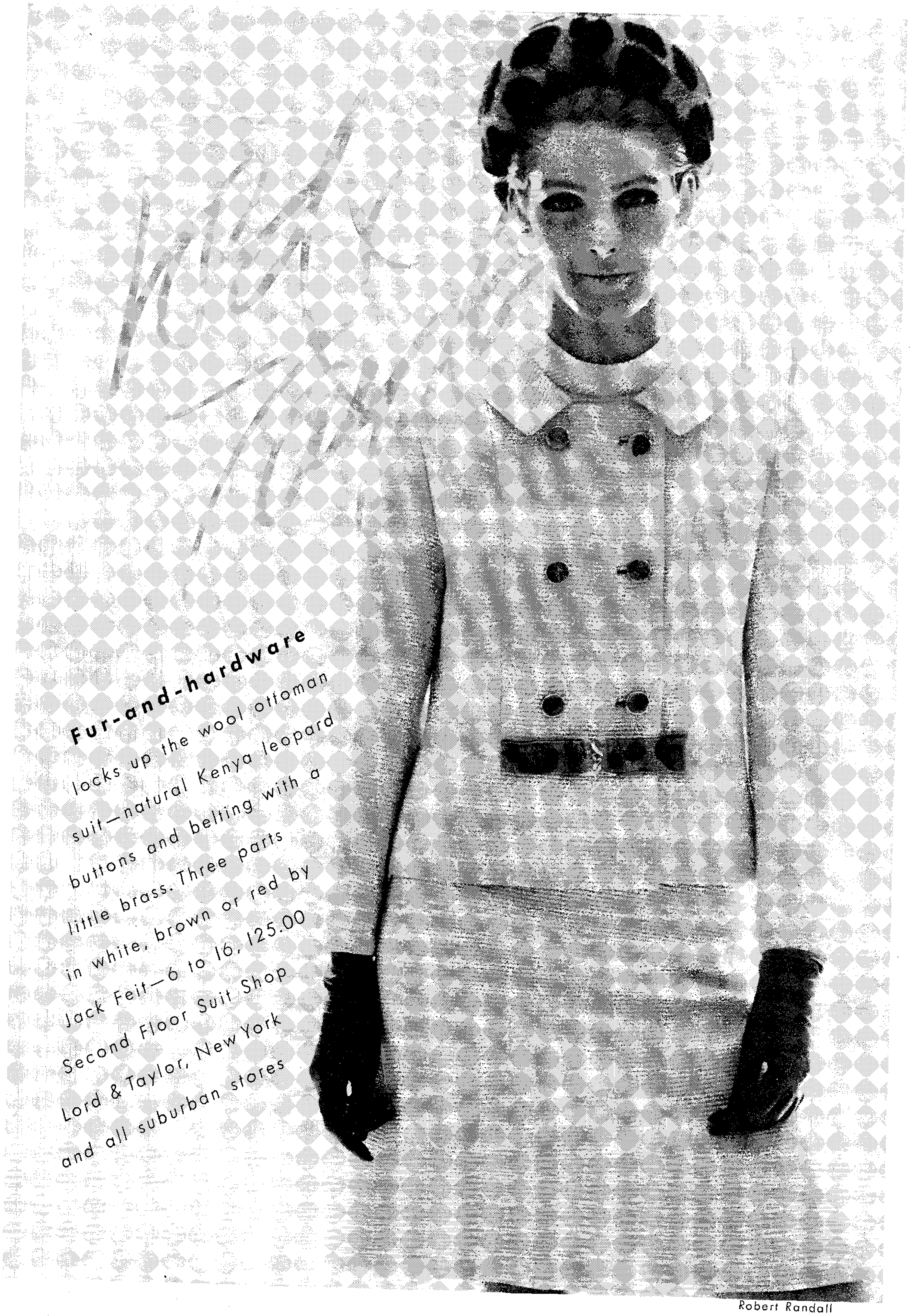

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Oct. 1—Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Cello Concerto" (première), and "The Green Table."...¶ Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Rooms" (company première), and "Cello Concerto."...¶ Friday, Sept. 8, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix" (company première), "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Opus 65," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Nightwings," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30; special matinée Labor Day at 1:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 17.)

OUTDOORS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last seven in a series of free performances. Thursday, Aug. 31: Lucas Hoving and his company, the Eleo Pomare Dance Company, Juki Arkin, and Violette Verdy and Michael Maule....¶ Friday, Sept. 1: Don Redlich, Cleo Quitman's company, Violette Verdy and Michael Maule, and Mata and Hari....¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3: Don Redlich, Cleo Quitman's company, Glen Tetley, and Mata and Hari....¶ Monday, Sept. 4: Talley Beatty and his company, Juki Arkin, and Glen Tetley....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 5-6: Talley Beatty and his company, Vincent Warren and Arlene Rothlein, Carmen de Lavallade, and Juki Arkin....¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7-8: Rain dates. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Front and center in the Royal Box at dinner and supper are Kaye Stevens, who paints her ballads and banter in very broad strokes, but often strokes of genius, too, and Jerry Shane, a humorist whose words the world will little note nor long remember. The house orchestra is in the knowing hands of Lee Evans. After Saturday, Sept. 2, a brief holiday will ensue.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall staff puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—One of the great showplaces of another era will reopen to the public on Thursday, Sept. 7, and will thereafter be available every night but Sunday. For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the two dance bands will be kept on duty until early in the morning.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner during the week, and at supper, too, on Friday and Saturday, the Persian Room is given over to Susan Barrett, another pea from the pod factory that turns out singers on an assembly-line schedule. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on hand more frequently. The Room closes on Saturday, Sept. 2, but recommences on Wednesday, Sept. 6, when, at ten, Ed Ames, the un-vanishing Indian of television's "Daniel Boone," will start singing. From then on, he'll do dinner and supper stints. The Farbers and the Montes return the same night. Closed Sundays. ...¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2) in the Edwardian Room. ...¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He stays home Sundays and Labor Day.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Manna from our sixty-five-story heaven; namely, Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Paul Gonsalves, Cat Anderson, and Harry Carney. Their sound, shading from the fieriest reds to the deepest blues, commences at nine, but a threesome begins work as early as seven. Saturday, Sept. 2, is their last night; on Monday, Sept. 4, Jonah Jones and his crew move back in. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—History is repeating itself when Clyde McCoy, inventor of what he calls the sugar blues, takes off from the podium with his seven sidemen. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, famous old palace and architectural museum, whose vaulted ceiling pulses cheerily to the tunes of George Cort's pepperpot orchestra and Marco Rizo's small troupe, ends its season on Saturday, Sept. 2....¶ The Maisonette reopens on Thursday, Sept. 7, as a sounding box for Julie Wilson, the patron goddess of this sanctuary of the good old life. She will sing and sashay at dinner and supper, and the Cort orchestra, plus Quintero's assortment of Latin lovers, will see to it that everyone gets the proper amount of exercise. Closed Sundays. ...¶ La Boite revives itself the same night, again as a quiet glade stirred only by the piano of Walter Kay and the fiddle of Janì Sarkozi.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W., at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—City dwellers who have never seen an outdoors will find a reasonable replica on the terrace, which affords eating, drinking, and being merry to the tunes called by Phil Wayne's city-bred quintet and a troupe of Latinos. The music carries on from around seven until around one. The games are all indoor ones on wet evenings.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands and the floor are big, and the air is cool. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Labor Day begins at two-thirty.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There are times when the cast of customers makes it look like a Broadway theatre. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, and Sam Hamilton are the other keyboard men. Closed Friday through Monday, Sept. 1-4.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 6, again with Rita Dimitri, a soubrette in the classic manner, delivering her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Friday and Saturday. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 6, to serve as the Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest, in a gypsy furor. *Béla Babai's group does the dance music,* Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.... **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The landscaping is Early Tibet; early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, a threesome, of lesser note and notes, performs—sometimes with hammers and tongs. Allan Haig's Arcadian piano improves the dinner hour, six to eight; his week's work is

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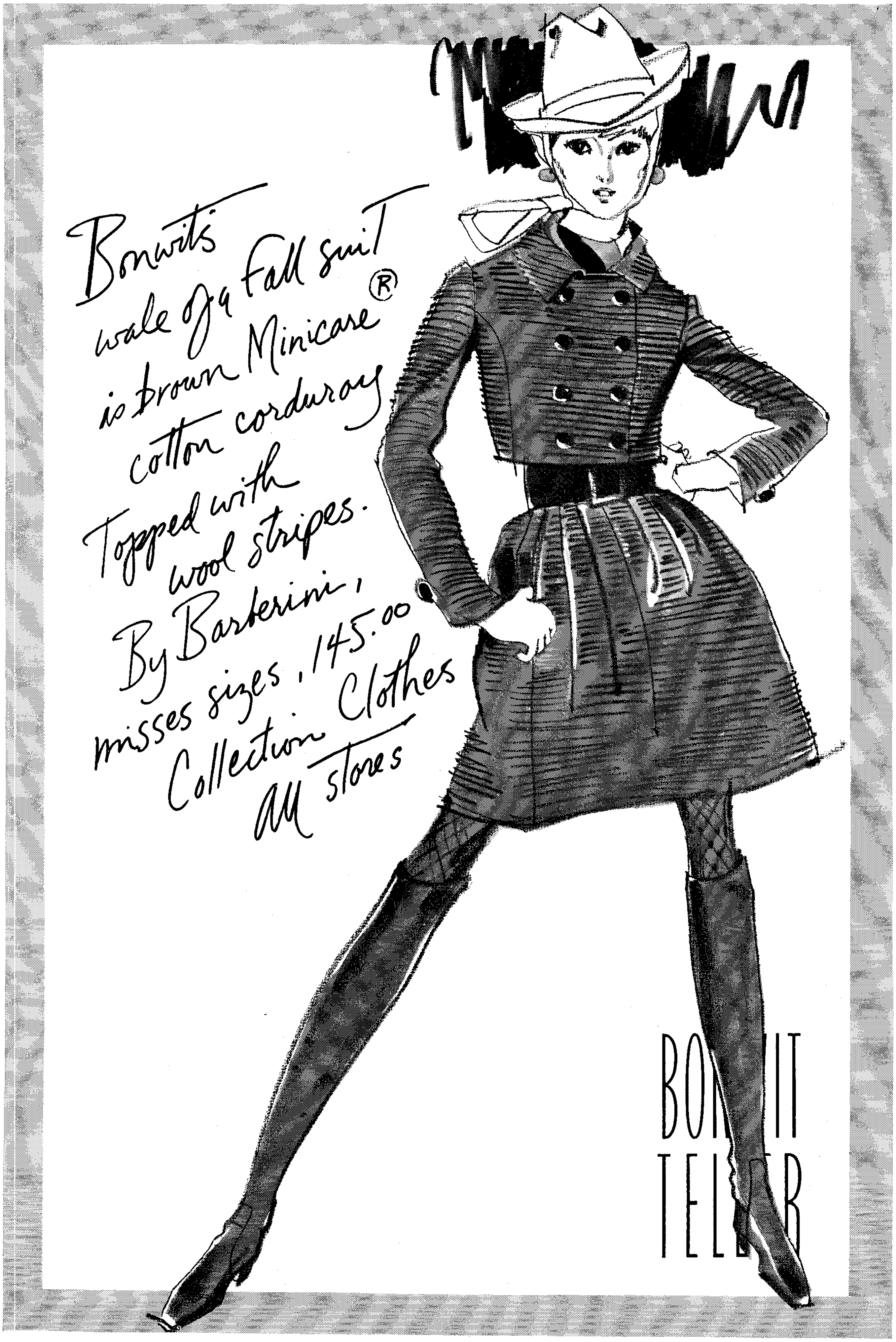

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Monday through Friday. Closed Sundays.... **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.... **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing Tuesday through Saturday every week, from nine until two. The comely means to this end is a threesome paced by the nimble piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 6, once more as a restaurant in which every member of the household is his own opera company. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays or Labor Day. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen will reassemble here on Wednesday, Sept. 6, when Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of prowling fiddlers resume their nocturnal rambles. Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night but Monday and Wednesday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The Arthurian legend is still all true—entrance into this dynasty of din is just about by written permission only, and the irrational orbits of the patrons on their solo flights seem never to intersect at any point. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them presumably human (Georgie Porgie and the Crybabies). On Tuesday, Sept. 5, the Crybabies yield place to the Fuzzy Bunnies. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. ... **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Whenever the disc jockey is hunting for a new needle in the haystack, the Five Bells, whose homeland is Canada, rush onstage and sing in an argot compounded of rock and folk. The dining hereabouts is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays.... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind the closely guarded wicket of this blithe Underground is a world of make-believe wherein seemly young people in make-believe costumery indulge in make-believe folk dancing. Amusing and bemusing—that's the ticket. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The sack of Troy, the delending of Carthage, done as an off-the-cuff mélange by a cast of thousands, all of them volunteer and most of them miniskirted. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are augmented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No drinking privileges.... **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, and supplemented by the twists and turns of the local vaudevillians, who appear from time to time to compound, and confound, the melody. From six until almost dawn, and every night.... **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): Whom the Mods would destroy they first make mad. The sound and light and stunts they use to induce madness cannot do anything but amuse the rest of us onlookers and/or participants. Eight-thirty until three, or four, is the nightly rule; bring dancing shoes. Alcohol is off limits.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

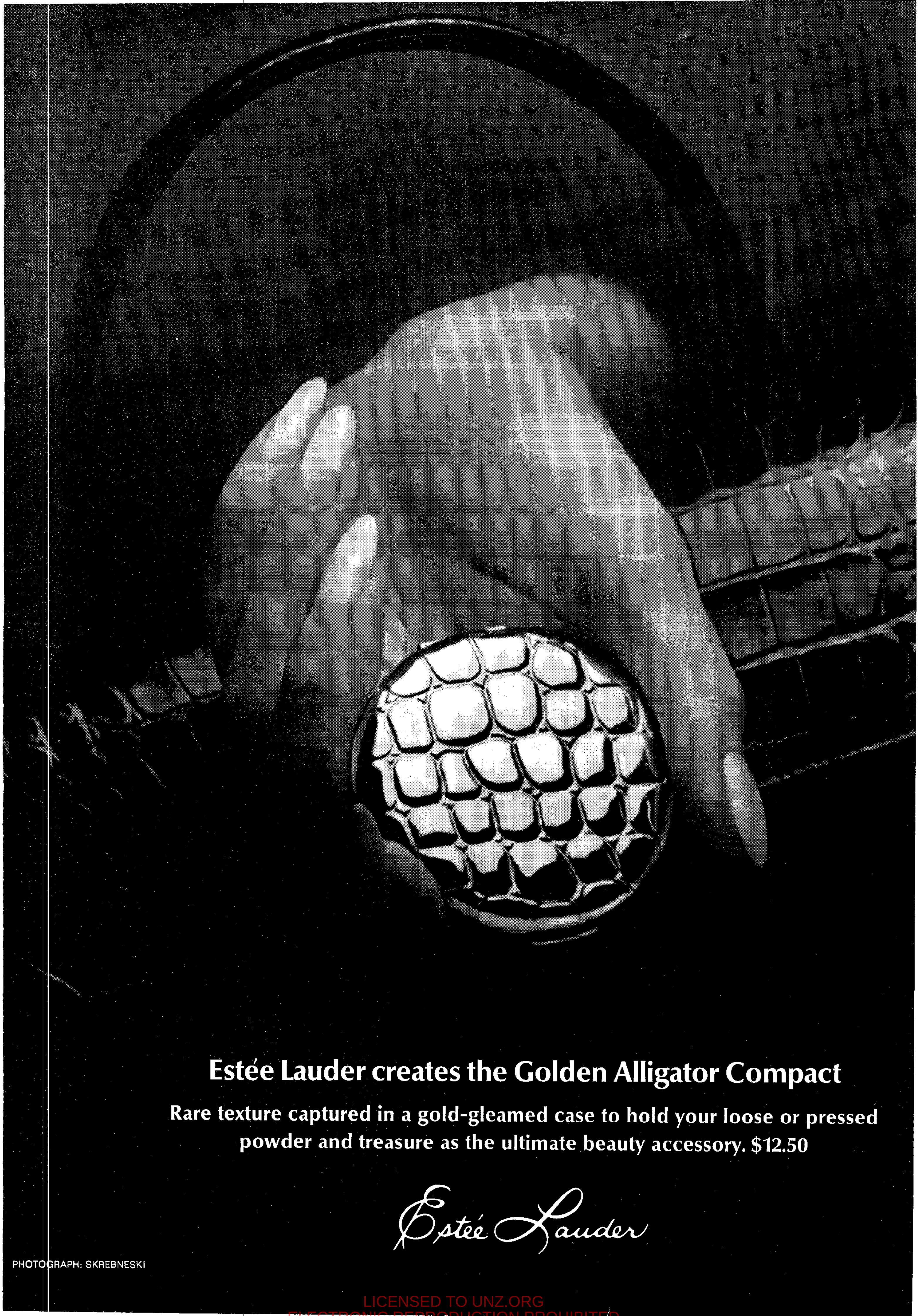
(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An odd end-of-summer novelty—Enzo Stuarti singing his whole bag of songs with an "1812 Overture" arrangement in which the cannonfire can barely keep up with his microphone. Along with him go the Copa ballerinas, who are very female but elementary, my dear Watson, not to mention (not a bad idea) a comedian. Twice a night, world without end. Dancing.... ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Many a Miss America, and a Miss France or two, all displaying their assembled talents (song, dance, and an occasional spoken word) and their neat new bathing suits. In among them weaves Jan Murray, who has a trayful of big-city jokes to narrate. Twice a night, and every night, is the house rule. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's recherché urbane-renewal project (Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, a precious pair of Cantabrigian caperers, whose editorial eye is swift, severe, and succinct; Bobo Lewis, a puissant comedienne lately rescued from the Western television factories; the mock-madrigal merriment known as the One Plus Two) ends its summer season on Saturday, Sept. 2.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. They're old enough now to go with girls, and three lithe ballerinas have been assigned them. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another of this enterprise's minute revues, "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," offers—along with a batch of mixed-doubles entendres—some very good words and music. The cast of five is doughty, diligent, and (in the instance of Judy Graubart) delightful. Nine-thirty and midnight is the usual program. Closed Sundays.... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not



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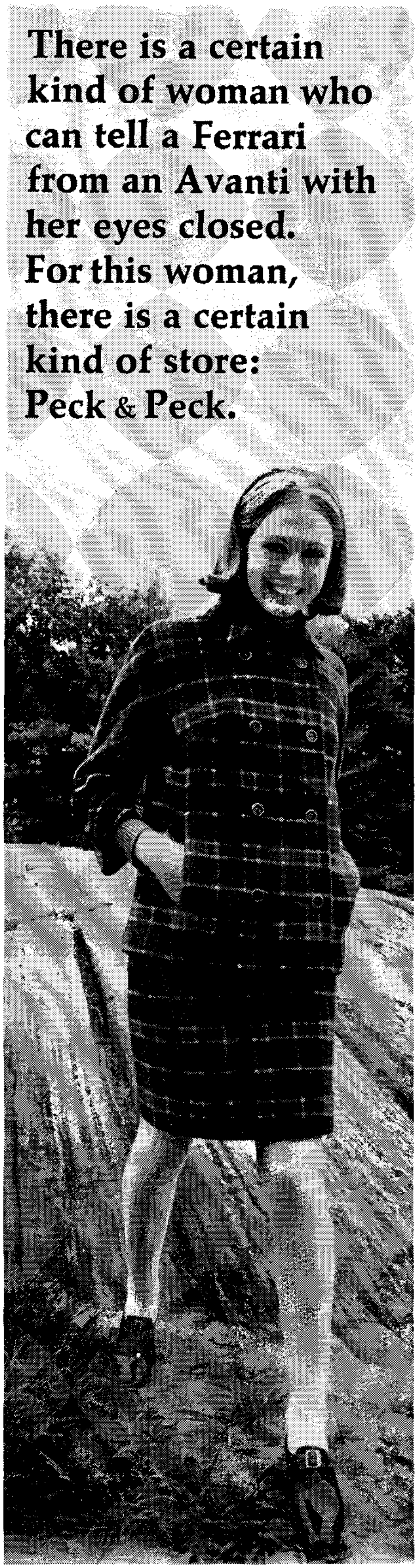

There is a certain kind of woman who can tell a Ferrari from an Avanti with her eyes closed. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Wool chinchilla makes a wonderfully warm suit for br-r-r days. Over the straight skirt is a long, spread-collar jacket. Brass outlined buttons. Green/red or navy/gold plaid. 6 to 14, 85.00 The mini rib stockings are stretch nylon, one size. Wheat, topaz, parsley, 2.00

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Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/ Southampton

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The will-o'-the-wisp piano of Bill Evans is at the forefront of his subliminal trio, and George Benson is in charge of the alternating foursome. For good measure, they do a Sunday matinée, beginning at five. Mondays are assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. On Tuesday, Sept. 5, the foursome built around the astringent, ingrown piano of Thelonious Monk checks in, and so does the Benson gang.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Wealth (and by no means untolled) is the reward for entering these premises. The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, serenades by *Johnny Lytle's trio, a heavy investor in the* electronics industry. The lower floor offers the foursome of Ornette Coleman, who is brilliant as can be even when his crew essays an occasional ballad of the Marat/Sade café, plus Mongo Santamaria's South American catamounts. On Tuesday, Sept. 5, a new deal: Nina Simone, that quiet stalker of songs of withdrawal, and her sidemen, as well as Montego Joe's band. Mondays, the only activity of interest anywhere is on this floor—Symphony Sid and his swinging, scintillating Latin bandsmen.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano, now inside the oval bar, leaps with joy as it runs swiftly through the night, and his two aides keep with him stride for stride. Fran Thompson, the solo pianist, reports at nine-fifteen, the Taylors a bit later. Dining. No music Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays.... **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Jackie McLean's quartet. Mondays, Sun Ra's mystic Oriental ragtimers will take over; Tuesday, Sept. 5, the foursome of Larry Young, Jr., moves in.... **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones (with Wilbur Ware and McCoy Tyner), who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. Mondays, it is off duty.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday *through Sunday, Sept. 1-3, seventeen men on* a dead man's chest; i.e., the band led by Donald Byrd and Duke Pearson, in which Pepper Adams and Frank Foster also take part. The other activity occurs every Monday, when visiting artillery drops in.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's most reliable coffee bar and ice-cream parlor. Jake Holmes, whose regard for folklore is enhanced by a purist voice, will be there through Monday, Sept. 4. An electric band will be the real din-maker. Tuesdays are assigned to itinerant graduates and undergraduates.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and such. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon.... **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinée is added.... **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Sherry's bar from the old Met sits in one corner, the trio led by Jimmy Raney sits opposite. The music runs until early morning, except Sundays. On Tuesday, Sept. 5, the trio headed by Muriel Roberts is expected.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

SCULPTURES—At the **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Large works by Lynn Chadwick, Berto Lardera, Henry Moore, and Bernard Rosenthal; through Sept. 29. (Closed Friday through Tuesday, Sept. 1-5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY**, 22 W. 56th St.: Drawings in modern modes by seven contemporaries; through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) ... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four watercolors from the I.B.M. collection, including works by Homer, Demuth, Marin, Burchfield, LaFarge, Shinn, and Wyeth; through Friday, Sept. 1.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Saturday, Sept. 9.

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Friday, Sept. 8. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, Sept. 1, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

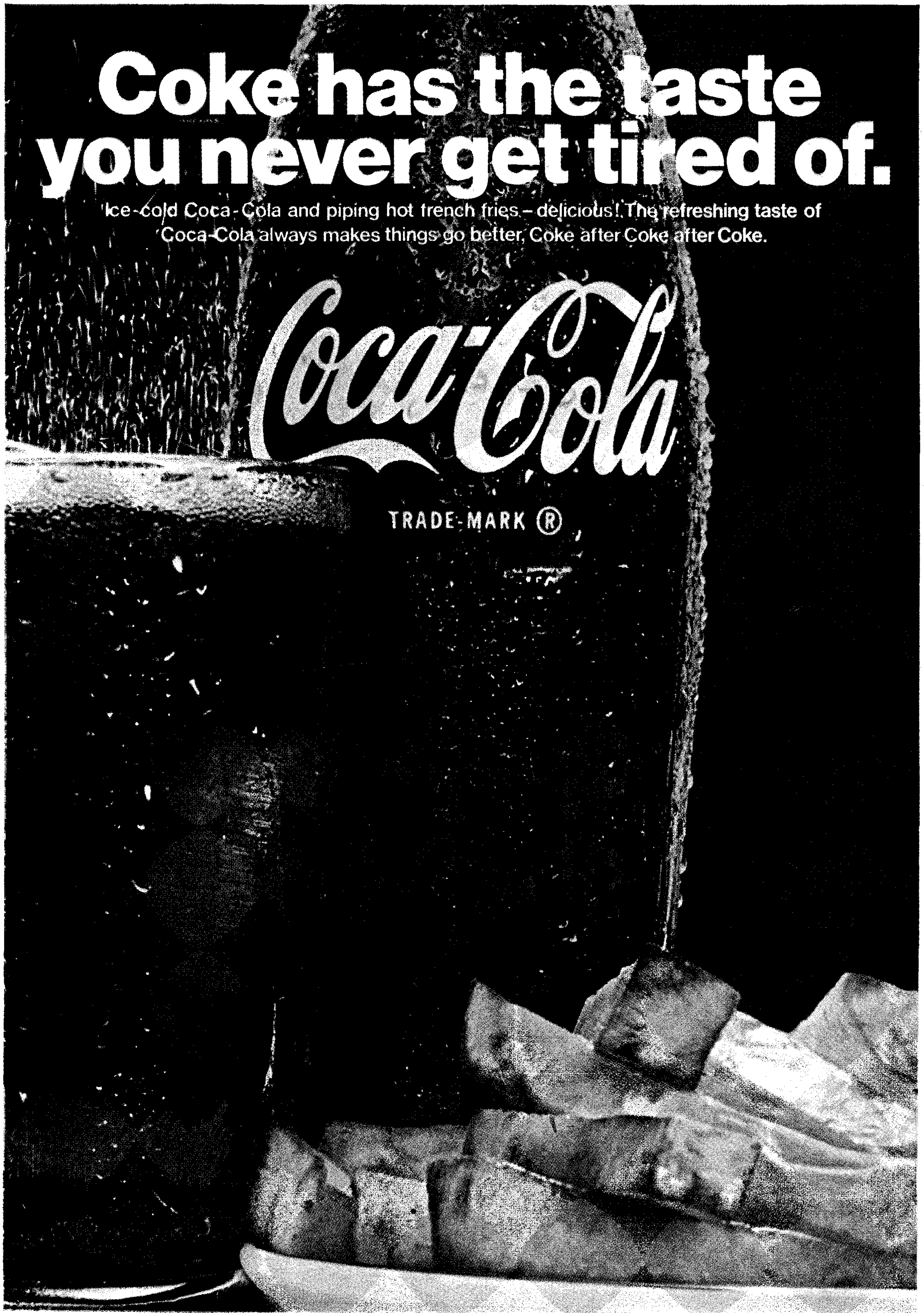
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and thirteen paintings, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the present (Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Monet are included) and borrowed from New York collectors; through Monday, Sept. 4.... ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Monday, Sept. 4.... ¶ Fifteen hundred years of art of Ch'ang-sha, a center in what is now the province of Hunan. It includes the Ch'u silk manuscript (the earliest known example of Chinese calligraphy and *painting on silk*), jade carvings, painted lacquer ware, ceramic and bronze articles, and stone and wood figures. Through Sept. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, consisting of color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24.... ¶ Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Sept. 17.... ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard,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Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Sunday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-three mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mozart Festival—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Sidney Harth, violin, in the final concert of the festival. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—Emerson Buckley conducting the Naumburg Orchestra in a performance of Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers," in concert form, with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; and Malcolm Smith, bass. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news.)

Jazz—The final concert in this summer's Museum of Modern Art series will be by Freddie Hubbard and the Jazz Communicators. (11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, James Clouser, and Sung Hae Oh. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 31, at 3, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, Aug. 31, at 12:30; Friday, Sept. 1, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 2, at 7; and Sunday, Sept. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Monday, Sept. 4, at 1 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 8, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:15.

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.) . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 7-10.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 2; the Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 4; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 9. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Oct. 12.

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 261-2000. Thursday, Aug. 31, through Sunday, Sept. 10. Weekdays at noon and Sundays at 1.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY,

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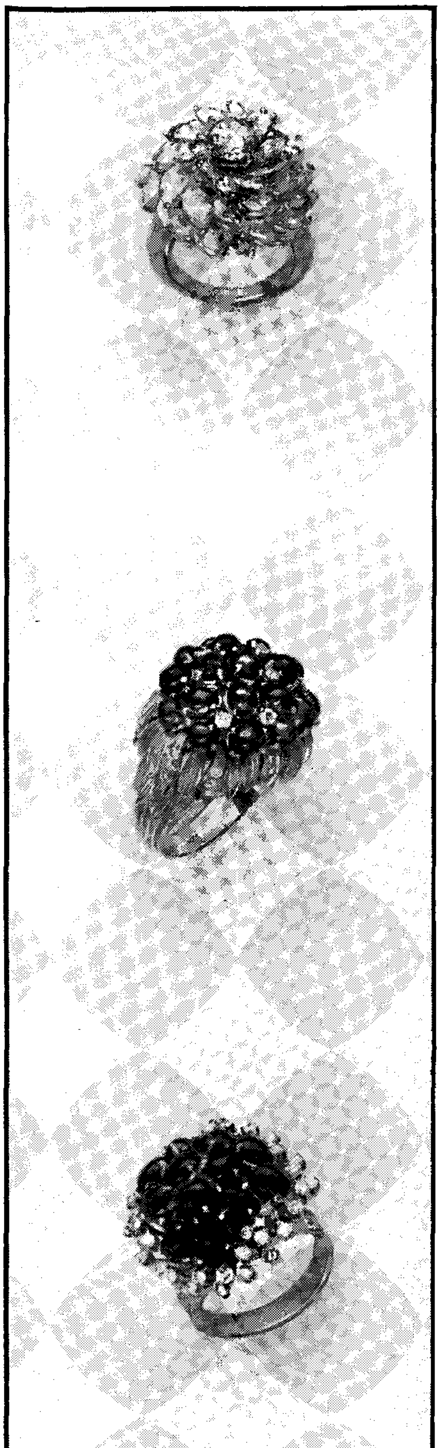

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Farewell to the Queen Mary—The liner will be open to nostalgic visitors (guided tours) between 2 and 5 on Tuesday, Sept. 5, at Pier 92, W. 52nd St.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Aug. 31 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Brink of Life" (1959), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Ingrid Thulin.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 2 and 5:30, and Sept. 2 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Magician" (1959), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.... ¶ Sept. 3-4, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Gunnar Björnstrand. ... ¶ Sept. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Devil's Eye" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Jarl Kulle and Bibi Andersson.... ¶ Sept. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Duchess of Buffalo" (1926), directed by Sidney Franklin.... GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." Aug. 31: "Little Nellie Kelly" (1940), with Judy Garland and George Murphy.... ¶ Sept. 1: "Babes on Broadway" (1942), with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.... ¶ Sept. 2: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.... ¶ Sept. 3: "An American in Paris" (1951), with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron.... ¶ Sept. 5: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds.... ¶ Sept. 6: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), with Ethel Waters and Eddie Anderson. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 6:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)... NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Sept. 10, Sept. 18-20, and Sept. 22-24.... YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 12-13, Sept. 15-17, Sept. 25-26, and Sept. 29-Oct. 1.... WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 4, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the American League champion.

Boxing—Nino Benvenuti vs. Emile Griffith, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. Sept. 28.)

Dog Shows—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 10.)... ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Oct. 1.)... ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 7.)

College Football—*Some early games of the season*—SATURDAY, SEPT. 23: Army vs. Virginia, at West Point.... SATURDAY, SEPT. 30: Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field; Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown.... SATURDAY, OCT. 7: Army vs. Duke, at West Point; Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; Fordham vs. Washington (Mo.), at Fordham; Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge; and Navy vs. Syracuse at Annapolis.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Oct. 1.... ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Oct. 7.... ¶ Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Oct. 15.... YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, Oct. 8.

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Sept. 21-24.)... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Sept. 26-28.)... ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Stroke Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Oct. 2-4.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 14-17.)... ¶ Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 23.)... ¶ Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg. Oct. 14-21.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 16.)... ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 4 and 7.)

Motorboat Racing—Hudson River Marathon, Sept. 10.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Oct. 2-28.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 14-Nov. 18.

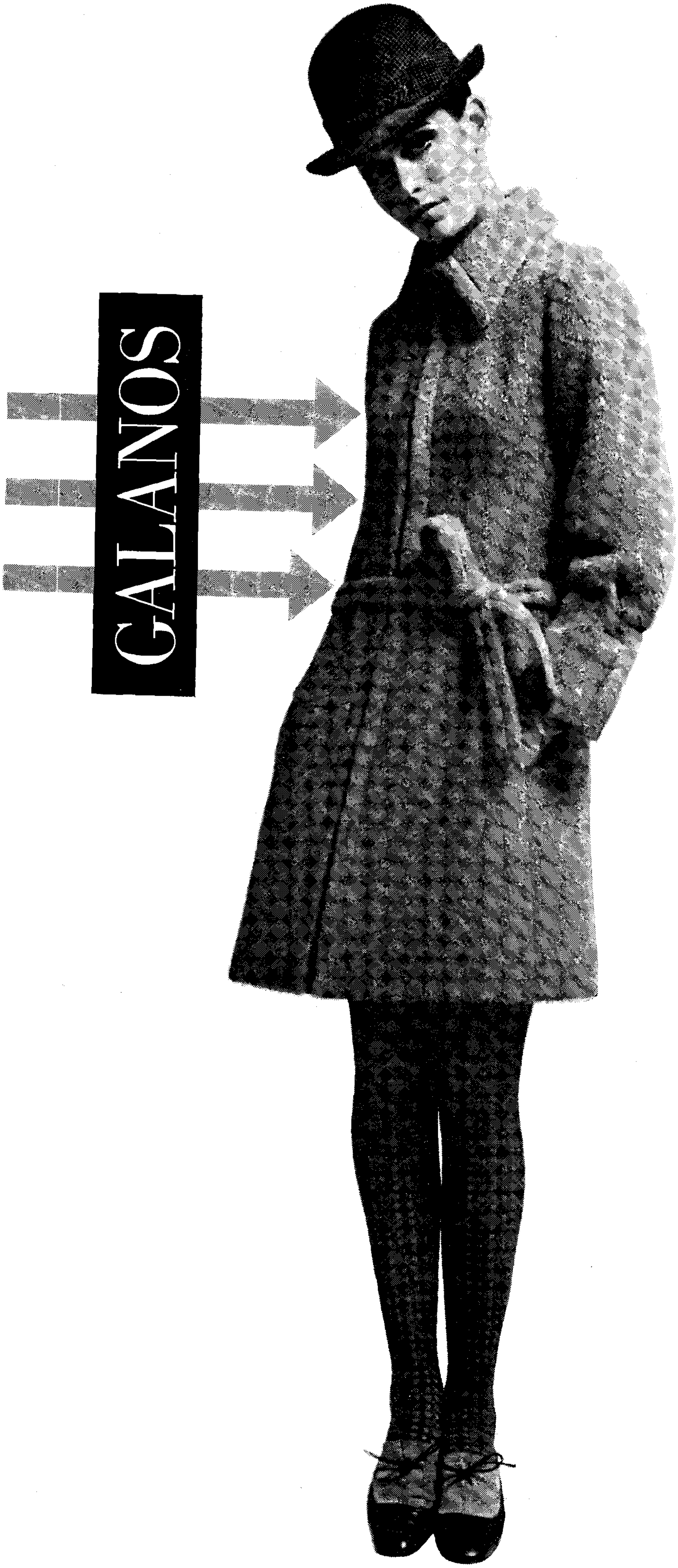
Sports-Car Racing—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Sept. 17.... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sept. 23 and Oct. 14.... WATKINS GLEN: Oct. 1 and 14.

Yachting—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Sept. 12.)

Music—NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The season will open on Sept. 14, with Mozart's "The Magic Flute" (in English), and will run through Nov. 12.... METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season will open on Sept. 18, with Verdi's "La Traviata," and will run through April 20.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Oct. 3 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Oct. 5 (first concert of the regular season).... ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, Sept. 13-15.... ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, Oct. 6.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 10.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): João Carlos Martins, piano, Sept. 12 and 16.... ¶ Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Sept. 24-25.... ¶ Lucine Amara, soprano, Sept. 28.... ¶ Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, Sept. 29-30.... ¶ Jacques Klein, piano, Oct. 2.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 3.... ¶ Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 8-9.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Gary Karr, double bass, Sept. 24.... ¶ Henri Honegger, cello, Sept. 30.... ¶ Baroque Players of New York, Oct. 2.... HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Peter Pears, tenor, and Benjamin Britten, piano, Sept. 20 and 22.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open here during the next several weeks: "Dr. Cook's Garden," a melodrama by Ira Levin, starring Burl Ives and Keir Dullea.... ¶ Patrick Magee and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Keep It in the Family," a comedy by Bill Naughton.... ¶ Harold Pinter's British play "The Birthday Party," with Ruth White, Henderson Forsythe, and James Patterson. ... ¶ Alfred Drake heads the cast of "Song of the Grasshopper," a comedy adapted from the Spanish of Alfonso Paso.... ¶ A Canadian comedy, "A Minor Adjustment," by Eric Nicol; the cast includes William Redfield and Austin Willis.... ¶ "Johnny No-Trump," a comedy by Mary Mercier, with Sada Thompson, Pat Hingle, and James Broderick.... ¶ A London import, "After the Rain," by John Bowen, in which Alec McCowen will appear.... ¶ Marlene Dietrich in her one-woman show of songs.... ¶ "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," a play by Tom Stoppard, imported from London.... ¶ Sandy Dennis and William Daniels in "Daphne in Cottage D," a play by Stephen Levi.... ¶ Max Adrian as Bernard Shaw in a one-man show, "By George," devised by Michael Voysey, which has previously been seen in London.... ¶ Henry Denker's new comedy, "What Did We Do Wrong?," with Paul Ford leading the cast.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Sept. 15.... ¶ The twenty-second session of the United Nations General Assembly will convene here on Sept. 19.... ¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 20-30.... ¶ The first day of fall is Saturday, Sept. 23.... ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 7 elections, Sept. 30 and Oct. 2-3.... ¶ Moscow Circus, at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 4-15.... ¶ Columbus Day is Thursday, Oct. 12.



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Marshall Field & Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

ACCIDENT—How a heartless, predatory girl almost destroys a happy household. Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—A successful adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his Broadway comedy, well acted by Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 3.)

THE BIBLE—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston, who plays Noah. (State, B'way at 45th. JU 2-5070. Thursday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves, and the picture becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

THE DEADLY AFFAIR—A very good spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 6.)

ENTER LAUGHING—Elaine May makes something genuinely funny out of a fairly synthetic comedy about old-time show biz. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL—Directed and co-written by Luis Buñuel, inadequately acted, but still overwhelmingly interesting and comic. About a grand dinner party at which the guests mysteriously can't quit, becoming more and more lecherous, superstitious, and furious. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

THE FAMILY WAY—Hayley Mills as a bride, though she still seems no nearer to being grown up than Shirley Temple in short socks. John Mills plays her father-in-law in a dully made film from England by the Boulting Brothers about North-of-England working-class sexual codes. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

GRAND PRIX—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the most exciting movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 3.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers, and nearly every other comedian you can name. Directed by Gene Kelly. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 6.)

HAWAII—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With Julie Andrews. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

THE JOKERS—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 6.)

LUV—Clive Donner's overexerted version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk. Worth it for the weird interest of every move and salty moment from Elaine May. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 5.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Superbly photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

PRIVILEGE—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior who is the puppet of a scared near-Fascist government and a weak Church. The best of the film is Peter Watkins' eye for the human detail of sycophancy and suppressed hysteria. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE THIEF OF PARIS—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late nineteenth-century France. Excellent photography by Henri Decae. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—*A mild satire on* the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays, except Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 2:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

TO SIR, WITH LOVE—Sidney Poitier as a self-righteous Negro schoolmaster in London's East End. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

ULYSSES—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE WHISPERERS—Bryan Forbes' study of a lonely old woman in Manchester, played with nobility and pity by the great Edith Evans, who has done nothing finer since Ma Turner in the film of "Look Back in Anger." (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

WOMAN TIMES SEVEN—Shirley MacLaine playing seven ogling parts that look as if they have been market-researched as the ideal woman and makeup-buying prospect. Vittorio De Sica directed, but Joseph E. Levine presented it, and the soul of the thing is Hollywood's. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 6.)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE—The latest James Bond, with Sean Connery careering around a power-maniac's classy quarters in a volcano. Lewis Gilbert directs. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 6.)

REVIVALS

À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 5.)

THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 1-2.)

BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING (1965)—A thriller by Otto Preminger. Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier, and Noël Coward. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3-4.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

CAT BALLOU (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns. With Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 2.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL (1963)—A Jean Renoir film, with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

THE ENTERTAINER (1960)—Laurence Olivier as a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also with Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 5-6.)

GALIA (1966)—Mireille Darc stars in this odd story of love and death in Paris. Directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 6.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 2-4. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 6.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 2-4.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 1.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 1-2.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

MIRACLE IN MILAN (1951)—Directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 5-6.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 1-4.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 1-4.)

THE ORGANIZER (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 5.)

REPULSION (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 5.)

7 CAPITAL SINS (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The Disney classic. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Sept. 3-5.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 31.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1956)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—See listing under "Et Alia," page 12.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HAWAII.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Sept. 5: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin.
From Sept. 6: "Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Love-Ins," Richard Todd, James MacArthur.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 5: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.
From Sept. 6: **THE JOKERS**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 5: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
From Sept. 6: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 5: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From Sept. 6: **GALIA** (in French), revival; and "The Rape" (in Greek), revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Sept. 5: "Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.
From Sept. 6: "Don't Look Back," Bob Dylan.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
PRIVILEGE.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 5: **LUV.**
From Sept. 6: "Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
ENTER LAUGHING.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 1: **HENRY V**, revival.
Sept. 2-4: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
Sept. 5: **REPULSION**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Sept. 6: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
HAWAII.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 5: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
From Sept. 6: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and "Where the Bullets Fly," Tom Adams.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 2: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.
From Sept. 3: **GRAND PRIX.**

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 31: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Sept. 1-4: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Sept. 5: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **THE WHITE SHEIK** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 2: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**
From Sept. 3: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ACCIDENT.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 2: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.
From Sept. 3: **GRAND PRIX.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 2: **THE JOKERS.**
From Sept. 3: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 5: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
From Sept. 6: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and "Where the Bullets Fly," Tom Adams.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE THIEF OF PARIS (in French).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WHISPERERS.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

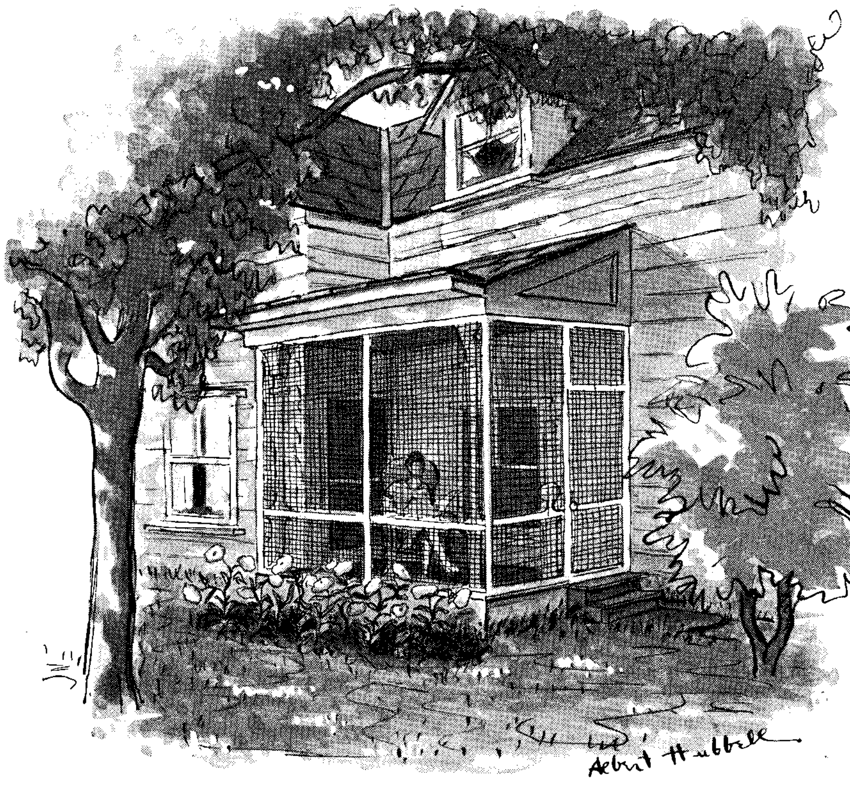
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 31: "The Mask of Dimitrios," revival, Peter Lorre, Faye Emerson; and "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart.
Sept. 1-2: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Sept. 3-4: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Sept. 5-6: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 2: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
Sept. 3-5: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival.
From Sept. 6: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 31: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 1: "The Law" (in French), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand; and "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival.
Sept. 2: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 3: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Sept. 4: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Sept. 5: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French), revival; and "Judith," revival, Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.
Sept. 6: A program of nine short films on the dance—"Afternoon of the Faun," "Death and the Maiden," and others.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.



If what happens
in "The Penthouse"
happened to you...

...You wouldn't
want to talk
about it either!

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

“If you ask me, Isaac, I’d say GENESCO”

Happily afloat, the business executive has time to contemplate the really important things…a nearby water lily and/or a corporation he has been studying. Genesco, the **world’s largest manufacturer of things to wear,** is in the thoughts of many men who put their faith in sound management structure teamed with quality products and financial stability. With $900,000,000 in annual sales of wearables for men, women and children, Genesco distributes its products through 24,000 stores, under many brand names. Spry fishermen know **if it’s something to wear, it’s Genesco’s business.**

Note to Isaac and cronies: Genesco’s fiscal year ended July 31, so the Annual Report is as fresh as your catch. Makes good post-vacation reading. And it’s yours for the asking.

GENESCO INC.
Genesco Building, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. JU 2-9090

SPORTSWEAR BY ANNE KLEIN FOR MALLORY

If Revlon's 'Fire & Ice' was your first lipstick...

...it's time for Revlon's Eterna '27'

It was a good year, wasn't it? All you needed to make you look exactly the way you wanted to, was your new lipstick from Revlon.

Now you look for different things. Your makeup's changed radically over the years—you may find yourself wearing less than ever. And, if you are realistic, the face beneath the makeup is what actively concerns you. That's why it is probably time for Revlon's Eterna '27'.

Eterna '27' is one of the most famous skin creams ever created. There's nothing remotely like it. Its remarkable basic ingredient—progenitin—is not a hormone, and can be used only by Revlon. And the facts are these: Within just 40 days, Eterna '27' could bring dramatic visible results to your skin, as it did in 6 out of every 10 cases tested. And, even if you were born long before the age of 'Fire & Ice', or long after, it doesn't matter. The skin, young or old, most in need of help, seems to benefit most from it.

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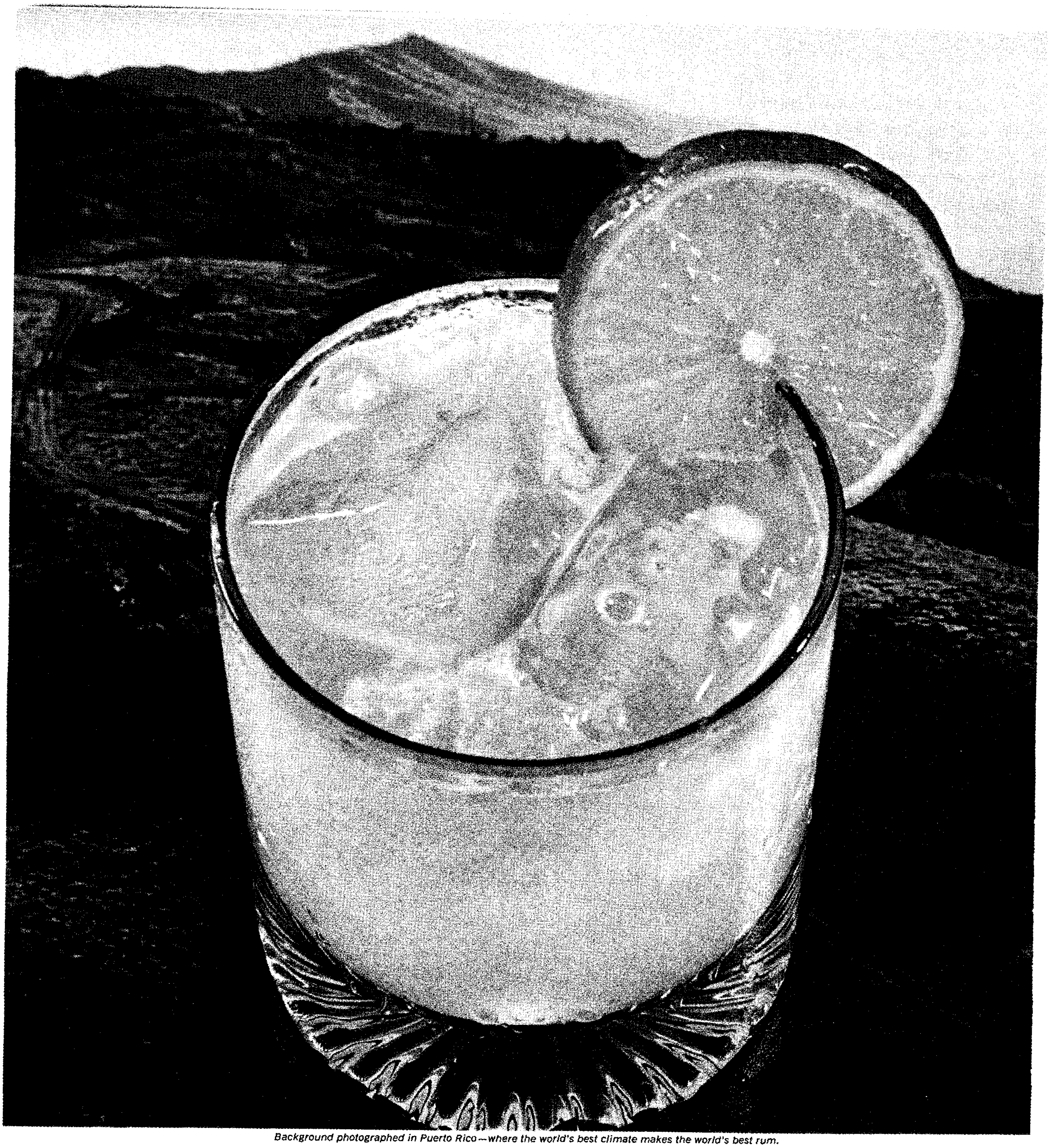
REVLON
Eterna '27'
CREAM



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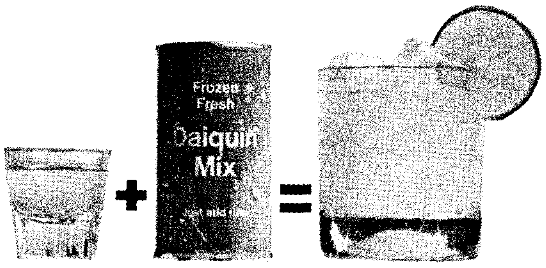

*Puerto Rican rum is distilled a high proof for maximum dryness, aged in oak for smoothness, and bottled on the Island to safeguard its quality. Write: Free Recipe Booklet, Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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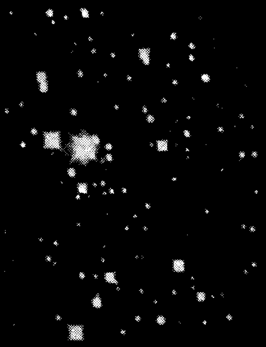
Benny Goodman



The Stars

Jonah Jones

Some of the Stars appearing at the Rainbow Grill thru 1967.

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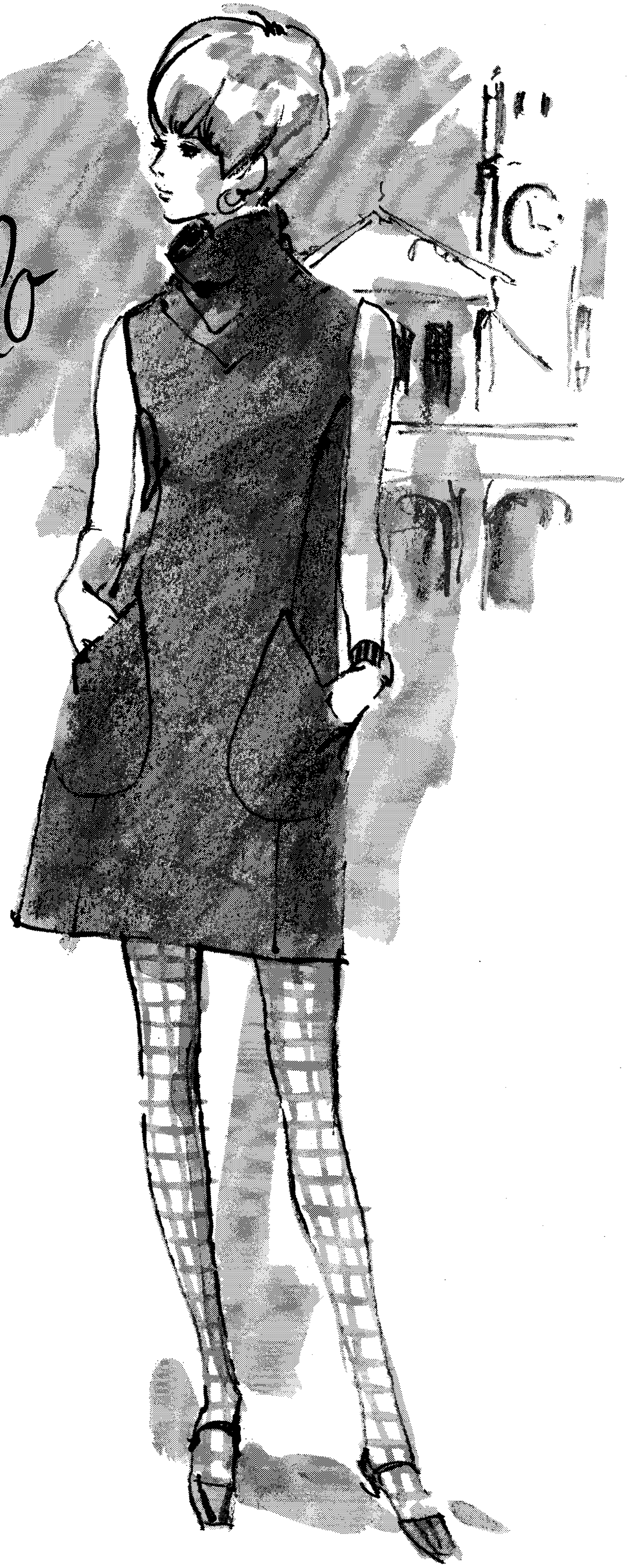
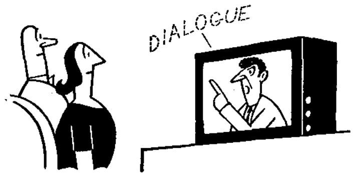


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

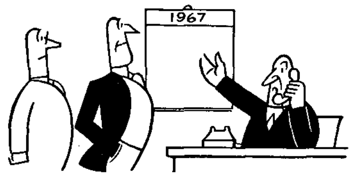
Notes and Comment



THE growing (and somewhat nerve-racking) fashionableness of the word "dialogue" has been achieved at the expense of its clarity. Yet, however loose and varied the current meanings of the word may be, those who make free with it have in common the fact that they use it with more passion than they bring to most other words. When a ghetto leader the other day complained on television that civic leadership had failed to provide the proper conditions for a "meaningful dialogue," the "dialogue" of which he spoke seemed to hold priority over the social and economic injustices he himself represented and presumably wished to have discussed. The clergyman who announced the completion of plans for a "formal dialogue" next spring between representatives of the World Council of Churches and the Marxists of the world did so as if he thought the proposed meeting more important than either Marxism *or* Christianity. Neither the gently pushy conversation between friends in Athens nor the simple exposition of human situations which brought dialogue to the stage seems to fit the process suggested by the word as it is now used. Dialogue seems to have become an end in itself; to create the dialogue is the purpose of the plot, and not the other way around. The foreshortened aim of the present-day dialogue—not to guarantee solutions, or agreements among friends or among enemies, but to serve as an occupation—strikes us as sensible and hopeful. When we attempt to assess all the talk and disputation that have gone on in the world since thought was first recorded, we can conclude only that they have still to produce any universally recognized truth, and we therefore find ourself quite willing to accept the notion that the dialogue is the thing, and perhaps the only thing. We are all, perhaps, on the verge of a great open-mindedness, evidenced not only by our love of the word "dialogue" but by the decline, also to be noted in the current news, of the word "heresy," which, indeed, might once have been applied to the act of taking part in one of our modern dialogues. The first thing to do with the word "heresy," a special committee of the Episcopal Church reported recently, is to stop using it, except to refer to doctrinal struggles in the early Christian centuries. To stay just where we are—on the verge of this great open-mindedness, ready to try to talk with anybody without trying to pursue the discussion to any consensus, to be great questioners without being condemned as heretics—may be as close as we are going to get to wisdom, or even sanity. On with the dialogues!

Problem

IT occurred to us one day last week that the twentieth century, symbol of the forward-looking and technologically adventurous, is already two-thirds past, and we began to wonder what the various enterprises that once sought to borrow glamour by naming themselves after the century are intending to do when the advent of the twenty-first century renders their names irrevocably obsolete. As a sampling of such enterprises to ask about this, we chose some of the firms and other organizations that are listed under "Twentieth Century" in the Manhattan Telephone Directory. There are twenty-two of them all told, and though several considered us odd to be worrying about the problem so soon, especially since it was *their* problem, only one person—the man who answered the phone when we called the Twentieth Century Drapery Corporation—said he couldn't be bothered talking to us, and grumpily hung up. Eleven of the remaining companies—the Twentieth Century Broach Company, Twentieth Century Carriers (trucking), the Twentieth Century Chemical Company, Twentieth Century Decorators & Upholsterers, the Twentieth Century Garage, Twentieth Century Interiors, the Twentieth Century Kitchen Equipment Corporation, the Twentieth Century Packing Company, the Twentieth Century Products Company (plastics), Twentieth Century Varieties, and Twentieth Century Wear—maintained that they saw no reason to be precipitate. The proprietor of one of them said that at the rate things were going he doubted whether he would be able to stay in business for another year, much less thirty-three years; several other proprietors, being of a certain age, didn't expect to be here themselves in the year 2000, and were willing to let their successors handle the difficulty in their own way.



The president of Twentieth Century Cosmetics, having admitted that he hadn't given the matter any thought, immediately started thinking. "When the time comes," he said, "we'll use up whatever stationery we have left and simply change our name to Twenty-first Century Cosmetics." (The C.B.S.-TV show "The Twentieth Century" has already been renamed "The 21st Century;" the clutter of "twenty-firsts" promises to be considerable.) A partner in Twentieth Century West Galleries said that they would have to change their name for the very reason they had chosen it. "We show contemporary paintings," he went on. "We used to specialize in West Coast art, but we don't anymore, so if we were to reincorporate I expect we'd drop the 'West' and become Twenty-first Century Galleries." The owner of the Twentieth Century Company (appliances and gifts) told us that a few years ago, just as he was starting the business, he travelled to New York from Chicago on the Twentieth Century Limited, and that was what made him think of the name. "Since we'll have got only about forty-five years out of the name, we're going to show a little more foresight next time," he said. "When we change the name, we'll go straight to Twenty-second Century Company."

Two other companies, the Twentieth Century Chemical Company and Twentieth Century Garage, confessed that they had got the inspiration for their names not from the century but at second hand from the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. This information inspired us, in turn, to call Twentieth Century-Fox. We were put through to Darryl Zanuck, and he told us how his original Twentieth Century Company—later merged with Fox—got its name. "I was playing polo one day with a group of friends and collided with Sam Engel, and down we went," he said. "Plans were then under way to form a new company. I got up off the field and said to Engel, 'For God's sake, you play like the game was played in the nineteenth century!' and Engel said, 'Let's call the company Twentieth Century.' " Mr. Zanuck said that he would be glad to discuss the possible updating of the name of his corporation with us, but not until 1999.

The only organization we encountered that had already given consideration to a future change in its name was the Twentieth Century Fund. August Heckscher, who was its director until he was appointed Parks Commissioner, told us that he had twice brought up the matter before his board of trustees—once when the Fund moved to new quarters, in 1956, and once in connection with the formulation of plans for the fiftieth anniversary of the Fund, which will fall in 1969. "The general feeling of the trustees was that the name had worked so far and they weren't very anxious to change it," Mr. Heckscher said. "Over the years, I've thought of several possible names, but they all have their drawbacks. 'The New Century Fund' sounds as if the present staff and trustees had just been fired. 'Century Twenty-one' sounds like a combination of '21' and the Century Club. For some reason, 'Twenty-first Century Fund' sounds very pretentious. When the Fund started, in 1919, the name stood for progress. Now the name is becoming retrogressive; it's as if the Fund were looking into the past, or confining itself to the present, instead of turning, as it always has, toward the future."

En Passant

WE were waiting for the light to change at Fifty-sixth and Fifth the other afternoon when we became aware that two attractive teen-age girls were also waiting to cross with the green.

"He's dreadful, I tell you," said one of the girls. "Perfectly dreadful. I can't stand him."

"You're unhinged," said her companion. "What's he do that's so dreadful?"

"He doesn't just tell lies," said the first girl. "He tells fictitious lies."

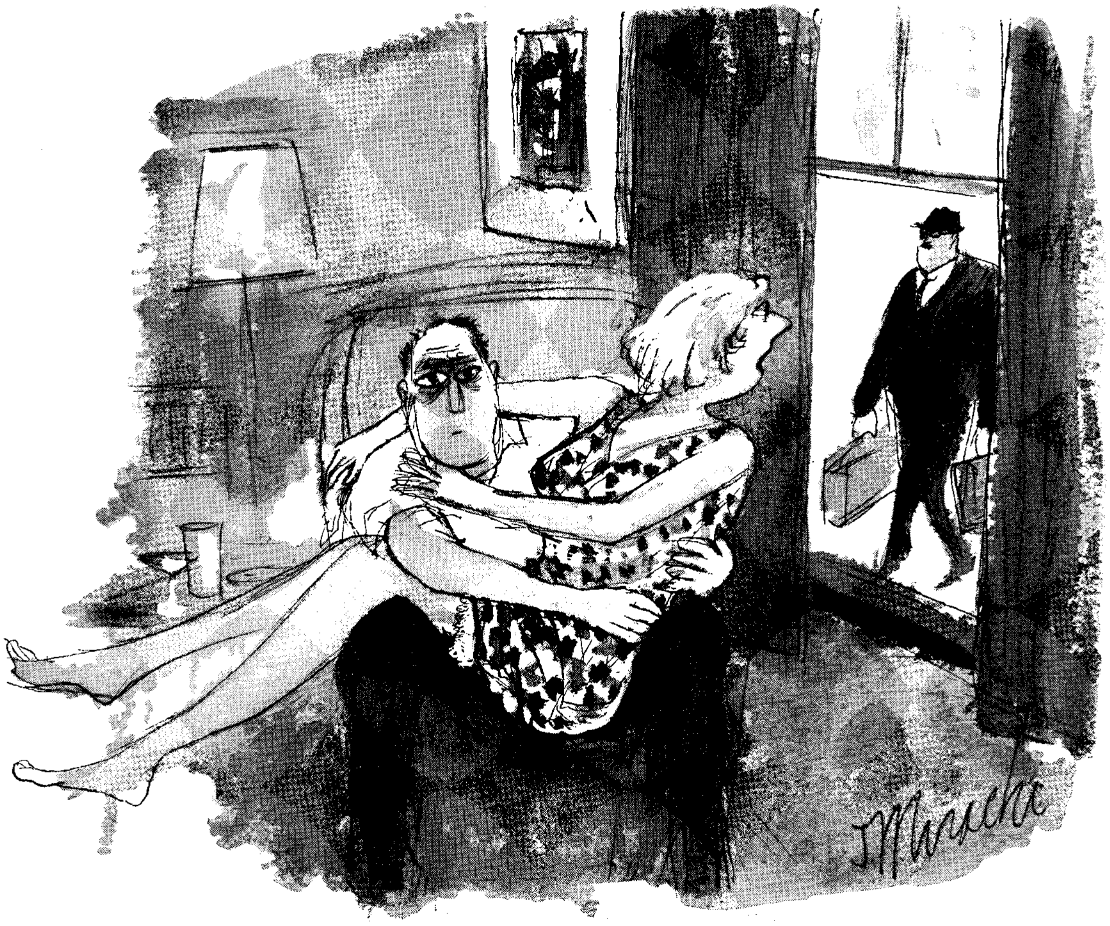
And the light changed.

Letup

A FRIEND who rented a cottage in England for the summer writes that after she had suffered five straight days of miserable rain, her heart leaped when she turned on the radio in the morning and heard the announcer say, "Rain, followed by showers."

Simon & Garfunkel

PAUL SIMON and Art Garfunkel are both twenty-five years old. Paul Simon is short and black-haired. Art Garfunkel is tall and thin and has curly blond hair. When we met them, at a hotel in New Haven late one afternoon not long ago, both were wearing jerseys, Levi's, and low boots. The records of Simon and Garfunkel (including the albums "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and



"Holy cats, it's Charles! I thought he said the Far East. He must have said the Near East."

Thyme" and "Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.") have sold over six million copies. Their songs—written by Simon, arranged by Garfunkel, and sung by both, with guitar by Simon—form one of the most original and moving bodies of pop music in America. Both Simon and Garfunkel were raised in Kew Gardens Hills and attended Forest Hills High School. Simon graduated from Queens College, and Garfunkel graduated from Columbia, where he is now working toward a Ph.D. in mathematical education.

One of Simon's songs, "A Simple Desultory Philippic (Or How I Was Robert McNamara'd into Submission)," goes:

I been Norman Mailer'd, Maxwell
 Taylor'd,
I been John O'Hara'd, McNamara'd,
I been Rolling Stone'd and Beatle'd
Till I'm blind.
I been Ayn Rand'd, nearly branded
Communist, 'cause I'm left-handed.

Garfunkel: People who have gone through our kind of experience in pop music are baffled by the role they're in. Only two years earlier, they were fans. The "in" person is not a different cat, but there's a fantastic bombardment of stimuli thrown at you. If you go to work and try to digest them right away, though, the effect will be a kind of growth.

Simon: Our name is honest. I think if we ever lie, they're going to catch us. I always thought it was a big shock to people when Bob Dylan's name turned out to be Bob Zimmerman. It was so important to people that he should be true. You have to be vulnerable. Then people can see you laid out, and they don't hit, and they know you won't hit them. Every time you drop a defense, you feel so much lighter. There have been times when I've had no defenses, and I felt like I was flying.

Another of Simon's songs, "The Sounds of Silence," goes:

The words of the prophets are
 written on subway walls
And tenement halls
And whisper in the sounds of silence.

Garfunkel: I care that what we do is good. A lot of people in pop music are influenced by the fact you don't have to be good, but I can't do that; I can't help but take it seriously.

Simon: I think a lot of the praise we've had is really not warranted. If people's standards were higher . . . A lot of the things we've done have been hack. I don't take the title of "poet." It would be a slap in the face of Wallace Stevens to do that. But I see the possibility now that I *could* be one, and that pop music *could* be an art form.

Garfunkel: When we were teenagers, we didn't care so much about being good as about being popular. We were real fans of rock 'n' roll. We recorded our first song in one of those booths at Coney Island for twenty-five cents. It was early Alan Freed. We laughed a lot. I used to dig the idea of lists. I'd keep charts of the top forty songs on big sheets of graph paper. Each record was a colored dot on a vertical line. The records became very personal to me; I'd watch a song fall off from No. 2 to No. 7 and then strain to get back up to No. 4. I wish I still had those graphs. I have a real love of facts. Paul and I have different disciplines. I follow the use of logic to an end, rather than the play of ideas. I have very few beliefs. Paul is the opposite—what I call a "divergent thinker." He loves the idea of going off in different directions. The "convergent thinker" takes the facts and thinks the world should make sense. Even as you know it's a dead end, there's a stirring to know: "Is this really right?" The fact that people have so much trouble understanding each other drives me crazy. All I want to do is understand the world. I wonder "How accurately am I reading it?" We had a small hit record in 1956; it was just rock 'n' roll. Then, in 1963, Paul started writing songs—songs that were different. Bob Dylan had opened it up. I thought Paul's songs were really nice. We made an album for Columbia called "Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M." It had been out for a year, and it wasn't doing anything, so Columbia took one of the cuts, "The Sounds of Silence," and overdubbed some background—bass, electric guitar, drums—and released it as a single. In three months, it was an established hit. The music business has taken over now, but teaching is an experience I'd still like to include in my life. Like a trip to Japan. I've been at Columbia for eight years, and I've always been teaching on the side, in my neighborhood. What really excites me is the scientific side of teaching—the lab aspect. Two people's brains, and the psychological interaction.

Simon: After "The Sounds of Silence," the Simon-and-Garfunkel thing just kept going. There was no time to get off. Finally, I said, "This is what I want to do, and I want to do it as well as I possibly can." I'm stimulated to go forward. If I fail, I've got so many ego points I'll never be as paranoid as I was. So—straight ahead, and work! When you find you're in control of your destiny, it's fun. You do things you want to do.

Garfunkel: For a long time, I had a real dislike for all aspects of the recording business. The trappings held nothing for me—the fan structure, all that.

Simon: Interviews are a big danger. An interview is a real ego trip. You have to remember that your opinion is not *important*—it's merely of interest.

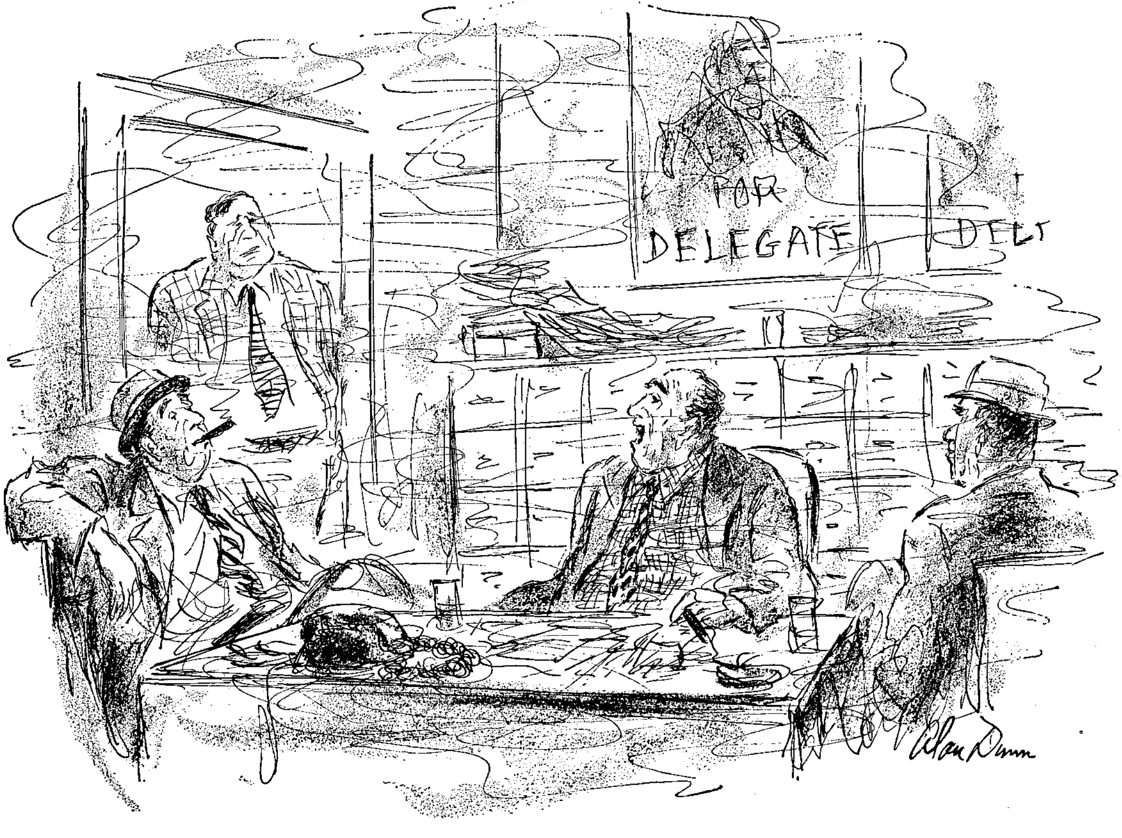
Garfunkel: I didn't take very well to the stage. To be out, and involved, is not my natural state. When I was in high school, I withdrew a lot. My friends were reduced to one or two. I read a lot, and I played the game of "doing well in school"—maybe by default. My parents never pushed me, or were overly proud, though. I could *never accept myself as "one of the gang."* Everything I did was cast in the image and perspective of the outsider. I became a sociologist in spirit, an incessant observer. I've got more relaxed onstage, though. It's the impetus of Paul. And singing for large groups increases one's sense of power.

Simon: I always like to perform, given the proper circumstances—a full house and good sound. I'm in complete control, and I get the pleasure of making music with someone else. When I'm on the stage, I'm up, and happy. I feel like laughing. I'm continually surprised at the response. I never thought we would affect people so much. It's not so much the epiphany for them as the relief. People fear that they're alone. They listen, and they feel what I feel, and they say, "I'm not alone!" The basic approach on the stage is to exaggerate things and make them larger than life. But we're in a time when so much is larger than life. So we take an uncommon approach. I feel you can be effective by being the same size as life, or smaller.

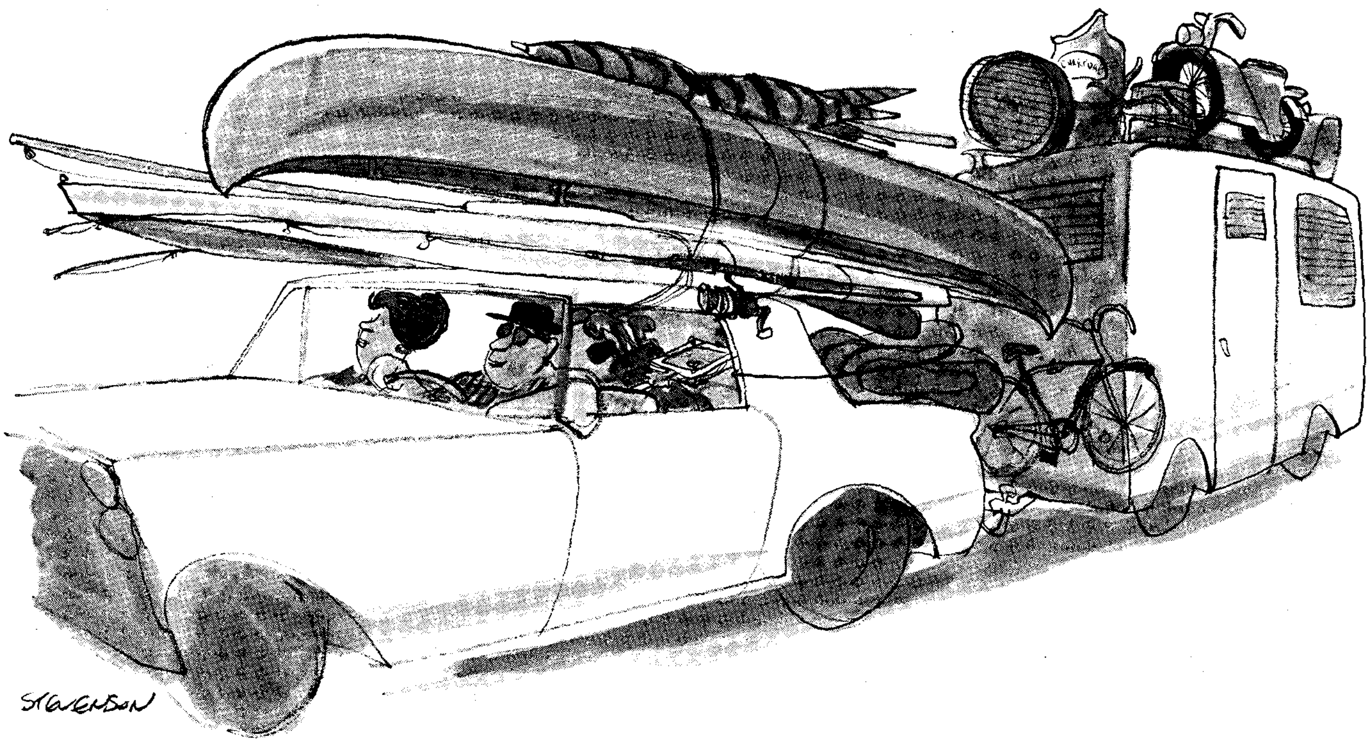
Another of Simon's songs, "The Dangling Conversation," goes:

It's a still-life watercolor
Of a now-late afternoon
As the sun shines through the curtain lace
And shadows wash the room
And we sit and drink our coffee
Couched in our indifference
Like shells upon the shore.
You can hear the ocean roar
In the dangling conversation
And the superficial sighs
The borders of our lives . . .

Simon: Writing is often an excruciating process. I've been working on one song for three months now. In the past, I could go faster, but I wouldn't accept those songs now. Now I say, "No. It's got to be framed right," and I spend months. Every time I pick up the guitar, I start on the song. When I go to sleep, I spend half an hour thinking about it. Songs get stagnant, and they turn on me. Lines that were good you begin to discard. I use the guitar. I grab a chord, and then I'm into something. My early songs were derivative. I was influenced by so many people. Elvis Presley influenced me to play the guitar; the Everly Brothers influenced our singing; Bob Dylan . . . Later, these merge with your personality. I use less imagery now, less metaphor. I give you the picture, stretch it, and let you feel it. When your mind is about to turn off, I try and get a word or a line that's different, so you snap back. If I lose the guy, I don't get him back. I want to make the words rich and yet plain—tasteful without being prissy or too delicate. One word can throw it off. It's not poetry. I'm writing sounds that must be sung, and heard sung. I'm conscious of the medium I'm working in. What should be said in a song? What would be better said in an essay? A song is an impression when it's heard only once. Of course, sometimes I make a song purely an impression, like "Feelin' Groovy." I think: Yellow . . . pink . . . blue . . . bubbles . . . gurgle . . . happy. The line "I'm dappled and drowsy"—it doesn't make sense. I just *felt* dappled. Sleepy, contented. The song only runs one minute and twenty-nine seconds, with a long fadeout. When you've made your impression, stop. I don't want the audience to have time to think. It's a happy song, and that's what it was. There's the other kind of song, like "The Dangling Conversation." It's intricately worked out. Every word is picked on purpose. Maybe it's English-major stuff, but if you haven't caught the symbolism, you haven't missed anything, really. You've got to keep people moving. The attention span is very limited. People don't listen carefully. Unless you jolt 'em, it's going to be down the drain. You've got to get the right mixture of sound and words. I write about the things I know and observe. I can look into people and see scars in them. These are the people I grew up with. For the most part, older people. These people are sensitive, and there's a desperate quality to them—everything is



"Well, Reagan's got charisma, and that's what counts."



"No matter what the winter brings, Esther, we've given ourselves a mighty wonderful little summer."

• •

beating them down, and they become more aware of it as they become older. I get a sense they're thirty-three, with an awareness that "Here I am thirty-three!" and they probably spend a lot of afternoons wondering how they got there so fast. They're educated, but they're losing, very gradually. Not realizing, except for just an occasional glimpse. They're successful, but not happy, and I feel that pain. They've got me hooked because they are people in pain. I'm drawn to these people, and driven to write about them. In this country, it's painful for people to grow old. When sexual attractiveness is focussed on a seventeen-year-old girl, you must feel it slipping away if you're a thirty-three-year-old woman. So you say, "I'm going to stop smoking. I'm going to get a suntan. I'm going on a diet. I'm going to play tennis." What's intriguing is that they are just not *quite* in control of their destiny. Nobody is paying any attention to these people, because they're not crying very loud. I feel a strong affinity with the flower scene. I always think about beautiful people and beautiful fields, and I think about floating through them. People say, "Why don't you split?"—I'm sitting here making a quarter of a million dollars—and "Why live in it?" But I'm really strung out over people. I'm drawn to people; they all know what pain is. I give my money away. I give it in chunks. I'm always trying to run around and patch things up. The ghettos. It's not human to live like that. I met a Puerto Rican acid-head by the Park one day, and he said, "You're Paul Simon," and we talked, and I took him to my apartment. It must have looked like Shea Stadium to him. I said, "I want to lay the Beatles album on him," so I put the earphones on him, and he's flipping out, and I think: Everybody should have what I have. I used to think I was much sharper than everyone else—very aware, perceptive, seeing things. Then, recently, I realized it wasn't true. Everyone's perceptive. Everyone is sensitive and perceptive, and they all know what pain is. I have compassion for that. There's a gentleness and understanding in young people today, and there's only one choice: the human race *must* come to the aid of the human race.

It was now seven o'clock. The evening was cloudy and threatening. Simon and Garfunkel, who were on a concert tour, drove from their New Haven hotel out to the Yale Bowl, where they were scheduled to perform at eight-fifteen. They went out early because Simon wanted to make sure the sound system was right. After parking their car, they walked down a ramp under the Bowl and out onto the football field, near the fifty-yard line. The grass was a brilliant, eerie green under the dark, rainy sky. Carrying Simon's guitars, they walked downfield to one of the end zones, where a stage had been set up. Except for some concert officials and a number of policemen who had gathered at the portals, ready to cope with the huge crowd that was anticipated, the vast stadium was empty. Ten minutes later, Simon climbed onto the stage to test the sound. He stood alone, a slight figure, holding a twelve-string guitar in front of the microphones. He struck the first notes of a song of his called "Homeward Bound," and the sound seemed to leap out and fill the stadium. He began to sing:

"I'm sittin' in the railway station,
Got a ticket for my destination.
On a tour of one-night stands
My suitcase and guitar in hand."

He looked up at the rows and rows of empty seats, and then up toward the last row, where Garfunkel, silhouetted against the blustery sky, stood listening.

"And ev'ry stop is neatly planned
For a poet and a one-man band.
Homeward bound."

Then Garfunkel waved with both arms to Simon, signalling that the sound was fine, and Simon finished the song as Garfunkel came bounding down the concrete steps.

An hour later, the stands had filled with fifteen thousand people, and the concert began.

AVIZANDUM

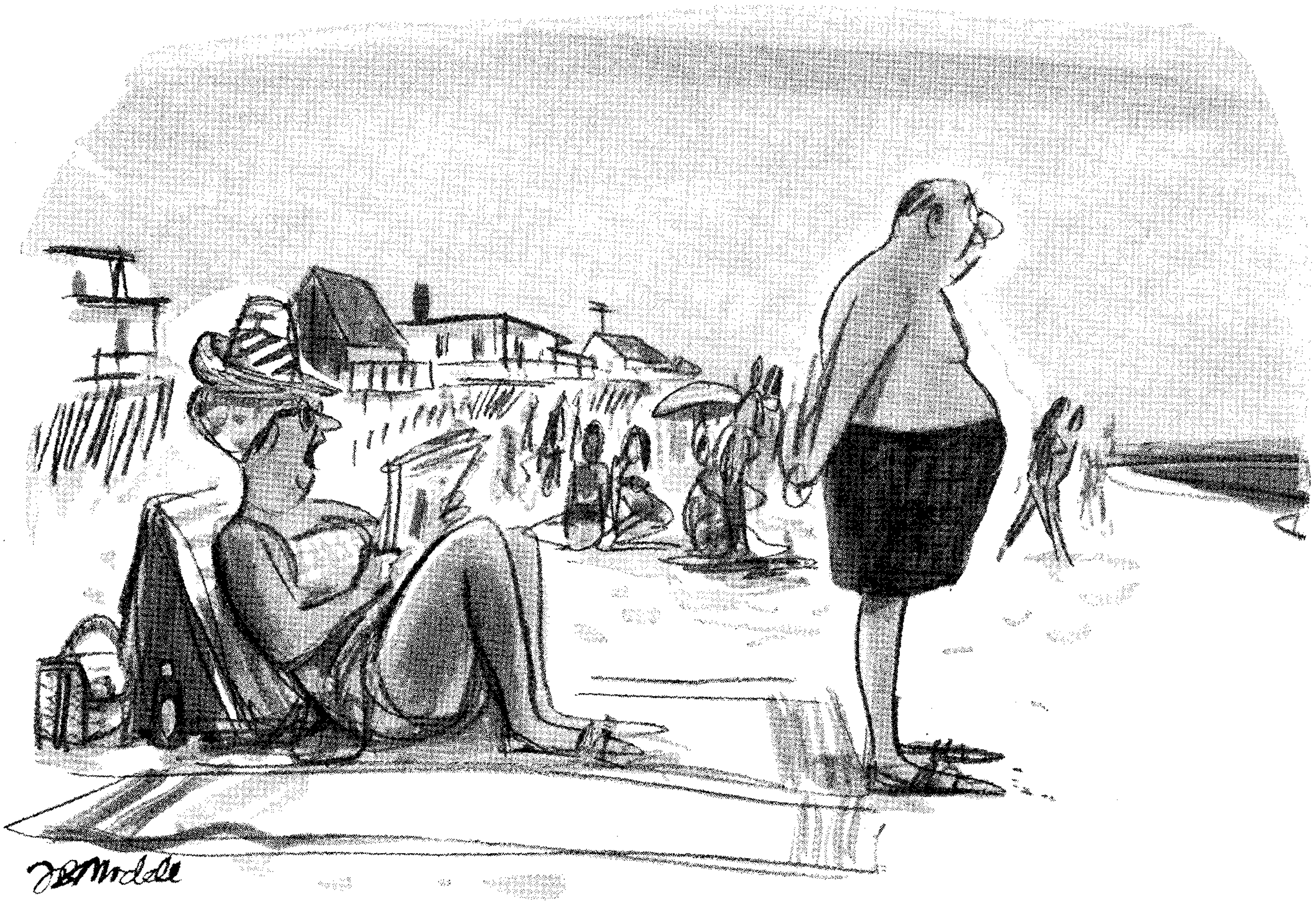
If I were to have my way, every window of this house would be open this evening, and all the lights would be on. The last glow in the west is gone—only just gone—and the quarter moon is up. A summer breeze off the Sound, carrying the smell of the water, is rustling the elms and the maples, cooling them. But the house is closed, as it has been for two weeks. On such a night, there should be children in and about it, any children at all. My young brothers and sisters, or Isabel's and my youngsters, or our grandchildren—up and down the stairs, on the porch and in the yard, up and down the block hooting like banshees. It's a comforting sound when there's not too much of it. For close to seventy years, ever since we left Scotland, there have been children here—one lot or another. I suppose I tend to dwell unduly on the past, but my mind does keep turning back, do what I will. And what else *should* I do, cooped up here with no notion of what's coming next? Not to put too fine a point on it, dying's a confounded nuisance. I've learned that—and that's all I've learned—from the transition. Two weeks.

A man loses control. The house is precisely as I left it when I crossed over into this odd dimension. No one has come to it, and I have no way of calling people here for company. I'm not certain what I was expecting when the time to cross should come, but I'm sure it was more elaborate than *this*. More edifying. Could—someone—have blundered? Mislaid me? It seems hardly likely. My father believed in the conventional afterlife—streets of gold and pearly gates for the qualified—and I suppose that in a more, well, *diffuse* way, so did I. I certainly counted on extensive revelation, for one thing. But—nothing. My head's in a mix. How did I die, for instance? Ah, yes. Carelessness. I got a rather bad bump climbing out of my morning tub. Cracked my stupid neck, and here I am. My father always regarded a cold morning tub as first-rate for one's circulation—small matter now—to say nothing of one's character, and he lived to a considerable age, well past my eighty-five. Eighty-five. Is it possible? We left the old country when I was seventeen, after my mother died. I can't remember the year, but I recall exactly how all the others looked then. We were a close family, on whichever side of the water. Well, well. I did at least hope to find some of the others here. I'm the last to come. And surely I expected Isabel. A man looks for his wife, in the circumstances.

And I've looked. I've been through the house and through the house, and I've scoured the three blocks of our little street. I understand—I don't know how—that I am limited to that. The one person I've come on is foolish Johnny Rickaby. In the carnate sphere, he was only a neighbor a cut below the neighborhood—a railroad sort of man, as well as a bigamist, though we didn't learn that until he died. He kept an entire second family in Bridgeport, forty miles away on the New Haven—too close for comfort, I should have thought, and so it proved. The alternate wife shot him. He's told me there are other discarnates round about. I can't say I'm anxious to know them, but all of them, *all* of them, have occupations. Assignments. Johnny's is a trifling one—he merely moans contritely on windy nights and in rainstorms—but he's *got* it, and I have none! I never believed in haunting and all that rubbish, but if it's what we do, and it seems to be, I should like to take part. Everything here—everything about me—seems suspended. I can't get away from feeling that there *has* been a mistake—that I've been delivered in some queer way into the wrong dimension. I must make inquiries. But of whom? . . . Hold on. What's this? A great swarm of corporeals (how one's terminology expands!) at the door and bursting in. The children—my whole tribe is coming here together, and high time. The place has been as silent as the— Well, yes. I suppose that's apt. At any rate, I'm glad to have a look at them all again.

But—quickly—I must sort them out. It would never do not to know them, and I can't always find a name on the spur of the moment. The big man's William. No mistaking him, though he's thinning out on top; I kept my hair the whole journey. He was named for me and for his grandfather and *his* father. I wonder how many William Gillespies there have been. He was an obedient boy—handsome, his mother sometimes said in confidence, though I was never concerned with appearances. He flew up from his Mexican holiday when I passed on, then hurried back to finish his fishing. I suppose there's no harm in that, but it's why the place has been shut. Of course. The rest waited for him, quite properly; he's the new head of the family. So I fancy they'll want to go digging through my things soon—mine and Isabel's. I never would let anyone touch hers, but I daresay I can't stop it now. Here's Alison, the next eldest, marching upstairs already. She had lovely black ringlets that curled tight when the weather was damp. A thicket of them. I often thought Isabel was too stern with her. Then Andrew. A handful—the one I had to punish the most, but he turned out quite satisfactorily. He's tapping the walls and windowsills. Why, this is *his* house now; William refused it for reasons of his own. It's a rock-solid house. Ah, well. And what is the name of Andrew's wife again? Helen. She's neat and pert enough so far, but she's the kind to wizen in due course. And their little ones are called Charles and Violet. Little! Great young brutes in ceaseless motion—but good children, good children. They both came in from Rutgers for the

NEED NEW PICTURE TUBE
Richter



"Moping is not relaxing!"

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obsequies. There. I must keep them all straight—but, suddenly, I wonder why. There's no need. They don't know, and they won't know, I am here. And maybe I shan't be. I should set about making my inquiries, if only—again—of Johnny Rickaby. Something is wrong; I am caught between lives. Surely one ought at least to find new knowledge and old friends here, perhaps a whole new landscape. Some such. *Surely.*

But who is the man following Alison up the stair, keeping his hat on? Not a friend, I trust. I'll just go along. No sooner thought than done—into the rear bedroom in a twinkling. A handy trick. So the man drives a truck for the Salvation Army, does he? He's to be back at nine in the morning with his helpers. And what are *they* to do? "I can take this here," he says, whacking his fat hand on William's little bedstead—William's, then Alison's, then Andrew's. Can he, indeed! I bought it at John Wanamaker's in 1925. "I couldn't use *that*," he says, in his grunting way. "Falling to pieces." My father's Morris chair? A bit shaky in the joints, but nothing a few knocks of a hammer wouldn't put right. Who's *he* to refuse? More to the point, who is he to *accept* any of our belongings? For what? . . . I can answer, I suppose. For the Salvation Army. For strangers. "All right," says Alison. "Now, if you'll come along here—"

If no one happens to want a thing just at the moment, must it be tossed away? A serviceable thing? An old thing? The truck driver and Alison are going into Isabel's and my room, the room I—left from. I think I will not go along with them. I will go out. I must find Isabel. I will ask Johnny to help me hunt for her again. He has been most obliging about that, this fortnight, though I still cannot condone his former way of life. I will look up the others he says are out there and ask if they have seen her—a small young woman, quick, very light in her movements, gray eyes, dark hair pulled to a coil at the back of her neck. No—that is an early likeness, though it is how I see her most clearly nowadays. In any case, I must find her. She should be here, for I have quite lost control.

IT is morning. Nearly time for the wretched Salvation Army man and his skulking helpers. Time for my immediate descendants to give my things away. I must stay to see what happens—not lose my head again, as I did last night. Isabel was nowhere; no one had seen her—neither Johnny, nor the Miss Billings who keeps a guttering candle in a window, waiting fifty years for her scoundrel brother to come home, nor the sculptor from the attic of what, for a great while, was the only house besides ours on this street. (The carnates in Miss Billings' place think she's a street-light reflection; the sculptor says his people have decided he's loose clapboards.) No one had seen Isabel, but that was not a fit reason for me to try to escape—run off to more favorable regions, where matters might make sense. And where she might be. One step past the corner at the far end of the block, and back I was, like a shot, in my own parlor. Whoever's in charge seems to know of me, at least, if that's a comfort. Johnny counsels patience. He is quite informative, and I would be lost without him. There are various sorts of assignments, it seems. Some are active—reënactments of one's colorful demise or purple sin, all quite lurid to carnates. Others are simpler; they are for those of us who must wait until we have found our proper occupations. It takes a bit. He is confident I will come upon Isabel when I have found my proper assignment for myself, and not before.

Here come William and all the rest. They said last night it would take them five days to "close" the house. No doubt they meant empty it. Filling went on a mite longer. How busily they go about it! "I think we should sort out the big things first—the furniture and so on," says Alison. "The rest is what will take time. The stuff in the closets and drawers." The *stuff*.

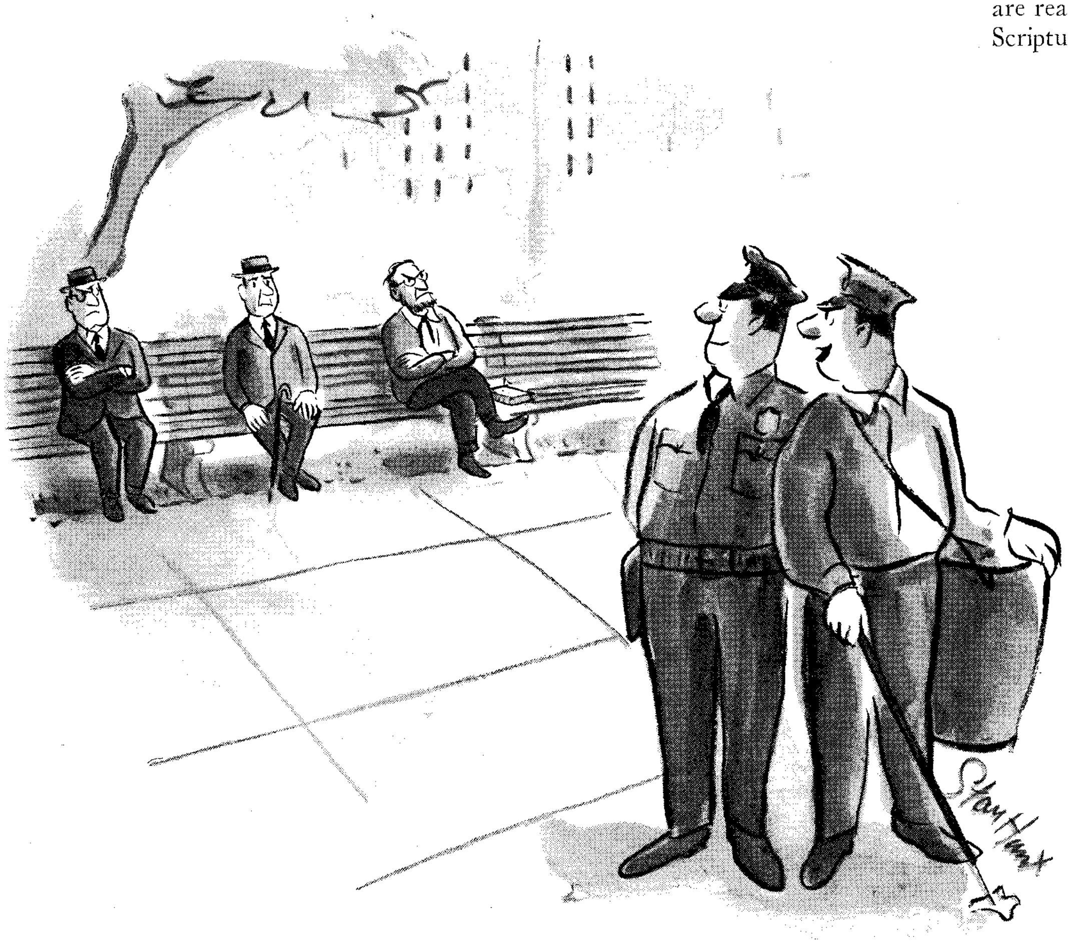
There's a great closed truck coming in the drive, but it's not the Salvation fellow's. No, worse. A hired scavenger. He'll take what's not good enough for the other one. The Morris chair. Young Charles has been chosen to burn what will burn of what's left. Of the stuff. He's started his fire at the end of the garden where Isabel raised herbs. It will do them no harm; they've been gone two years, as she has. I miss her greatly—I begin to miss her more than ever before. It's odd. Much of the time, it has seemed as if she were only in another room, still busy among the things, the facts, of the life that used to go on here—the things now taking their leave of the house and me. No, that's not fair—not fair at all. *I* have left *them*. But in a way, while they were here, all in their proper places, so was she. I do not want to stay here.

I do not especially want to think about Isabel, either, but in spite of myself I see her on the day that we moved in. She ran through the whole house again and again, planning, planning—tipsy with the prospect of so much space. Ten rooms, attic, and basement. Her hair was flying. *Most* uncommon. I always felt a bit of dishevelment became her, now and again, provided she was happy. She was likely to sing cheery hymns at such times, and that day she was singing them: "Joy Cometh in the Morning." "We Shall Meet on That Beautiful Shore." (Yes. Perhaps. We'll take that thought to avizandum, as my father used to say. Under advisement.) William and Alison were small, and Andrew wasn't born. We'd been living in a cocoon of a house over in White Plains, stretching it to bursting. But here there was to be room for every last chattel and to spare, on top of all that Father had left—well, no, not exactly that. We got rid of a few things, I suppose. Sold some. Gave some away. Got—rid. Salvation Army, if I'm not mistaken, as I earnestly hope I am. Well, well. But we did keep the Morris chair. It stood beside the fireplace for years, just as when Father was alive. This room—this second parlor—has always remained much the same. Isabel would try to rearrange it from time to time, but if she succeeded at all the children would howl. Look at them now!

One by one, they scatter through the house from basement to attic, rummaging, hunting, dividing, consigning whatever they find to each other or the trash piles or the fire—and I roam from this room to the next, watching them almost against my will and certainly against my better judgment.

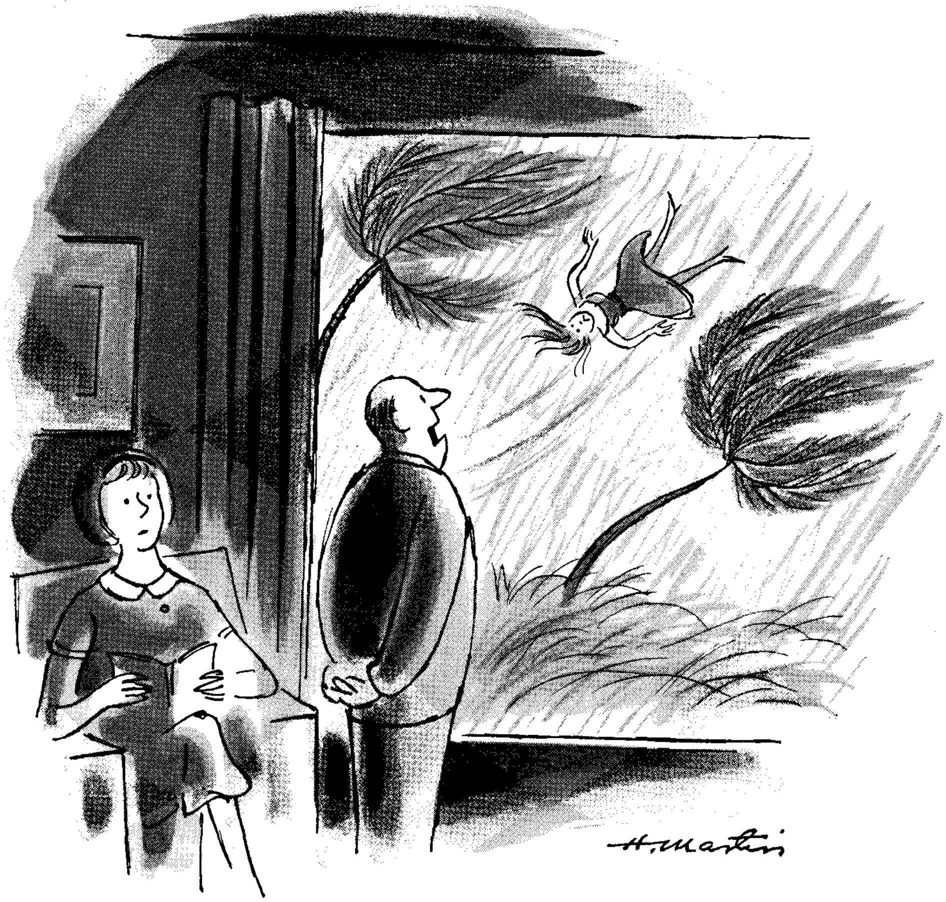
Alison has got at my dresser drawers. She's throwing out half my shirts. "How he hung on to things!" she says, not unkindly, I must grant, though the kindness seems needlessly indulgent. Now she's come across the little packet of Isabel's keepsakes that I brought from her drawer to mine some time ago—a child's garnet ring, a church calendar announcing William's high-school honors, the box of "Golden Thoughts" Isabel's mother gave her when we were married. I used to laugh at her using it, but the thoughts are reasonably golden. Shakespeare and Scripture, mostly, though Browning and Marcus Aurelius and other worthies get in. Three hundred and sixty-five of them, on rolled ribbons of paper, standing packed in their little box, to be taken out one a day, like pills. Isabel went through the lot of them several times, especially in periods of stress. Alison is putting them among the things she doesn't know what to do with—doesn't want to keep and isn't quite ready to throw out.

Andrew has brought a full basket down from the attic. A conference is called. William comes up from the basement. He wants my father's little telescope, but they are doing away with my Ingersoll watch and the picture of my glee club. What's to blame? The watch was the first I ever bought myself, so I kept it, but its works are long since dead, as are most of the members of the glee club. Old photos—old photos without number from the trunks up there. Out go the people not recognized; the others go to whoever speaks for them first. Every-



"Every day they sit like that—
right-of-center, left-of-center, and middle-of-the-road."

one is polite. "No, you take it—I'm sure it means more to you." But they don't really care, I fancy. They'll look at them once in a half-dozen years, though I can't say we looked at them oftener. Still, they were *here.* They were part of it all. Andrew has found a poem he wrote on his twelfth birthday—"Father Time is fleet of foot," and so on. They're laughing fit to kill. I've always thought it very good for twelve. William goes to the attic, and down come bundles of letters—mine to Isabel, chiefly, when I've had to be away. She saved all letters. It's decent of the children not to read them, I suppose, but—they're going to the fire. To tell the truth, I feel almost as if I were going with them. Departing piece by piece. Vanishing into air. But I am still here. *Where is Isabel?* I wonder if we, in this manifestation, could sometimes be expected to show initiative. To *volunteer* an assignment. Haunt a bit on one's own. Trial and error. Who knows? I may decide to go mad, if one can in this ridiculous sphere. It seems more than likely.



"*Good heavens! Someone forgot to batten down Emily Murdock!*"

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NOW it is evening. The family dinner in the half-bare dining room is over. The scavenger will be back tomorrow. The Salvation Army, gorged, is apparently gone for good. What Alison calls "the big things" have been taken away or are standing forlorn, waiting to be moved to her house or William's, or to stay and mingle with Andrew's more up-to-date furnishings. Charles has covered his fire. He plans to mend the Morris chair and take it to his room in New Brunswick—chiefly as a conversation piece, it would appear. I always thought it a good, useful design. And Morris was a poet of some consequence.

I have tried standing in the stairway niche, where Andrew, when he was small and on his way to bed, used to insist he saw a figure watching him. Perhaps he did. No one saw me. Johnny Rickaby can moan. I have tried, to no avail. Others can materialize, I'm told. Not I. The children are all in the front parlor now. They seem reluctant to separate and go to other parts of the house, as they did during daylight, though they are still discussing the division of goods—silver and crystal. Each has a drink hard by. Whiskey. It never was in my house. This afternoon, they broke off what they called their work, and had a drink in the kitchen. My granddaughter, glass in hand, took one out to my grandson in plain view. These infants are permitted whiskey? It is not in the least like Andrew to allow it. In this house! But it is no longer our house. I feel as if it were a house of strangers.

Strangers they are, for certain. Dear, but strange. William is smiling to himself, playing idly with Isabel's Golden Thoughts, taking one out, reading it, putting it back. Alison is smiling, too, and crying a little. "You know," she says, "they *believed* these things. Both of them believed just about all it says in that little box." And somehow she speaks as if she were crying on account of that, even more than for us. "In this century!" she says. "In the sixties!"

"They were pretty old, by the sixties," Andrew says.

Seventy-eight. What does he call old?

"I don't think Dad ever really quite left Scotland," says Alison. "If you know what I mean."

I earned my living, and a decent one, in Manhattan for forty years before I retired. What's she talking about? *They've* left Scotland, to be sure. Threw out a whole box of tartan swatches. They might at least have spared the MacPherson. The Gillespies are a sept of the MacPhersons.

" 'This above all, to thine own self be true,' " reads William—rather poorly, I must say. Very flat. Very matter-of-fact. " 'And it must follow as the night the day . . .' "

Why, yes, I did believe that, I'm sure. I would have thought they did. What's wrong with it?

"Things were so simple for them," William says. "So black-and-white."

I certainly knew right from wrong, if that's what he means. Doesn't *he*? We taught him. We taught them all. Surely we were not mistaken. Of course not.

"Safe," says Andrew. "Secure. All the answers were in. I guess it was better for them to think so. Dad never really believed the last fifty years. All you had to do was follow the well-known rules. *His* father's rules, for God's sake! Take a cold bath in the morning, pay your debts, and even if the world is crazy it will come back to its senses in due course."

I do not like such talk. It is presumptuous. Still, from this vantage point, presumption grows less important.

The others laugh gently. "Poor dears," says Alison.

Damn it, I am her *father!* William shakes his head and goes after another Golden Thought. Much good may it do him. I will try once more to escape. No, it will be of no use. It is infra dig

LONG SONG, A WIFE SONG, A CAT SONG, A RAIN SONG

Our cat is climbing for a jay
in the apple tree. The lawn is brown.
These jays are clearly anti-cat.
He mounts the tree, they shout him down;

from banderillas of the beak
he slinks away, so whipped he'd vote
for dogs; he kicks a modest bug;
and slowly as a hangman's rope

we swing. Oh, wife, we're suburbed, bagged,
and you must hear the mouth you wed
insisting nothing comes to much
but dust. That sentence is unsaid

when soon as silk you grace my touch.
Then rain becomes a state of mind
and every leaf expects a kiss,
and every knot is cut, or kind.

But only irrepairs increase.
The urgencies of loving end.
We once knew days like honing wind;
it snowed: God stroked the living fleece;

it rained: God saved the saving rain
that fell as hard as seagulls' eyes.
We're mourning down to dustbin size,
and all the local lawns make hay,

and in this hammock someone sleeps
who must be me—he dreams like me—
a dream of birth: to leave the bag
the sagging parts are jumbled in.

A knitting of intents goes on,
sleep's patchwork, healings of the cave.
Remade, triumphal up the nave
in childly joy, in drenching robes,

I wake to dry beneath the sun.
My sleep has washed me with its paws
in dreams of rain when I was young.
I'm back where jays scream zoning laws.

Where *was* I? Dreaming what I was.
Oh, vintage wits and cleanly claws,
the tide's gone out and won't come in;
what gives, if something else much more's

to follow? Cupped in empty hands,
the air says "*Wind* is what I mean."
The earth says "Harvest is my say."
The cat stands by, and understands.

Oh, wife, come sing a hopeful song!
The cat will reach a likely limb.
Who's dusty, rain come loud and long.
Who's kinky, sleep unravel him.

Oh, may the taproot find a spring,
the century plant ride up its stalk's
own turnpike! Start the countdown, love—
we'll take the roof of the greenhouse off

and sing for rain. God save the rain.
It rains on root and branch of me.
The jays are sleeping. Love me, love.
The cat climbs up the apple tree.

—Barry Spacks

• •

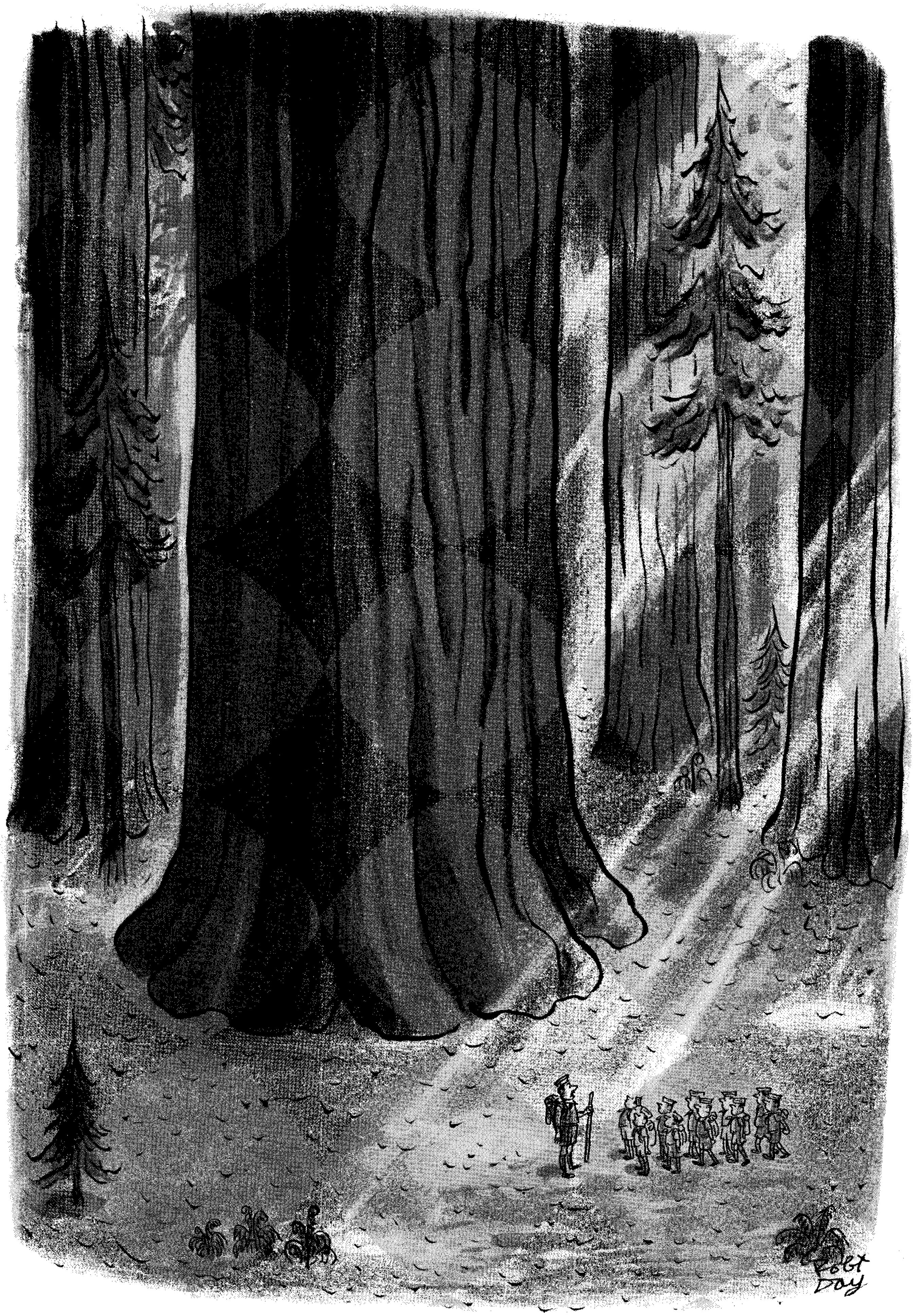
to go out there and be popped incontinently back, no questions asked and assuredly none answered. *Why* am I popped back? Is my assignment *here*? At any rate, I do not wish to stay any longer in this room.

I HAVE thought myself up to my old room, Isabel's and mine for many—yes, many—thousands of nights. Through the big south window, one can see the Sound out beyond the trees. This has always been a good place to stand and think when there's something to think about. If only Isabel were here. She always understood the children better than I did, though she had no trouble sorting right from wrong. But have *I* always been as sure as I said I was? I can afford to be truthful. When you see your life shredded away, disappearing piece by piece, you must stop to wonder what you were.

The children speak of us as if we had lived on another planet. I had no idea they thought of us as they do, though, to be sure, I never was any more privy to their thoughts than they were to those I have thought beside this window—not all of which were by the rules. They never knew that I was haled into court once. Debts. A business matter. I let the lawyer get me off, though I never have been sure it was the right thing to do. Who can *always* be sure? Oh, come! I don't approve of such thoughts. But if that can be asked, what can't?

Courts of law. Yes. Avizandum. My father was always taking matters there—things I wanted to do or have. "We'll take it to avizandum," he would say when I asked for a gun or a bicycle or a suit of clothes, and it was astonishing how few questions ever returned. I thought of it as a place—shadowy, glimmering, nothing clear, nothing *black-and-white*, as my son William would put it. A dispensing oracle lurked there, and he never, or almost never, rendered a verdict. A nonsensical notion, but then, I was a child. It's just an old Scottish law term; a judge may take a case out of court and under his own scrutiny. *Ad avizandum.*

Tonight, hearing the talk, I suddenly began to wonder about verdicts—theirs, Isabel's, mine. Verdicts of all sorts, for and against; they have certainly not all been rendered. I will have to stay in this old house a good while longer, watching and listening as the children find and dispose of every scrap of our lives, little and large, that we have left them. The *stuff* of our lives. Can that be my assignment? I fancy it can be, though, if so, surely I oughtn't to be alone. She should be with me. We shared it all. Mustn't we share the blame for what we see? Or the credit? Or whatever? The assignment should be joint—the long look back, the reassessment. No? No. I have to suppose that until, or unless, she comes, I had best see to it myself. I must go back downstairs. —Robert Henderson

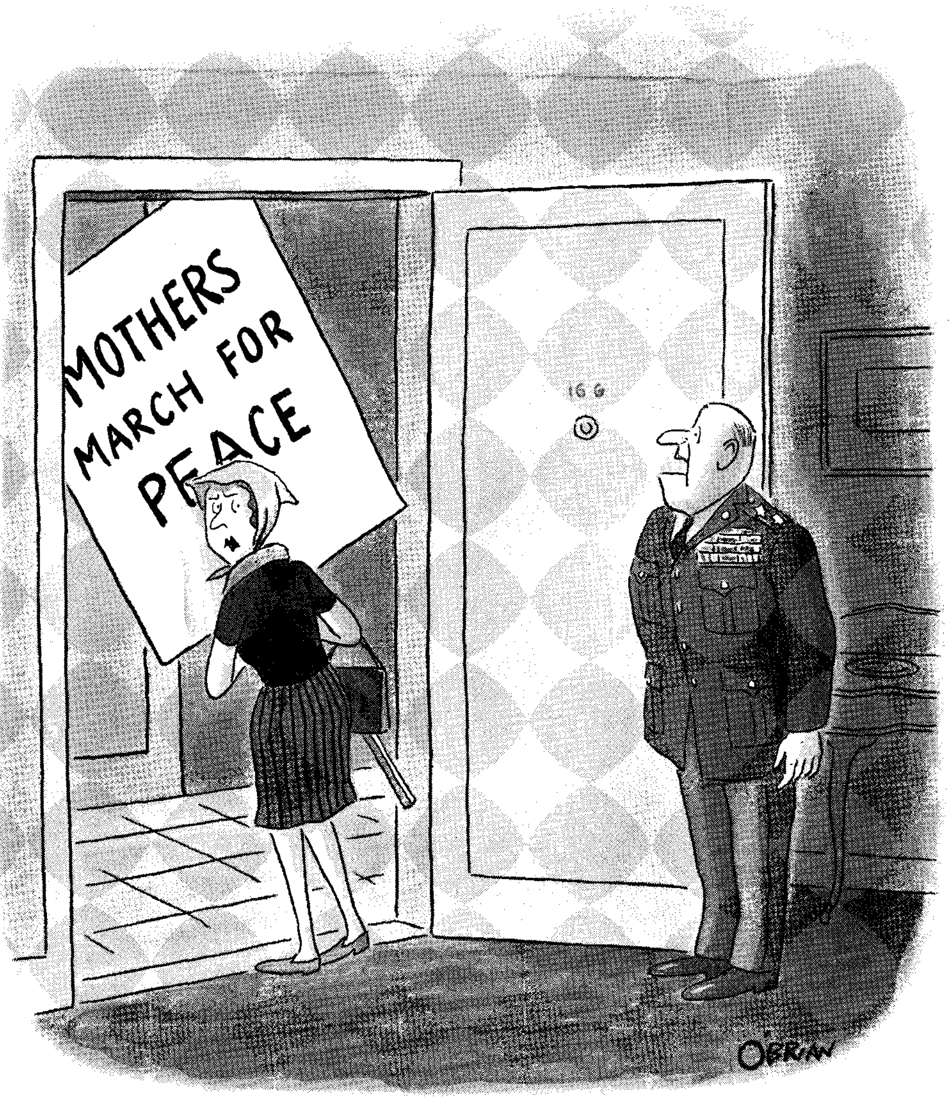


"Detail, halt! At ease! Stand in awe!"

THE BOW

PAUL and I were alone in the house and would be the rest of the day. It was August, midmorning, prickly hot. The forecast had promised cooler weather moving across southern England from Cornwall, but the week-long heat wave showed no sign of relenting. After breakfast, I had watched from the kitchen window as Jean and the girls ran to the corner for the waiting bus. They were going to buy shoes. They were going to be in Portsmouth all day buying shoes. The bus had moved off and the tar on the road gleamed white. In the living room since then, I had been lying on the sofa; my cigarette smoke surged up a shaft of sunlight and swirled, and slowly thinned, leaving dust. Paul played with his model cars in the far corner of the room, silently. I would not speak until he did, and he would not speak. This was the first time that my son and I were to be together alone for a whole day, and he was nearly eight. Often I had looked after the girls while Jean took him shopping with her; we filled the time cutting pictures from magazines or making wigwams from blankets and brooms. I can be comfortable with my daughters.

I lit another cigarette and thought of Patsy and Monica walking through the department store in their new shoes. They would have had to pass through the carpet department—that close, wadded area of quietness where sometimes in the winter months I used to loiter for the sake of its warmth. Nobody would buy a carpet on a day like this, not if it meant standing about among the rugs and foam and underfelt and breathing that still air full of woollen particles. Jean would lead them through to the kitchenware, and they would clatter the saucepans for the cool relief of sound. And the three of them would run, perhaps, the length of the tiled floor. The new shoes would sound like rain. I sat up and looked at Paul over the sofa back. He was guiding his new Ferrari into an impromptu garage of books, his face pressed hard into a cushion. Eleven-thirty. I lay back to face the other way. I had to keep awake, because my cigarette was still burning and the ashtray was now out of reach. Another five hours of this, I thought.



"Well, then, Margaret, I guess this is goodbye."

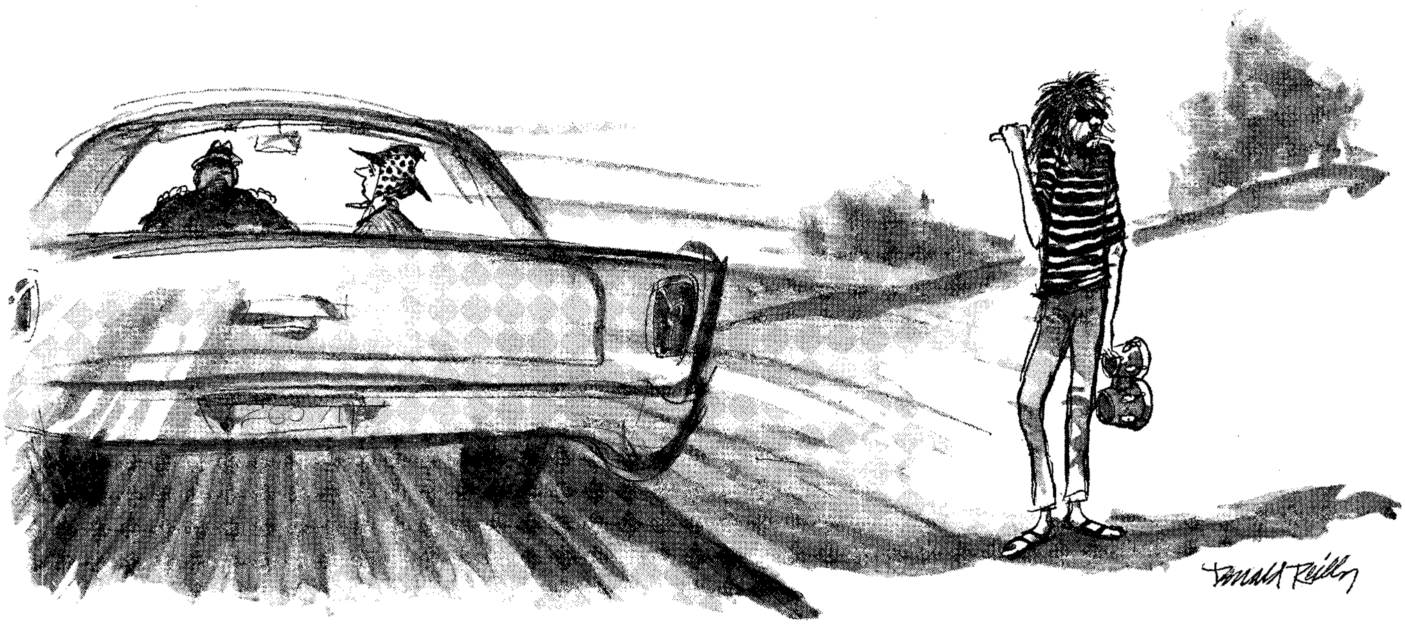
My neighbor was in his garden, playing with his twin boys. Sometimes he loses his temper with them. I have watched how his anger breaks, a spontaneous harm amid his mindless, quotidian love. Soon—for I know his rhythms—he would shout at one of them and go indoors for a drink, and the twins would begin some other game. I like Jim. After half an hour, he would be outside again when Marion came with the laundry basket to take in the washing, and he would make her wait while he put the boys in the basket and pulled them three times round the cherry tree. Marion would stand there with her arms piled high with shirts, her shoulders draped with stockings and handkerchiefs, her knuckles white with a great clutch of pegs.

I got up and emptied the ashtray. I swept up the crumbs under the breakfast table. Paul raised his legs, without being asked, without looking, so that I could sweep round him. There were crumbs sticking to his knees and his shirt.

"Stand up, Paul. I want to brush the crumbs off you."

He stood up and let me do it. I went into the garden and scattered the crumbs for the birds. A helicopter was passing over low—a red helicopter that hurts every summer morning with its slicing whine as it stands by for air-sea rescue. I wished that Paul would want to go down to the beach, but I knew he hated it when the tide was high. When he was four, he had run behind me once as I ran down the shelving beach; I hadn't heard him, and he had nearly drowned. At low tide, he liked to sit under a breakwater and listen to the sand flies in the weed, or dig a hole and sit in it and pretend he was sitting in a car. He wouldn't go—he'd have heard the helicopter and would know the tide was in. The twins were waving at the helicopter crew. One of them, Jeremy, pretended to shoot upward with a bamboo cane. In the air, left empty when the helicopter had passed beyond the hazelwood and down out of sight to the dunes and whipped water, there was only heat and a soft, malignant shudder.

I went indoors. "Paul," I said, and



"But by our not picking him up, won't he feel more convinced than ever that society is rotten to the core?"

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was prepared to be patient, "let's go somewhere to be cool."

"I want to play with my cars."

"You could bring them with you. Well, two or three of them. It's so hot in here, and Mummy won't be back for a long time yet."

"I'm not hot. The helicopter just went over."

"I don't mean the beach. Somewhere else. In the hazelwood, by the pond. It's nice in there. Shady."

"I want to play with all my cars. I sting my legs on the nettles. There's a wasp nest."

He was right. I thought of several other places, but didn't mention them, because I thought straightaway of his objections to them all. He crashed a gray sedan into a group of other cars, his face a mime of fire and violent death. I had to be patient. It's excusable when Jim loses his temper, but a schoolteacher knows better. Then I knew what to do. "How'd you like a ride on the motorbike?"

He'd never been on it before; Jean said he was too young. He used to get on it in the garage, turning the throttle, making revving noises. His feet didn't quite reach the footrests, so he used to lie along the saddle, racing style, his toes in the luggage rack. That was months ago. Jean had stopped his going into the garage since the day he broke a bottle containing kerosene.

"Mummy said I can't. My legs aren't long enough yet."

"You've grown since then. Anyway, I can put blocks on the footrests. I'll shorten the strap on Mummy's helmet for you. You'd like that."

But I could see that he didn't like the idea at all. Jean's quiet talking to him when he broke the kerosene bottle had made him as frightened of the motorbike, and fire, as he was of the sea, and drowning. All the time, in his play, the drivers of his cars died in flames or toppled over a cliff of books into deep white water. One day, I came home and found him suspending a doll by his pajama cord. Jean was amazed when I asked her if she'd warned him against putting the clothesline round his neck; no, she'd said, not the clothesline—the telephone cord. His play was his fear, but in his fantasies danger could not hurt.

"We'll go to the top of Kingley Vale. I'll cut you a bow from the yew trees up there. And arrows."

"I've got a bow. Jeremy's daddy gave it to me. Look." He ran across the room to his toy cupboard and took out one of those pink plastic bows they give away in the supermarket with the detergent packs.

I smiled. "No, I mean a real bow. Like Robin Hood. He always made his from yew wood."

"It *is* a real bow. It works. I've got an arrow, too. Watch." He had a crooked twig that he'd found in the garden. He pulled the string back as far as it would go, then released it. The arrow fell just in front of him. "See?"

"Lovely, Paul. But I mean a proper bow, taller than you. And some nice straight arrows. We'll cut the bow and trim off the side shoots and skin off the bark and notch the ends. With my big knife I had in the Navy. Then I'll get some of that orange-colored nylon line I bought for the runner beans to grow up. That'll make a good, strong bow. I don't know for certain what sort of wood you're supposed to have for arrows. I could look it up. But some of those straight bits of dogwood in the hedge would do. Nice red arrows. Mummy can make you a quiver to carry them in. She's still got some of that rexine."

"Can we go on the bus?"

"Don't worry about the motorbike. It won't catch fire while I'm there, will it now?" He almost smiled. "You can bring as many cars as you like. They'll go in the saddlebags." I'd won him over. "And we'll take some sandwiches and two big bottles of lemonade, and we'll not come home till it's starting to get dark."

IN less than half an hour, we reached the foot of Kingley Vale. Paul had clung very tightly round my waist all the way, and after I had stopped the engine I had to unclench his fingers before I could get off and lift him down. He was pale and slightly trembling. I put the bike on its rest and took the food satchel from the saddlebag. He had only brought one car, which he put in his breast pocket. I wasn't going to say that it would be dangerous if he fell. I unstrapped his helmet and mine, and put them both in the saddlebags. I noticed how one of the footrest blocks that I had fixed had come loose; I shuddered, remembering the time when as a small boy I had caught my foot in my father's wheel and the pink ointment with a smell like candles had taken five weeks to heal the wound. The ridge of scar never gets dirty, even when I walk miles along dusty lanes like the one up Kingley Vale. “Run on, then, and try not to fall over,” I said. But I expected him to, for he's clumsy on his feet. And he was still trembling.

In front of us, the chalk path heaved, grasshopper-hot. Paul ran ahead, brushing aside high grasses and the slender lower limbs of a wayfaring tree. When he was fifty yards in front of me up the steep white scar of chalk, his ankles were in a pool of shimmer and the black flints that lay along the path seemed to move like little dolphins in surf. He would be short of breath and sweltering in the cardigan I had made him wear, and I expected him to sit and wait for me under the holly bush just beyond him. In the hedgerow, chicory grew tall and ragged among the juniper. On the way back, I'd pick some, and poppies and toadflax, to take home for Jean. While the girls arranged them in vases, they'd tell me all about their shopping day, and Monica, telling me about her shoes, would do an imitation of the salesgirl. It would be evening then, and cool, and after Paul had gone to bed I would go carp-fishing until dark.

“Come on, then, Paul, not far now. You did run fast. There's the wood, look, and all those dark old trees. From the top of the hill, you can see the cathedral and the beach and over the harbor as far as Portsmouth, where the girls are.”

“And Mummy?”

“Yes, of course, and Mummy.”

But when we reached the top and turned to look toward the sea, we were disappointed. A mist lay across the town and the sea, and we could make out nothing beyond the greenhouses at the bottom of the hill. A few yards inside the wood, it was very cool and dark where we sat, and Paul shivered and took his toy car from his pocket and ran it along his leg. Near us was a piece of dead crow, half hidden by the silt of fallen needles. I thought of the druids under us, centuries deep, their ceremonies among the trees. On a hill not far away, when I was about seventeen, I had dug up the bones of a Bronze Age man. I walked down the hill with his bones in a plastic bag and his skull under my arm. I walked like that through the village back to school. I'd tell Paul about it one day. We joined the bones together with bits of wire and hung him in a cupboard. Still there, I daresay. Then we'd found flint axeheads and pieces of pottery. Man had always lived on these hills till now. Today, Paul and I were alone there, with the mist between us and the town. It seemed curiously remote and soundless, and the dust among the fluted old trunks made the near trees look like lunar stumps. There were no flies around the dead crow, no birds in the upper branches that we could hear.

“Paul, have they told you at school about the Romans? They had a camp up here.”

“That's history. Mr. Johnson tells us about history. You know King Canute?”

“Yes, what about him?” I expected the story about telling the waves to go back.

“His daughter was buried at Bosham, near us.”

“That's interesting.”

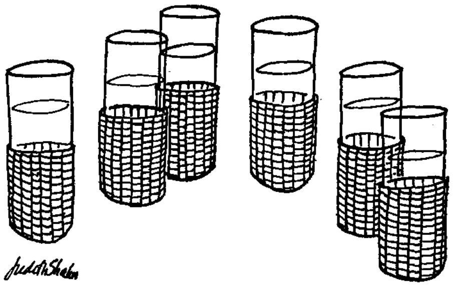
“You know what they did?”

“No. What did they do?”

“They dug her up. She was buried in the church. Do you know what she looked like?”

“No idea. You tell me.”

“Like a pile of cornflakes.” He laughed and threw a bread crust away. “My friend Peter Aldwick told me that one. Isn't it funny? Old, brown cornflakes.” He put his hand to his mouth and giggled.



I was appalled and had to laugh with him and draw him close to me.

He pulled my face round and said it again. “Old cornflakes!” And he rolled over and over down the slope of needles.

While I cut the bow, he played with the needles as he plays with the sand on the beach, piling them, letting them spill through his fingers. He kept laughing to himself, and when he looked toward me he made me laugh, too. I felt easy with him—as easy as I am with Patsy and Monica. Cornflakes. Why not?

The branch was cut. We dragged it to the edge of the wood into the sunlight. Out of the dark, the green waxy needles of the live branch seemed much longer. I hacked away the side shoots and Paul threw the pieces back into the wood. He sat by my side as I peeled away the bark, and the damp stick shone in streaks of yellow and pink and then turned orange like a bitten apple. There was a far-off heaviness of sound, almost like thunder. It was like the noise that books would make if they were dropped in a distant, carpeted room.

“What's that?” he asked me.

“Expect it's guns. The sailors are practicing with their guns.”

“Where? What for?”

“Somewhere at sea near Portsmouth. They've got a gunnery school at—”

“Mummy's at—”

“I know, but don't worry. They don't use real bullets. There, now, it's all peeled. Just let it dry a bit in the sun. Want a drink?” I poured some lemonade in a beaker.

“Daddy, when you were in the Navy, did you kill anybody?”

“What a question! No, of course I didn't. I wasn't in a war. When the

NOW AND THEN

Now that the sawdust of threescore and ten
is running out through legs that will not bear
the body that outlives them, how and where
to park becomes the question. Not on Central's carpet, wall to wall—so boundless when
it flew beneath the feet of boyhood's hare
and hounds—or in the Luxembourg, a fair
hour's walk to the Bois for me at twenty, “Paris twenties” still in store.

Where, then?
Settle for peddling in a pinwheel chair,
forever seated, in my hand a stick,
before I take no turns about and sip
the last time from too long a stirrup cup?
No! Fistfuls of balloons shall bear me up!

—HAWLEY TRUAX

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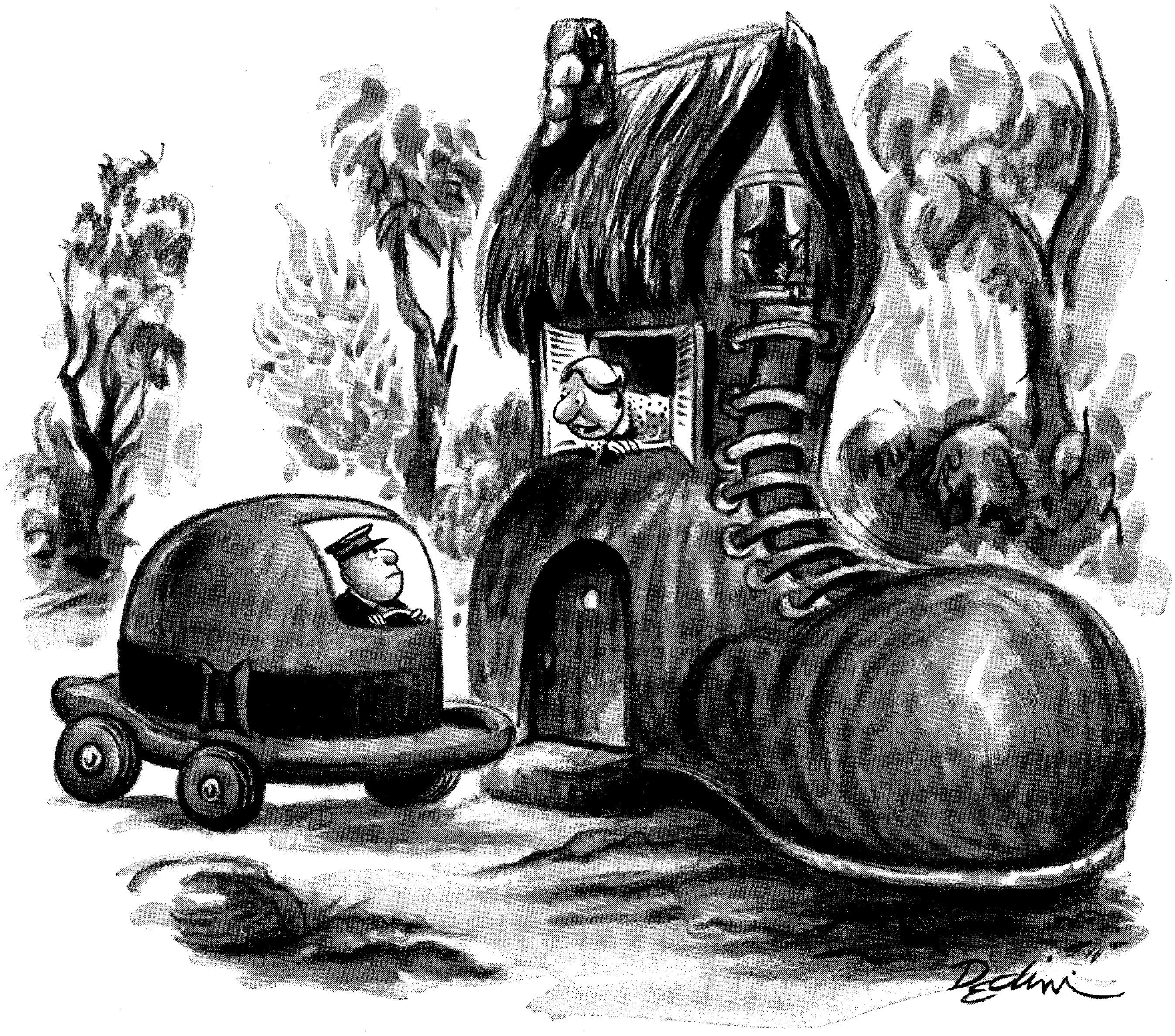


"No, I didn't call a taxi."

• •

war was on, I was a little boy like you."

"Well, why are there still sailors and soldiers and there isn't a war?"

"In case there's another one."

"Will there be?"

"No."

"Well, why—"

"When I was a little boy, I remember the planes fighting each other up there." We were lying back, looking up at the sky. It was the color of the chicory flowers. The thudding guns were fainter. "Sometimes I used to be playing in the fields where you play with Jeremy and Andrew, and I saw planes on fire come crashing down, and the next day we'd go to the place and find bits of Perspex. We made brooches and things for our mummies."

"What's Perspex?"

"What the plane windows were made of. You know my cigarette box?"

"Oh, I know."

"Best be getting back now. Come on, you carry the bow and I'll carry the satchel. Remind me to pick some flowers when we get to the bottom of the hill."

We walked toward the hole in the fence where the path began. There was still nobody to be seen. On the way down, I told him about the Bronze Age man and the Saxon warriors. As long as men had lived in England, they had fought each other on the hills where we were, but it would never happen again. Paul said he thought there would be no more battles, because nobody wanted the hills anymore. I suppose he was right. The trees would grow and die in their own dark, and not many people would bother to walk from their cars up the path to them. We picked the flowers and tied them together with a plait of grass.

THE girls were already in bed. Jean said that they were overtired and petulant and that she'd packed them off as soon as they'd got home. We'd have to be careful with Monica. She was getting willful, a real little madam. All day she'd sulked, because she couldn't have the shoes she wanted. I listened as she told me about the crowds at the bus station and the noise of the guns and the price of groceries.

Paul came and sat on my lap. "Cornflakes," he whispered, and we both giggled and laughed.

Jean looked up, flushed and distraught.

"We're not laughing at you," I said. "Paul, go and get Mummy's flowers. I left them in the porch." I'd tell her later.

—TED WALKER

•

"We [Republicans] have straddled the fence with both ears to the ground at the same time too long," he said.—*Washington Star.*

Good trick, just the same.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

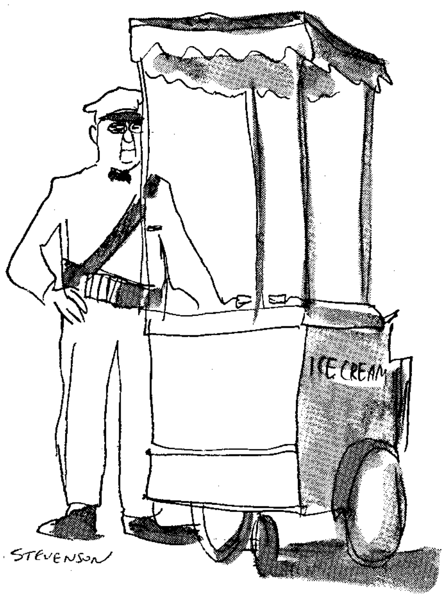
DAYS AT THE ZOO

I—THE PARKS OF INTELLIGENCE

I LIKE zoos. I have liked them all my life—or at least ever since the first time I was taken in my stroller to the St. Louis Zoo, in Forest Park. Some people, as soon as they arrive in a city they have never visited before, rush off to an art museum; I go to the zoo. Obviously, there is a basic distinction between these hobbies. The displays in museums are of inorganic objects, and those in the zoo are of living creatures. It is a difference that often gets me into arguments with the many people in the world who consider the zoological garden a cruel institution and would like to do away with it. They feel that I am abetting the innate cruelty of mankind by visiting zoos, and are convinced that if only I and the thousands who share my enthusiasm could see matters in their true light, we would cut off our patronage, and the consequent loss of gate receipts or municipal appropriations would discourage zoo managers to the point of making them close down their establishments. I respect the idealism of these sentiments, but I don't accept the concept of zoos as places to be eliminated. I don't like being classed with bullfight fans and the Marquis de Sade, and I want to make my position clear.

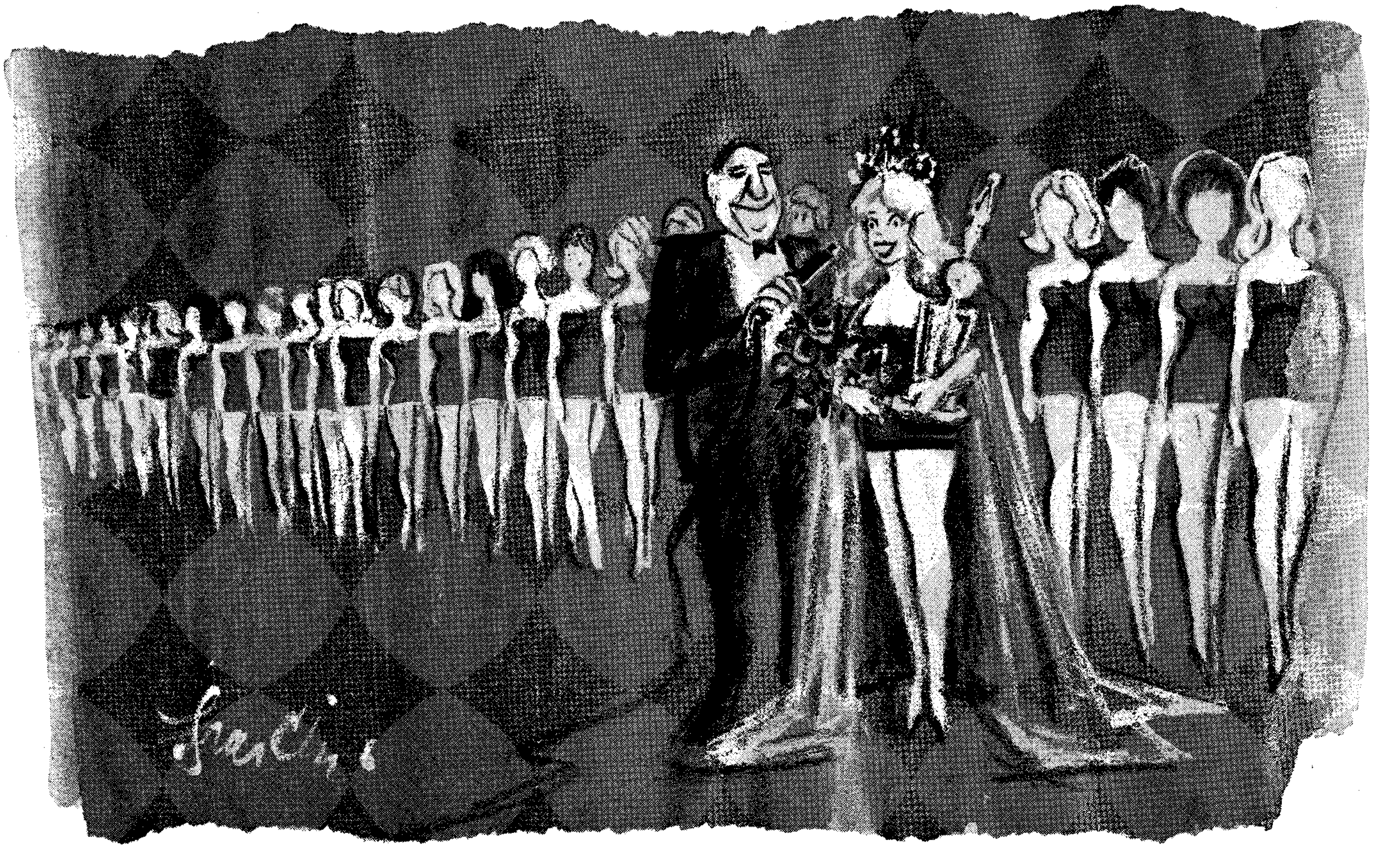
The anti-zoo people undoubtedly have a point; literature is full of poems and prose about caged animals. But there are strong arguments for the other side. The director of the Zurich Zoological Gardens, Dr. Heini Hediger, who is a psychologist and scholar of animal behavior, has pointed out that many criticisms of keeping animals in captivity are based on anthropomorphism, or the attributing of human reactions to non-human beings. Dr. Hediger feels sure that animals do not long for liberty in our poetic sense. Human beings long for the wings of a dove, and they enjoy taking to the woods, tramping and sleeping out in what is called a "natural" way of life. But at such times they are relaxing—enjoying a holiday, rather than attending to their regular business—whereas the animal that lives in the wild is very serious about it. He's got to be. His business is just that—moving about to find food, to avoid enemies, and, in general, to stay alive. He doesn't roam for the fun of it. His wanderings are never without a purpose. If he is not searching for something to eat, or finding a place where his mate can rear their young in safety, he is patrolling the boundaries of the territory he has staked out a claim to, trying to keep out dangerous intruders. This being so, he doesn't move out of his territory unless something drives him out. In his prime, he is completely taken up—obsessed—by the battle to stay alive and keep his family safe, and in living thus he is merciless to weaker creatures, as other beasts will be merciless to him if he fails to defend himself unrelentingly. In his old age— But the phrase is meaningless, since in his native habitat he is not permitted to achieve old age. In the wild, creatures do not die of senility.

On the other hand, neither Dr. Hediger nor I claim that it is a kindness to keep a wild animal in captivity. Although food is supplied, relieving the creature of the necessity of scouring his territory for it, and although he is safe from his natural enemies, he can't be expected to appreciate these advantages, because some of his strongest instincts are being affronted. In time, however, most wild animals in zoos do adjust themselves to captivity and settle down. What the occupants of a zoo—and especially those that were captured rather than cage-born—suffer from most is not frustrated wanderlust but boredom. Having been relieved of their customary preoccupations, they are left with nothing to do. For some species that are quick to learn—elephants and great apes, for instance—this boredom can be alleviated with comparative ease. To relieve the strain on less brainy animals, such as antelopes or wild sheep, is more difficult, but the problem is now being studied. In the ideal zoo, there would be some sort of healthful recreation for all species—not only because it would be good for them but also because wild animals in the usual present-day conditions of captivity ultimately undergo marked changes, physically and psychologically. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that many animals born in captivity are smaller and lighter than their wild cousins.



Yet we keep animals in captivity, and I, for one, think we should. Apart from possessing much scientific and educational value, they are the only representatives of wildlife that we are likely to have around at all in the future. If man goes on increasing at the present rate, the question of wildlife conservation will one day be academic. The wilderness is shrinking, many of its animals are on the way to extinction, and soon the sole survivors will be those living in zoos and other protected areas. Even most of our domestic animals, adapted and trimmed down as they have been, are unfamiliar, if not unknown, to city children, who may catch glimpses of cattle, sheep, and barnyard fowls only in the "contact area" of the local children's zoo. If we permit these farm animals, so necessary to our daily lives, to be crowded out of sight, what chance have children to see a wild animal, whose material value as a living creature is not readily apparent? Children, particularly, should have an opportunity to see a zoo, if there is no chance of their visiting a nature reserve. In some respects, a child is himself a wild animal, not yet resigned to his place in the enormous zoo we call civilization. Even without benefit of nursery-school stories about bears and lions, and the fables of Aesop and de La Fontaine, most children would—and should—feel a kinship with creatures of the wild. But how are they to experience such feelings unless there is some object for them—not dry bones in a museum or pictures on a flat page but the animal itself, alive? These days, we talk and worry a lot about "autism" and the detached personality, yet as we bring up our children among all the glass and steel and concrete we carry on a steady process of detachment.

Whether or not we recall it, most of us visited a zoo at least once in our childhood. I firmly believe the ef-



"And I'm truly convinced that we must make North Vietnam say uncle."

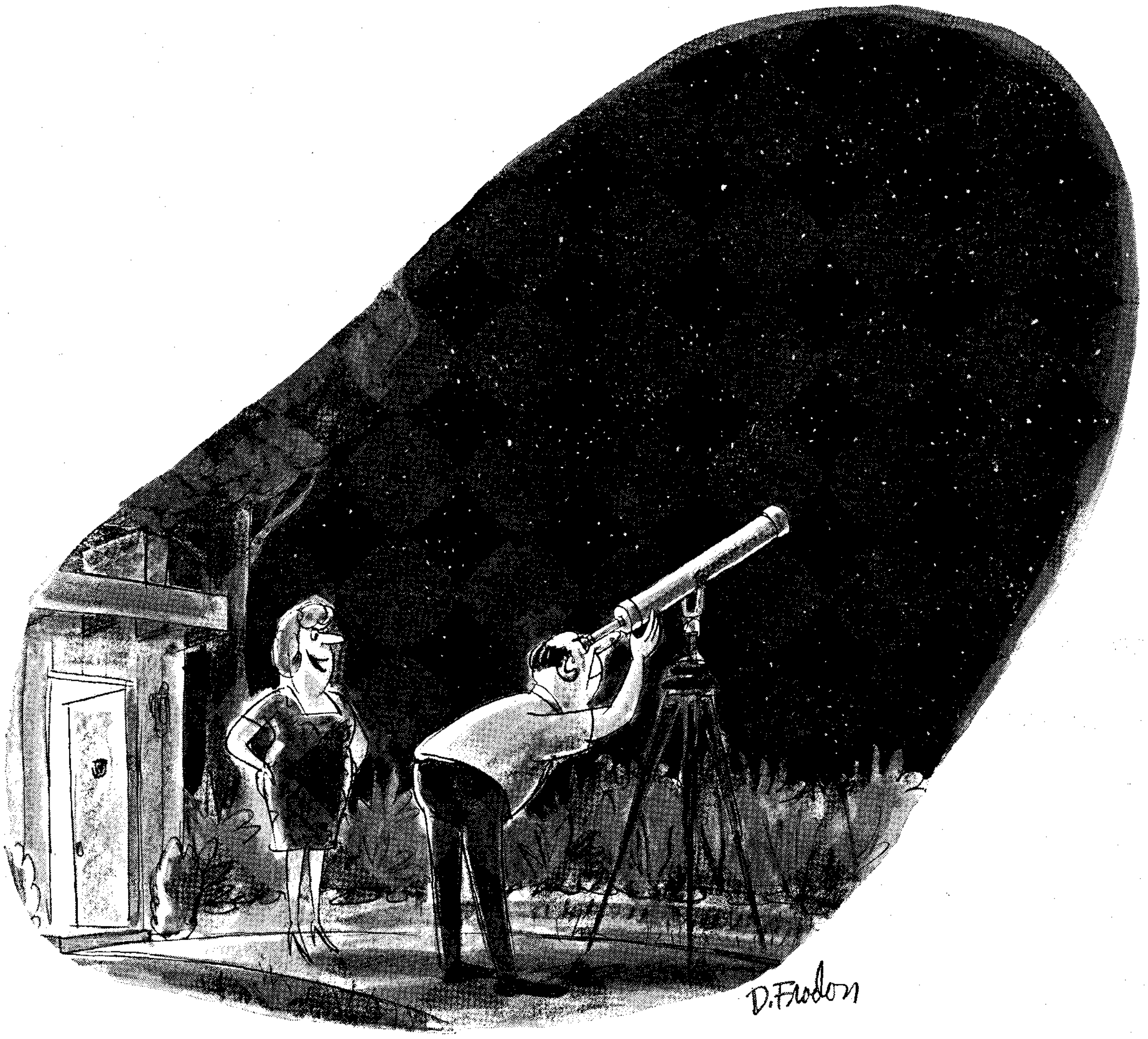
• •

fects of such visits to be incalculably valuable, and much of the rest of the world seems to agree. At any rate, the visits go on. People go to the zoo in thousands and tens of thousands. And in most places there is a zoo not far away. In the 1966 edition of the *International Zoo Yearbook*, published by the Zoological Society of London, the zoos and wildlife parks considered worthy of being listed number four hundred and ninety-two, not counting aquariums. These are only the accredited institutions; there are many others that don't measure up to the Society's standards or have not applied for inclusion. Almost every nation is represented—although one exception is Norway, because Norwegian law forbids the caging of wild animals.

Some zoos are excellent. Some are not excellent and others are downright bad, but, given education and good will, they can be reformed. It should be obvious that a capable zookeeper is not cruel. For practical reasons, he wants to keep his charges healthy and contented. Very rarely, one does find the wrong type in charge—a person who actually enjoys being cruel to his animals. Zoo trustees must be vigilant against this danger. A zoo director may have insufficient say in the matter of his animals' housing, which most often falls short of the ideal. The government officials who usually control such things are apt to place zoo construction low on their priority list, and unless the director can prove that the expenditure he proposes will pay off in money or prestige, he doesn't get his appropriation. And when politicians do shell out for new zoo buildings they often want to call the tune—at least to the extent of selecting the architect—so the zoo director must be a sort of politician himself.

Apologists for the zoo often speak warmly of its contribution to education, and they are justified, but once this has been said the matter is not closed. How can the animals be displayed to best advantage? The signs are of the utmost importance. How much information can the ordinary visitor take in, and—a more important question—how much does he *want* to take in, anyway? And signs are only the beginning of it. A city zoo is usually called on to entertain and inform groups of schoolchildren, and the wise director encourages this use of his domain; in the course of such visits, moreover, children should acquire a proper understanding of the value of our natural resources. A director should welcome the use of his animals for scientific purposes, as long as it does them no harm. Many specimens, rare even in the wild, can be invaluable to research. Scientists need experience with living creatures as well as with dead ones, observing their behavior, their physiological nature, details of their parturition and lactation, and so forth. In bacteriology alone, zoo animals can bring a whole world into the laboratory.

The director's responsibility to science goes beyond rendering it this sort of aid. It is on him that, to a large extent, the conservation of species depends. A modern director will not be, as many of his predecessors were, content to boast that his zoo possesses *one* of a rare species. His aim must be to have at least a breeding pair. In those extraordinary cases in which he can't find a mate for his animal because there are no more such animals available in the wild, he seeks one in another zoo and arranges a match, either by borrowing the other specimen or lending his own. It is not always easy to get coöperation in a venture of this kind, for shipping animals can be risky, but because the feeling is growing that one rare animal is, in a way, worse than none, zoo people are more and more inclined to take that risk. Foreign affairs sometimes complicate the problem. In 1965, the Zoological Society of London suggest-



"Is everything O.K. up there?"

• •

ed to the authorities of the Moscow Zoo that their two giant pandas ought to get together. There were no giant pandas in the non-Chinese world except the male An-An in Moscow and the female Chi-Chi in Regent's Park. (Chi-Chi's presence in London itself illustrates the difficulties that politics can cause. She was to have been brought out of China by a private dealer for an American zoo, but her entry into the United States was sternly banned by Washington on the ground that it was illegal to import any articles of Chinese origin into the United States. The British quickly bought her.) Having grown to maturity, Chi-Chi had become irritable during her season, losing her appetite and moping generally, but at first the Russians refused to consider the marriage. A year's reflection, however, brought about a change of heart. Chi-Chi was sent to Moscow and the two pandas met, fought, and were temporarily separated. After another trial, Chi-Chi was taken back to London still unmated. Possibly there will be a second attempt, this time in London, but at least one English zoologist is gloomy about the whole prospect. He thinks Chi-Chi has been unduly conditioned by her long residence among men. She thinks she's a human, he says, and so won't consent to an intimacy with any panda.

Though the London-Moscow panda affair is the most spectacular example thus far of coöperation between zoos in efforts toward conservation, it is, happily, not unique. For example, in the Dutch publication *International Zoo News* of December, 1965, a letter from Clyde Hill, associate curator of the zoo at San Diego, acknowledges a helpful gesture from across the American continent: "In order further to set an example in zoo conservation practices, the Bronx Zoo recently sent its only female gerenuk to the San Diego Zoo for breeding. This move is particularly significant because the Bronx Zoo sacrificed a prime exhibit for the single purpose of conservation, an act that is almost without precedent."

The British animal-lover and musician Leonard Williams has written, "I still believe that zoos are necessary institutions, and that arguments directed against them in principle are hardly worth examination. Some animals enjoy more freedom in zoos than in their wild state. Freedom is a peculiar word. Freedom from what, and to do what? Freedom for the gorilla to return to what is left of his native haunts, to catch a virus disease that often destroys whole families of them in a matter of weeks, or to be hunted and killed for its meat by natives? Freedom for a vast number of African animals to return to nature reserves determined by the needs of man, barren and infertile areas which have no economic, industrial, or agricultural value for the human invader?"

To me, also, it seems obvious that zoos must carry on, and I have given a lot of thought to the subject before deciding to go into it thoroughly. I began by trying to find out what I could about the zoos of the past, and then set out to investigate the zoo as it exists today—a far more active pursuit, and a very enjoyable one. This led me into the further subject of zoos as they are going to be—or, at least, as one hopes they will be.

IT is not certain which civilization, Chinese or Egyptian, was the first to make animals captive for other than strictly utilitarian purposes, but both peoples certainly kept menageries from very early times. We know that Queen Hatshepsut of Egypt, in the fifteenth century B.C., owned monkeys, leopards, and a giraffe, and that she also imported greyhounds—the first of these dogs to be seen in her country. In China, the early princes maintained "parks of intelligence" in which to keep exotic animals. Mencius, in the fourth century B.C., wrote of how King Hui of Liang, escorting him through such

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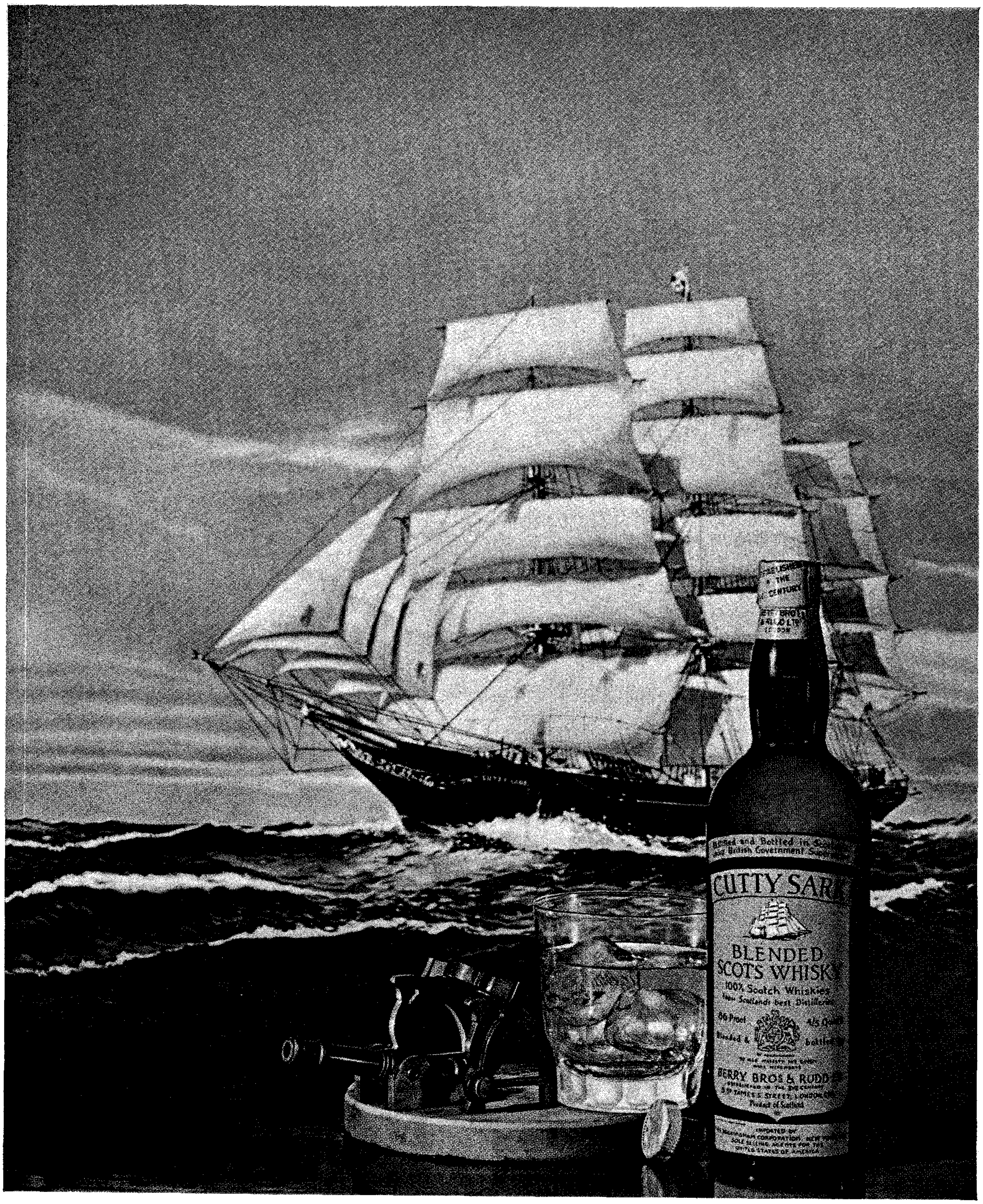
a park, stood with him by a pond and said, looking around at his geese and his deer, "Do other wise and good princes also find pleasure in these things?" Another essay by Mencius describes a "marvellous park" belonging to King Wan, in which fat, sleek does took their ease and a pond was full of leaping fish. The tradition of animal gardens continued unbroken in China, and at Shangtu Marco Polo saw a splendid menagerie belonging to Kublai Khan, in the thirteenth century A.D. An obelisk set up at Nineveh by Shalmaneser III in the ninth century B.C. depicts the paying of tribute from "the land of Musri" in the form of dromedaries, buffaloes, elephants, and apes. The Greeks generally preferred wild birds to wild mammals as pets, but Alexander the Great, in the fourth century B.C., maintained stables of both African and Indian elephants, and kept bears, monkeys, and other strange animals he received in tribute from the peoples his army vanquished. He was the first man in history to turn his menagerie to scientific use, enjoining his tutor, Aristotle, to study natural history by means of the captive animals.

In India, from an early date, princes kept both elephants and cheetahs, training the latter to hunt. Persian nobles followed the same custom. The Romans, who have so often been cited as the originators of the practice of maintaining menageries, actually supplied just one link—and rather a late one at that—in a long chain. Like the Greeks, they seized wild animals as spoils of war, along with human slaves and gold and jewels, and, at the end of a successful campaign, the animals were included in the triumphal procession along with the human captives. Rulers and nobles everywhere regarded wild beasts as desirable for show. Nero had a pet tigress named Phoebe, who sat at table with him and was sometimes rewarded with human victims who had aroused the Emperor's wrath. It is easy to understand why people in high places kept such pets. To own a tigress, a lion, or an elephant was a way of vaunting one's strength: "I can command lions and elephants. See how powerful I am!" Also, more than one lord may have felt a genuine affection for these animals, inasmuch as it was unlikely that he could trust other human beings. Charlemagne, for one, liked animals and took a special interest in exotic species. Once, he hinted to the Caliph of Baghdad, the legendary Harun al-Rashid, that a few characteristic animals from Mesopotamia would be very welcome. The Caliph promptly shipped off a whole set of presents—perfumes and spices and monkeys, and, as the pièce de résistance, a non-Mesopotamian elephant named Abul Aba. As soon as word of this reached the Emir of Cairo, he, too, sent animals to Charlemagne—a lion, several bears, and some other beasts. Charlemagne was greatly pleased; he distributed the lesser animals among his various country estates, but Abul Aba became a favorite pet and went everywhere with him.

The craze for keeping wild animals grew. To William the Conqueror, when he moved into his first English castle, at Woodstock, near Oxford, the idea seems to have been an unfamiliar one, but he showed pleasure when his third son, later William II, brought him a bear as a housewarming gift. His fourth son, as Henry I, amassed a great animal collection. Henry II had no interest in such a pastime, but Henry III liked animals and kept a great many. This Henry moved from Woodstock into the more commodious Tower of London—a change that the citizens of London soon had cause to regret, for the King's presence obliged them to help support his menagerie. On being given a polar bear by a noble friend, Henry announced that the City of London must pay for its upkeep. The sheriff, as chief representative of the people, had to comply, but he did so in a manner far from lavish, handing over four sous a day—about twopence—to cover a keeper's wages and the cost of the animal's food. The keeper argued that it wasn't enough. After a lot of haggling, he agreed to take his charge into the Thames every day, so that the bear could catch its own food and he could pocket the four sous, and the sheriff agreed to pay for a rope and a chain to hold the bear and also for a warm cloak for the keeper. In 1254, Henry received another curious animal—an elephant, the first ever seen in England; it was a gift from Louis IX of France, who had brought it back from a crusade as a souvenir. Henry ordered the sheriff to build the beast a house measuring twenty by forty feet. The elephant was installed, and people came from miles around to stare at it and marvel. So many of these pilgrims arrived that the citizens of London were called upon to disgorge yet more money to build a shelter for the visitors.

The kings who followed Henry III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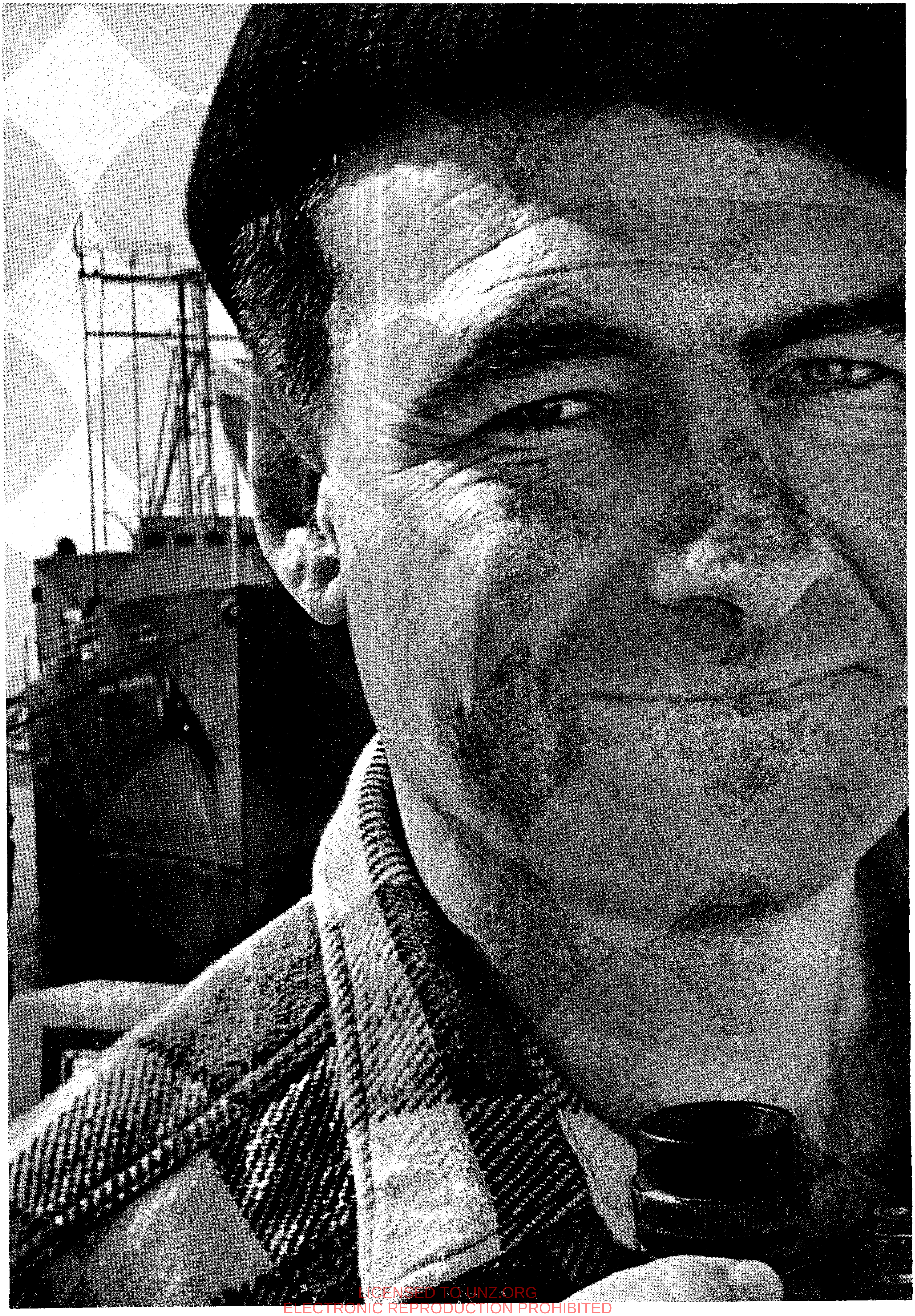


This seagoing scientist is helping oceanographers fathom the mysteries of the deep.

What's he doing at IBM?

IBM's Ed Coughran is a scientist who applies mathematics to ocean studies. He is assigned to work with Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California, San Diego. One of his jobs is to help oceanographers at sea as they struggle to gather information—in fair weather or foul, 24 hours a day.

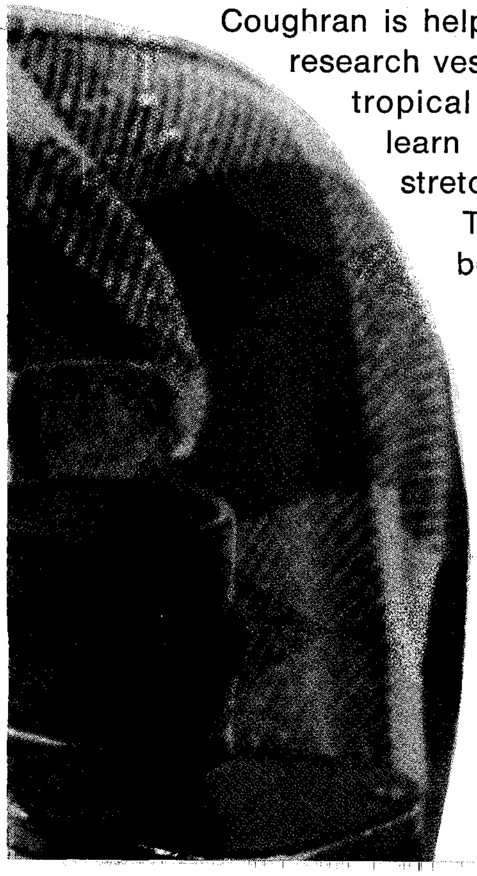
"On a cruise," says Coughran, "oceanographers collect thousands of facts. But ordinarily, they don't have time to analyze this information until they return to port. If they find something interesting, they can't do anything about it until next time out—so things move slowly."

Ed Coughran thinks he has a way to help oceanographers speed things up: by going down to the sea with computers.

Coughran is helping to install an IBM computer aboard the research vessel, Thomas Washington, for a trip into the tropical Pacific. Scripps' oceanographers want to learn more about this lonely, largely unexplored stretch of sea.

The computer, through sensing equipment, will be able to collect and store facts on water temperature, salinity and pressure. Then, analyze it immediately. This means oceanographers can formulate new theories and gather the facts to test them while still in the Pacific.

This and other information about the ocean can serve mankind in many ways—for example, in helping us exploit the food resources of the undersea world. And it's one more demonstration of how IBM experts—like Ed Coughran—are using computers to help solve information problems of all kinds, ashore or afloat.



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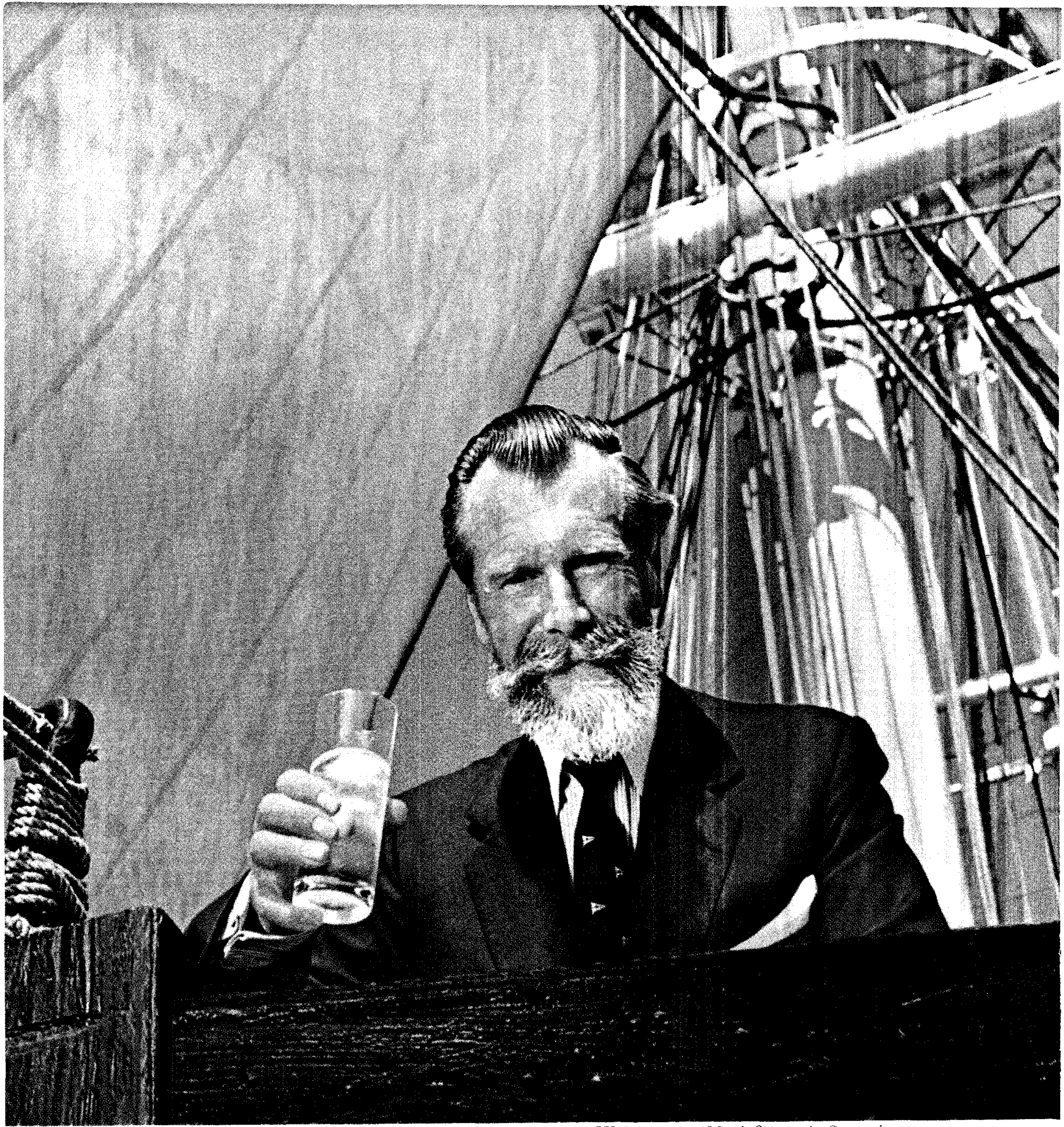

Commander Whitehead aboard the last of the old whaling ships, the Charles W. Morgan, at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut.

"Anyone who makes a Gin and Tonic without Schweppes should be keelhauled," says Commander Whitehead.

Pinching pennies on tonic when you spend dollars on liquor is illogical.

Schweppes, with its curiously refreshing bittersweet flavor and its bubbly Schweppervescence, is the very basis of a good Gin and Tonic. Or Vodka and Tonic. Or Rum and Tonic. Or Anything and Tonic. Or you might prefer to do with Tonic what the French and Spanish do, which is down it straight.

Jacob Schweppe invented Schweppervescence in England just a few short years after your Revolution.

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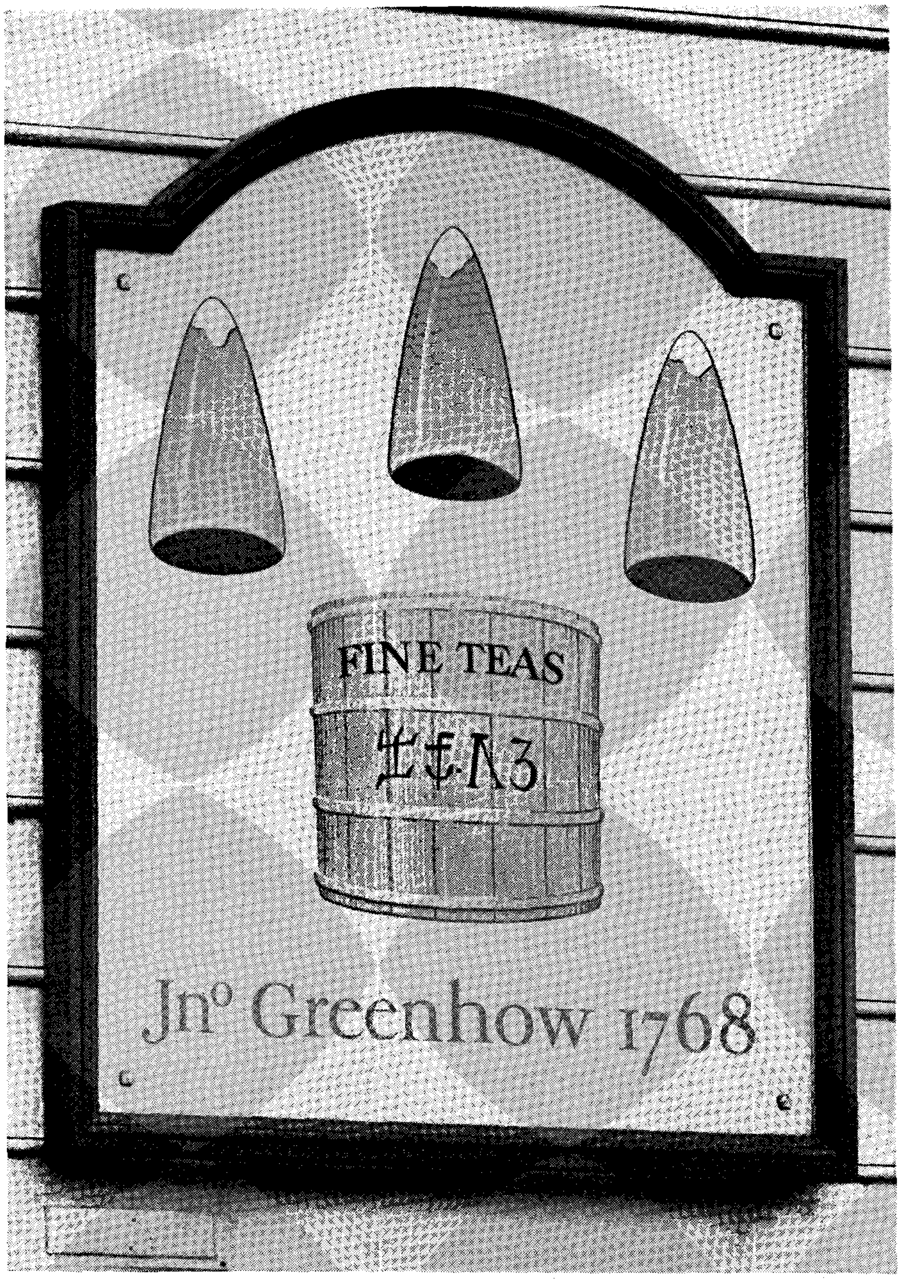
Schweppes
QUININE WATER

In most areas, Schweppes is available in convenient no-deposit, no-return bottles.

in the Tower slowly allowed the animal collection to languish, but then, in 1445, Henry VI took as his bride Margaret of Anjou, whose father, Duke René the Good, had a famous animal collection. One of Henry's courtiers, confident that the lady would wish to carry on her father's tradition, gave her a lion for a wedding present, and Margaret liked it very much. For her sake, the old Tower enclosures were rebuilt, new animals were acquired, and the royal collection grew bigger and better than before. Under Edward IV, there was yet more rebuilding. Today, visitors to the Tower are told that there used to be an edifice called the Lion Tower where the ticket office is now, and they are shown part of its circular foundation. Around the Lion Tower in those days were cages, standing twelve feet high, where the court could entertain honored guests with animal combats modelled on Roman games—bears pitted against dogs, or lions against tigers. It became a state duty for a monarch to keep up the Tower menagerie, if only so that it would be ready for such occasions, and Henry VIII, and Elizabeth I after him, faithfully did so.

On the Continent, the story was much the same. As one might imagine, Italy was among the first countries to revive Roman customs: Florence in the time of Cosimo de' Medici possessed at least ten lions, along with wild boars, wolves, bulls, and fierce mastiffs, and when Cosimo's grandson Lorenzo came into his inheritance he worked so hard at building up the menagerie of Florence that it became the city's pride, sung by poets and visited by painters, who frequently used the animals as models. The lordly patrons of other Italian cities sought to outdo Florence's collection. Pope Alexander (the Borgia) introduced bullfights from his native Spain. The Medici pope Leo X harked back to his family's original idea and set up a menagerie in the Vatican, with monkeys, civets, lions, leopards, and bears. The star of his collection was an elephant, the gift of King Manoel I of Portugal, which Manoel's ambassador, Tristan da Cunha, had brought from India. Many cardinals, doubtless feeling that whatever the Pope did must be right, sought to emulate him. One cardinal specialized in peacocks and Syrian goats; another bred guinea fowl. It remained for yet another Medici, Cardinal Ippolito, to outdo the lot of them by keeping a *human* menagerie, filled with slaves from many countries—Moors, Tartars, Indians, Turks, and Africans.

Portugal was not as quick as Italy to

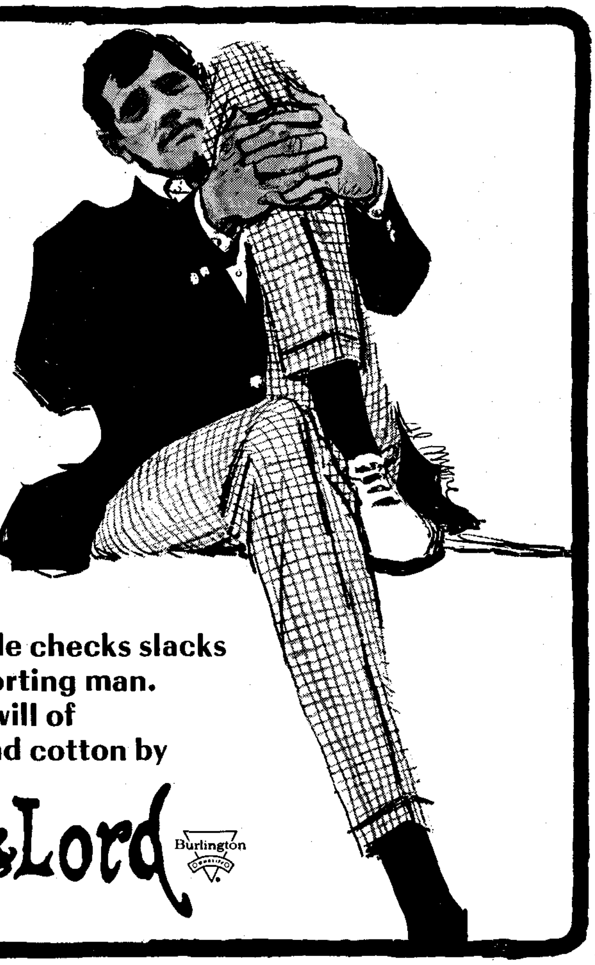


Over a barrel.

That's where John Greenhow's sign showed the sugar loaves that signified a grocer. Today, his sign hangs again before his shop, one of many little things that add up to history that's real and meaningful. In this haven of the eighteenth century, each small detail speaks eloquently of a fascinating past. When you come, enjoy a gracious stay at Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for little things like the tea and sugar loaf sign along the lovely streets of yesterday.

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $22 double. The Lodge, from $14 double. Colonial Houses, from $16 double. The Motor House, $16 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or dial Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Westchester County for Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Baltimore, Enterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA



Gino Paoli double checks slacks for the sporting man. In a twill of polyester and cotton by

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take up the fashion of menageries, but in the fifteenth century its king, Alfonso V, became a leader among royal menagerie-keepers. Because of his successful battles in Africa, he became known as Alfonso the African, and his collection was almost exclusively African in origin. He housed the beasts at his castle at Cintra, where he often staged "beast shows." More lavish with animals than any monarch before him, he handed out specimens to friends and relatives, bestowing on them lions and hyenas and other creatures much as we now send flowers. Manoel I (the King who sent the elephant to Pope Leo) imported a rhinoceros—the first seen in Europe since Roman days. He could think of nothing more intelligent to do with it, once he had it, than pit it against an elephant in the arena. For what it is worth, the encounter proved that an elephant is afraid of a rhinoceros—or, at any rate, that that particular elephant was afraid of that particular rhinoceros.

The German states and Austria were late in climbing aboard the menagerie wagon, though some thirteenth-century nobles did follow the fashion of keeping a few wild animals around the house, either as a whimsey or because similar animals were depicted on their coats of arms. Then, early in the fifteenth century, a fine menagerie was assembled at Marienburg, containing such unusual beasts—unusual in captivity, that is—as seals and walruses, and also five specimens of the aurochs, the great European wild ox that is now extinct. There were collections at Nuremberg and Frankfurt-am-Main, too. In the Netherlands, the Counts of Holland and the Dukes of Gelderland maintained sizable collections at one time or another, and in what is now Belgium, in the fourteenth century, a nobleman of Ghent kept a lion as lesser men kept a watchdog, tying it to a pillar near his entrance gate. Like other lords of his time, he made the townspeople maintain his pet—a policy hardly calculated, one would think, to foster a love of animals in the peasant heart. But a later duke of Ghent, who lived in the same château and kept *four* lions, evidently realized that times change, and instead of charging the town for his lions' support he made a deal with the local butcher, who agreed, for a flat daily rate, to provide not only meat for them to eat but a boy to take care of them. The pay wasn't enough to cover expenses, but the duke explained that the butcher would nevertheless be able to make a profit, owing to his exclusive

This meal no longer exists.

It was eaten in Switzerland, by the writer of this ad, for $2.55

And once for lunch, my wife and I even had half a chicken each, french fries, and salad for only 75¢.

We also got a big kick out of the Swiss custom of serving you enormous portions half at a time. The trouble was you felt like you were eating two meals instead of one. (Several times we ended up dividing one order between the two of us.)

We were also amazed at how reasonably priced the hotels were. Everywhere. In one resort area we found a great little chalet-hotel for just $6 a day. It was a nice double room with a bath. We also had a marvelous view of those snow-capped mountains; great big fluffy feather bedcovers; and breakfast; and even a free shoeshine for our shoes that we put outside our door before we went to bed.

And I haven't even said anything about all those fantastic Swiss cheeses, those great Swiss fondues, that tasty Swiss wine and beer, those endless varieties of Swiss chocolates, that Swiss service and hospitality and cleanliness, those terrific Swiss trains, that romantic Swiss scenery and mountain air.

But, I guess I'll have to wait till my next ad to get into all these selling points.

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right to admit the public, at a fee, to see the animals. Neither duke nor butcher had any doubt that the commoners of Ghent would gladly pay a few coppers for this privilege, but they were both mistaken. Nobody ever came near the place, and a new arrangement became necessary. And there was one institution—which the French historian of zoos, Gustave Loisel, called "the last Dutch menagerie of the Middle Ages"—that is of particular interest because it was *not* the private property of a nobleman. This was a lion house in Amsterdam, a city that in 1343 won a municipal constitution—that is, won its freedom—from Count William IV of Holland; its alderman kept the Count's collection of lions as an emblem of Amsterdam's independence. Foreign merchants visiting the busy port sometimes brought along lions as gifts.

If certain European dignitaries seem to have gone rather far in their efforts to establish and maintain menageries, they were easily outdone by the Chinese emperor Yung Lo, of the Ming dynasty, during whose reign (1359-1424) an expedition sailed all the way to Africa for a giraffe. Before Yung Lo's day, no Chinese ship had ever sailed there, and giraffes were unknown in China. The Chinese were aware of the existence of Africa, if only because various African beasts had been passed on from one monarch to another around the world until they arrived at the Chinese court, but, as it happened, none of these beasts had been giraffes. Then, in 1414, according to the Dutch Sinologist J. J. L. Duyvendak, a number of Chinese ships chanced to put in at Bengal and found the place in a gala mood, celebrating the coronation of a new king. The Chinese ships' officers were cheerfully invited to join the party and inspect the coronation presents. Among the gifts were rare animals from all over the Muslim world, including several giraffes from Malindi, on the east coast of Africa (Malindi is now part of Kenya). At the sight of these creatures, the Chinese displayed a degree of excitement that puzzled their hosts. The reason was that the Chinese had all had the same thought at the same moment—that they were looking at *k'i-lins*, legendary beasts that they had often heard of but had never hoped to see. In their mythology, a *k'i-lin* was a magical being that brought good luck. It was described as having the body of a deer and the tail of an ox. It ate only herbs, and was harmless—exactly the characteristics of the creatures they now

If it didn't cost so much and go so fast, we'd call it an economy car.

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To quote Road & Track magazine, here's what you'll get for $3970, "...a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or an Aston Martin will be able to pay."

The second headache you get from a GT car is when you go to drive it. You generally can't drive it long between tune-ups. Which means you either turn mechanic or turn your money over to one.

The 1800S requires that you do neither. As Sports Car Graphic magazine wrote, "...Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

The third headache you get from a Gran Turismo car is caused by tension. It comes from having all that power under the hood and not being able to use it because of speed limits.

The 1800S solves that too. It won't do 160 mph like the expensive GT cars. Its top speed is 110 mph. So the urge to "see what it'll do" isn't nearly so great.

Of course, we'd be kidding ourselves if we tried to convince you the 1800S has it over the more expensive GT cars in *every* respect. There are some things a $10,000 car will give you that an 1800S won't. But $6,000 worth...?

VOLVO

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saw. If anything was lacking to seal their conviction that they had found the lucky omen in the flesh, it was speedily supplied when they heard that the Somali word for giraffe is *girin*, which, if you pronounce it with a Chinese accent, sounds exactly like *k'i-lin*. The Bengali king, noticing their delight, graciously insisted upon sending one of his giraffes to the Emperor of China with his compliments. Then, after some strong hints from the Chinese, the ambassador from Malindi promised to send a second animal to Nanking. There the creatures aroused such enthusiasm that plans for an expedition to Africa were soon under way. When the giraffe from Malindi arrived, accompanied by a "celestial horse" (a zebra) and a "celestial stag" (perhaps an oryx), the Emperor delivered a welcoming speech to the newcomers at the city gate. Court painters made pictures of the giraffe, and academicians wrote poems in its honor. An inscription on one of the pictures is probably as good a description of a giraffe as can be found in literature:

> ...In a corner of the western seas, in the stagnant waters of a great morass,
> Truly was produced a K'i-lin whose shape was high—fifteen feet,
> With the body of a deer and the tail of an ox, and a fleshy boneless horn,
> With luminous spots like a red cloud or a purple mist.
> Its hoofs do not tread on [living] beings and in its wanderings it carefully selects its ground,
> It walks in stately fashion, and in its every motion it observes a rhythm....

The diplomatic tradition of shipping animals from one country to another as pledges of respect or friendship has not completely died out. In recent years, horses have often been sent to European dignitaries and American officials as presents from Arab rulers; kangaroos intended for the Queen of England still arrive by ship and plane from loyal Australians. Queen Elizabeth II hands these animals over to one or another of the country's zoos instead of maintaining them at Buckingham Palace or Windsor, as some of her ancestors would have done, but the principle is the same. When Princess Anne was a child, Premier Khrushchev sent her a Russian bear cub. Prime Minister Nehru used to hand elephants out to national zoos around the world; I have seen Nehru elephants in Kumasi, Ghana, and in Ankara, Turkey, and there must be many more. In Addis Ababa, there is an Imperial Collection of Abyssinian lions, the property of Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia and Lion of

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(Basic words for a lawn-owner in September)
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Judah, and His Majesty likes to distribute them to his friends—a fact that I discovered by unexpectedly meeting two of them on the grounds of the royal palace of King Hussein in Amman, Jordan, a few months ago.

THE public zoo really had its beginnings in France, under—of all people—Louis XIV. Louis made a special hobby of menageries, considering them to be, along with flower gardens and fountains, an ideal trimming for his palaces. Sometimes he used his exotic beasts for special shows and battles, but mainly they were part of the decoration. As it happened, Louis XIV was both a hunter and an animal fancier, yet he would have maintained menageries even if he had been neither, because by the time of his birth menageries had become a court tradition. For generations, kings of France had built and stocked aviaries, lion houses, and bear pits. Louis XIV's father had his own collection at the age of nine—a camel, a deer, a few monkeys. In 1643, when Louis himself succeeded to the throne, he was too young even to be given a camel ride—he was only five—and his mother and the Chief Minister, Cardinal Mazarin, took care of the royal duties for the time being. After Louis grew to young manhood, Mazarin stayed on as his guardian and confidant—a fact that has some bearing on our subject, for the Cardinal thought it prudent, after the political upheavals of the Fronde, to assure the royal household of a food supply in the event that Paris should be isolated from the countryside, and so in the park of Vincennes, just east of the city walls, he set up a farm where cows, chickens, and sheep were kept. The emergency passed, but Mazarin kept the farm in working order until he died, in 1661. Then the young King felt free to put the land to a more interesting purpose, as the site of a menagerie.

Later, after a number of other essays in the art of menagerie building, Louis XIV embarked on a tremendous project at Versailles, combining the palace there, its gardens, and its approaches with a "Ménagerie du Parc" that surpassed any such array yet seen in the world. The little Vincennes animal collection was abandoned and forgotten (though more than two centuries later the park at Vincennes was to play an important part in French zoological activities). One of the striking features of the Versailles experiment was that the King concentrated all his animals in one place, with their cages and enclosures close together. Until

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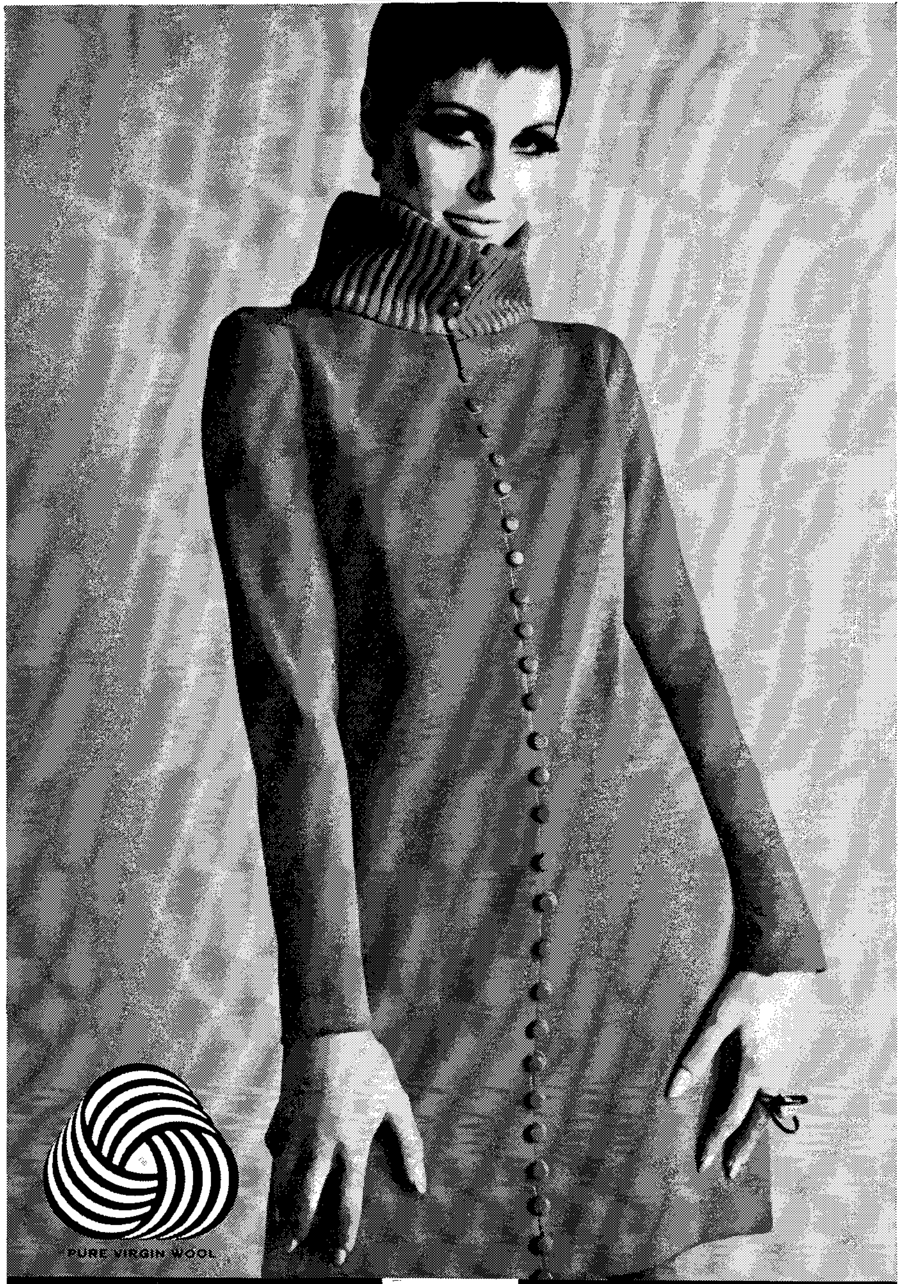

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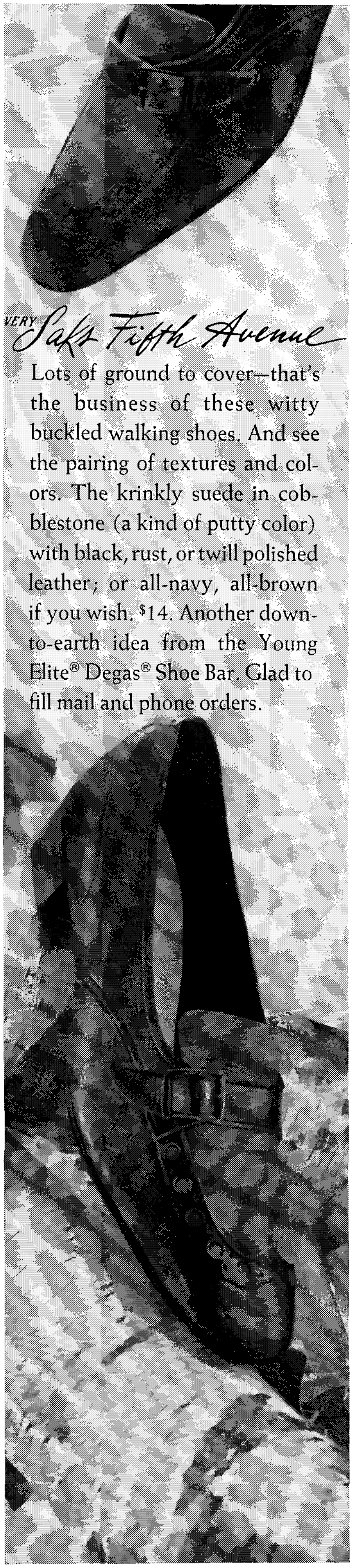

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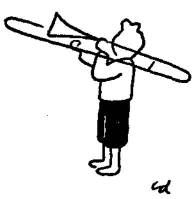
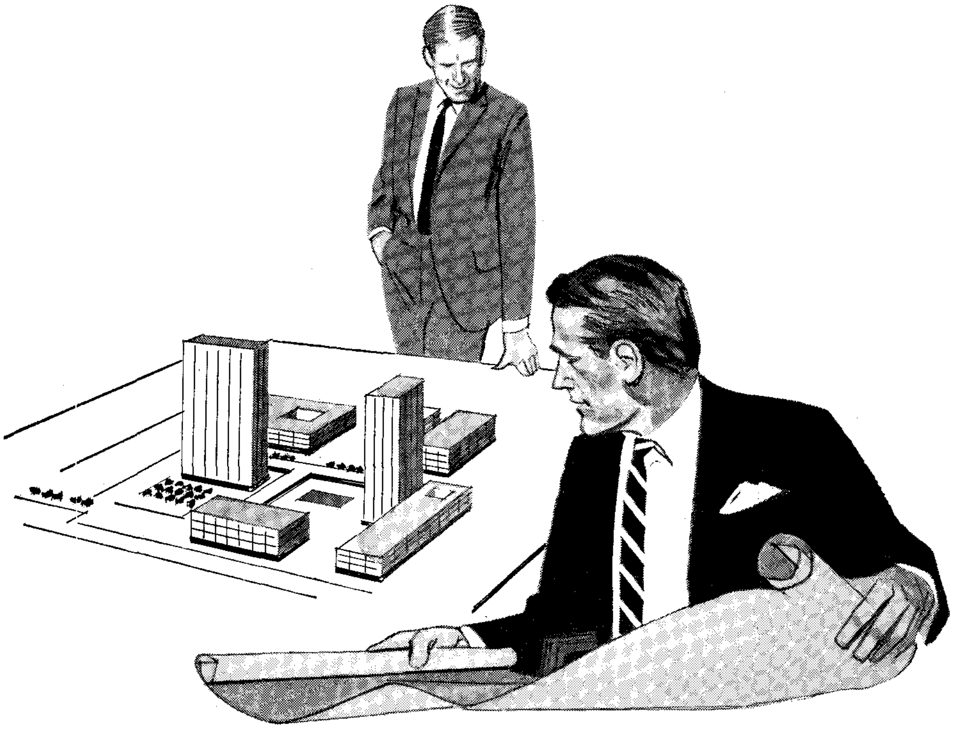
then, menagerie keepers had tended to scatter their collections, putting the aviaries well away from the lion house, which, in turn, was segregated from the bear pit and the elephant stable. It used to please a host to surprise visitors he was showing around his domain by confronting them with some unexpected animal house around a turn of the path, but, for the sake of architectural design, Louis changed all that. Another of his innovations was to plant trees, bushes, and flowers around and between the cages, to conceal the ugly bars and fences. Nobody before him had thought of thus combining greenery with animal exhibits, and for this reason Loisel was of the opinion that the Versailles menagerie merited the title of the first zoological *garden* ever known. (At least in the Western world, I feel constrained to add.) The Versailles animal enclosures were wedge-shaped, radiating like the sections of a fan from the courtyard of a small central pavilion. The interior of this little structure was as pretty as the outside, with paintings of birds and beasts on the walls, and tapestries, chair covers, and porcelains carrying out the theme. It was approached by waterways whose banks were covered with flowers and which were arched over here and there by climbing roses. But success palled on Louis XIV, and after playing with this toy for a while he lost interest in the animal garden. The place fell into disrepair. The streams became choked up, the stonework grew shabby, and though the animals were still looked after, those that died were not replaced. Word went around that the Versailles menagerie was no longer worth seeing, and it might have faded away altogether if it hadn't been for a little girl. In 1696, as the fiancée of Louis's grandson the Duke of Burgundy, the twelve-year-old Marie-Adélaïde, Princess of Savoy, arrived to stay with her future in-laws, and the King was charmed with her. Like many girls her age, Marie-Adélaïde was very fond of animals, and in a weak moment the King promised that she should have the Versailles menagerie. It was a hasty promise and he would gladly have forgotten it, but Marie-Adélaïde kept reminding him of it, especially after she was married. Louis tried to fob her off with some château or other, but it was no use, so at last he capitulated and gave orders that the Versailles animal garden should be smartened up for its new mistress. With this, his own interest in his creation was rekindled, and he started to improve it. At last, after seven years, he declared it ready for his granddaughter-in-law. A gala party celebrated its reopening. But after the deaths of Marie-Adélaïde and Louis, the Versailles menagerie, if not the other buildings there, again fell on evil times. Louis XV was not interested in wild animals, and neither was Louis XVI, though his wife liked the palace itself so much that we often think of Marie Antoinette as playing dairymaid there, in the Hameau. The menagerie survived only because of the inertia that keeps so many royal institutions alive; it was there, so it was maintained. All over the Continent, menageries were going out of fashion, though some nobles continued to keep them. In Florence, nothing was left of the Medici collection; in Portugal the royal collection at Cintra had vanished. In England, however, animals still paced their enclosures at the Tower, even after the royal household moved upriver to residences more comfortable than the old stone pile. The public was permitted to view the Tower animals at a charge of threepence a head—or, failing threepence, a dog or a cat to supplement the beasts' food rations (an expedient that would probably cause the government to fall in Britain nowadays). In addition to the Tower animals, the royal house of England kept a menagerie at Windsor and collections at Kew and Osterley Park.



IN France, the Revolution put an end to most private menageries for good, and to most French menagerie fanciers as well. The revolutionary mobs enthusiastically listened to proclamations telling them that the people now owned all the property of the aristocrats and of the King himself, down to the very menageries. To the revolutionaries, the menageries symbolized all the vices of the former regime—waste, vanity, conspicuous spending on fripperies, and, worst of all, food lavished on useless animals while their owners begrudged the merest sustenance to human beings. Various famous menageries were stormed and sacked immediately, but the people of Paris took their time getting around to the Ménagerie du Parc at Versailles, because there were so many places nearer at hand to loot. At last, in October, 1789, they arrived at its gates, full of indignation at stories they had been hearing about keepers who insisted on a daily allowance of six bottles of wine per man,

An Estate in the Making



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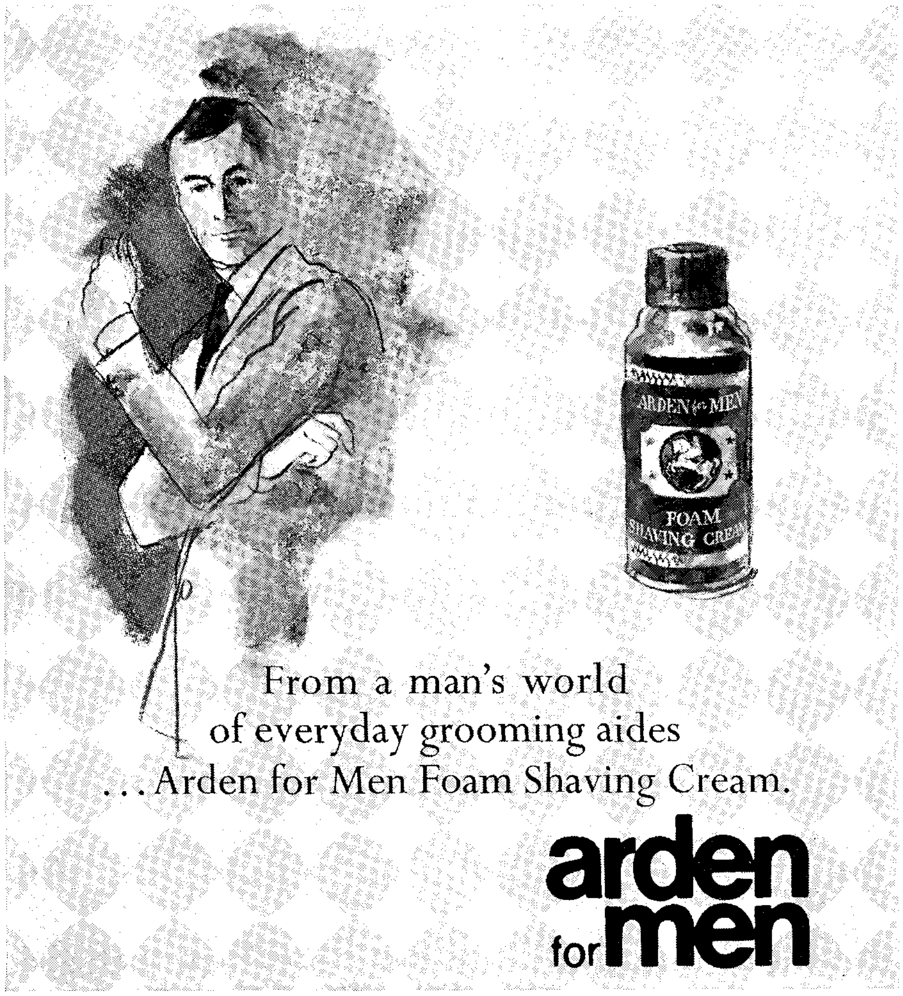

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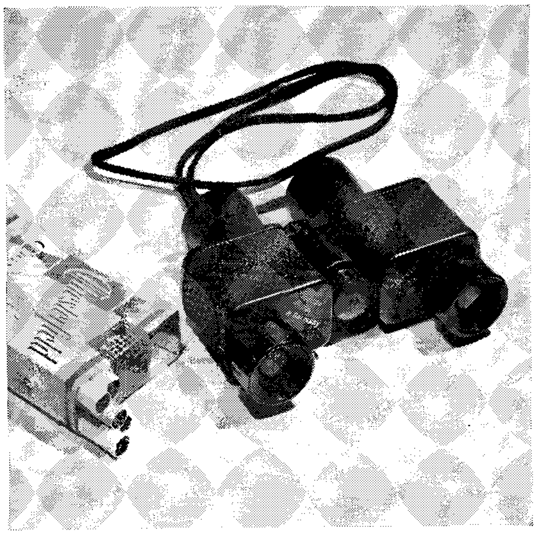

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and then gave most of it to the elephant and the dromedary, just for the fun of watching them get drunk. And what of the antelopes, eating their heads off in useless splendor? It was time such creatures supplied meat for men. To the sound of fifes and drums, the citizens marched on the château, there to be confronted by the director of the menagerie, who had bravely stood by his charges, though it was months since any funds had come through for their upkeep.

"Open the cages," commanded the mob's spokesman. The people had come to liberate the animals, he announced—so that they might serve God's will and become food for human beings. "In the name of the people of France!" he added.

"Certainly," said the director, who was heavily outnumbered. He added, "But before I begin, there is one point that should be settled. Who is going to eat which? The lion, for example, and that rhinoceros—they're both very fierce. Are you quite sure you want to liberate them?"

This was a good question; the Parisians paused to talk it over. Finally, a few cages were selected for opening, and in the ensuing rush for sport and food some of the birds and beasts escaped to the adjoining forest. (There, as late as 1840, hunters now and then came upon exotic birds from Asia and Africa, and a few puzzling species of goat.) The looters, having had their fun and grabbed some trophies, went home, leaving behind, still locked up, the animals they feared—the lion and the Indian rhinoceros—and a few other beasts, among them a Dalmatian hound, which for some reason had been neither killed nor freed. Outside the cages, the faithful palace officials held a worried conference. Who would be responsible for the surviving animals? The estate manager said he had a vague idea that might be helpful: Hadn't there been a discussion—in fact, a quarrel—about keeping live animals in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris? Someone had told him that the naturalist Buffon was in favor of this enlargement of the garden. The Jardin des Plantes, originally called the Royal Garden of Medicinal Plants, had been founded a century and a half earlier, in 1635, as a useful source of material for medical students and apothecaries, who were, of course, all herbalists in those days. At first, it served this purpose well, but with the growth of medical and chemical knowledge its resources became insufficient, so in 1783 more land was taken into the boundaries, and new plantings were made. By the time Versailles was looted, the Jardin des Plantes had become more than a splendid botanical garden; it was a repository for valuable scientific collections of many kinds. In all but name, it was the national museum of natural history, and it was the principal place where the country's learned professors of science carried on their work. The estate manager at Versailles was right. Buffon had indeed once suggested that a museum of natural history was incomplete without zoological specimens, but he had been shouted down by other professors. What—sacrifice their greenhouses, hand over their Eden to raging wild beasts? A fantastic notion. If it should be carried out, disease and dirt would ruin the place. Certainly nobody would be able to work there. Louis XVI, shortly before the roof fell in on him, had appointed a director of the Jardin—Jacques-Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, a naturalist and writer, the author of the popular "Paul et Virginie." As director, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was very much opposed to the notion of animals in the Jardin, so he was annoyed when he received a letter from the Versailles estate manager proposing that what remained of the King's menagerie be sent to Paris. If the suggestion had had to be weighed on its own merits, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre would certainly have made short work of it, but the awkward fact was that it was supported by backers too powerful for even the director of the Jardin des Plantes to defy. In any event, before the Versailles animals arrived, the leavings of other pillaged menageries were dumped on the Jardin's doorstep, one shipment following another until the savants were at their wits' end to find places to put the beasts. And not only private menageries were being confiscated. Now, all of a sudden, the police, perhaps because they were themselves seized by the liberation fever, perhaps because their leaders were activated by that impulse toward austerity characteristic of republican movements, began swooping down on performing-animal shows and confiscating the performers. The savants at the Jardin des Plantes furiously demanded that the police take back twenty-six such beasts—trained bears, leopards, and monkeys—but their demands were ignored, and they were left to scrounge around for yet more space. It was a long time before Bernardin de Saint-Pierre managed to raise any funds from the municipality for cage building, but when he did construction went ahead at top speed, the

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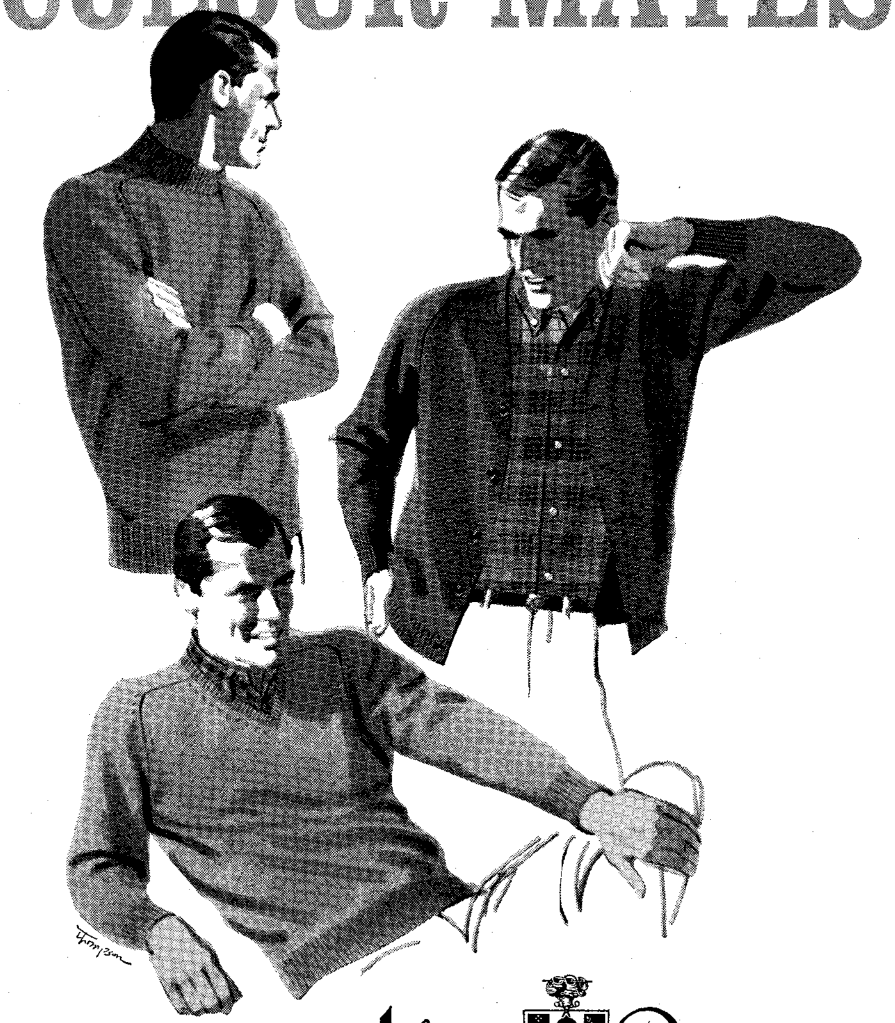

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laborers being urged on by frantic scholars trying to get wild animals out of their workrooms. Fortunately, the Versailles refugees didn't arrive until 1794, but, meanwhile, other contributions continued to trot in, among them thirty-six animals from the Duke of Orléans' estate and two Indian elephants from William V's menagerie at the Loo, in Holland, which were trophies of the recent French campaign in the Lowlands.

By the mid-nineties, the scientific staff had become reconciled to its picturesque dilemma, and some of the scholars had actually begun to enjoy having the beasts around. On one point, however, they were adamant: Under no circumstances must this living museum be confused with frivolous menageries or trained-animal shows. They could hardly deprive the citizens of the simple pleasure of gawking at the specimens, but the faculty must never miss an opportunity to impress on visitors the fact that this was not a peepshow. In 1793, the Jardin was officially named the Muséum National d'Histoire Naturelle. Learned men subsequently used its new acquisitions to good effect; Lamarck, Cuvier, and Latreille worked among them as intently as Buffon had done among the greenery. Chemistry, physiology, geology, physics, and philosophy, as well as botany and zoology, were all furthered at the Jardin to the point where few people doubted that republican times were better—for science, at any rate—than the old days, when dignified academicians had been forced to lurk outside the walls of the king's menagerie in the hope that it might please His Majesty, after the games, to toss them a dead tiger for dissection.

AFTER a quarter of a century, the menagerie at the Jardin des Plantes had acquired such a reputation among intellectuals at home and abroad that a number of British gentlemen began thinking seriously of creating a similar sort of display—a non-profit zoological collection that would serve the cause of science and simultaneously permit Londoners to look on the wonders of nature. The leading spirit of this group was Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore, who was an ardent amateur naturalist. During his years of service in Southeast Asia, he had made a habit of sending back to interested friends vast collections of plants and animals, and his published works are full of descriptions of species he encountered in strange countries. Now, having retired, he was free to

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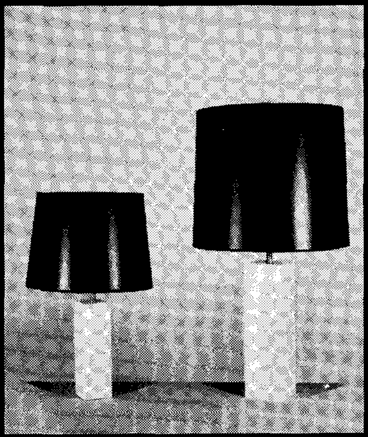

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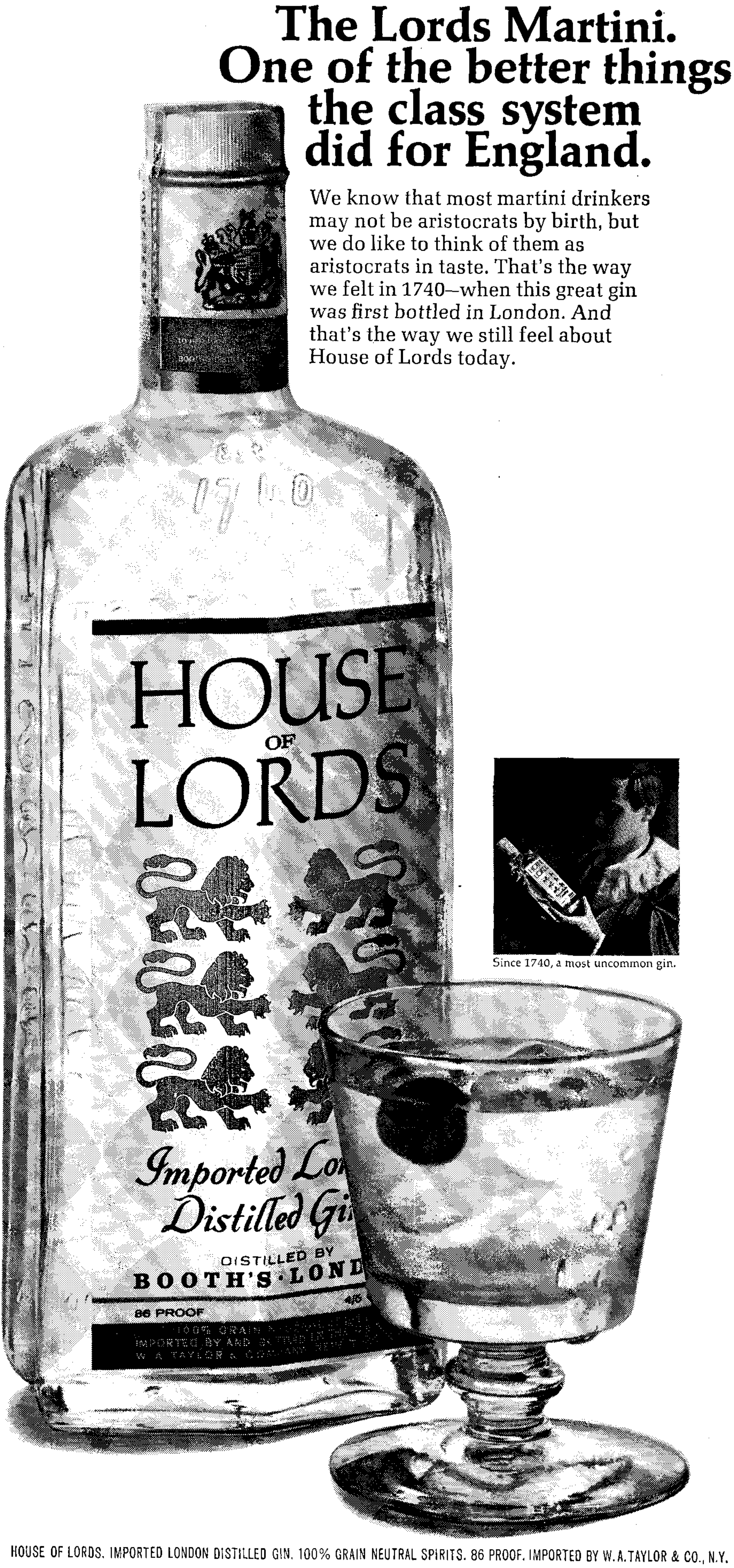
turn his attention to the fulfillment of what had always been a favorite dream. Among those who shared his enthusiasm were two former presidents of the Royal Society—the noted chemist Sir Humphry Davy and the botanist Sir Joseph Banks, who had outfitted Captain James Cook's ship Endeavour and had accompanied Cook on his first voyage. In the spring of 1826, these gentlemen and some others of like mind announced a meeting to form what they called the Zoological Society and to make plans for putting animals on permanent display in the recently created Regent's Park. For the most part, the announcement of this step was received with indifference, though the weekly *Literary Gazette* published a facetious and disapproving article that said, in part, "King Henry the First enclosed the park at [Woodstock] 'with a wall, though not for deer, but all foreign wild beasts such as lions, leopards, camels, linx's, which he procured abroad of other princes.'... This is the first British National Menagerie that we have read of: the Romans were much addicted to wild beast shows. Considering the advanced state of knowledge, it is to be expected that the new Zoological Society will beat both the Romans and King Henry: though we do not know how the inhabitants of the Regent's Park will like the lions, leopards, and linxes so near their neighborhood."

Such scoffing lasted a few years at most. In 1829, the Society received a charter from George IV, and people began to take it seriously. Many still disapproved—as many still do—but nobody dismissed it any longer as a mere crackpot scheme, for the beginning was there in full view. Besides, the climate of thought was changing. In the masses of data that scientists were collecting, there was much that troubled people; it seemed impossible to reconcile some of that information with the then accepted laws of nature. The anonymous writer of an article published in 1838 was obviously struggling with questions that had arisen in his mind when he studied a chimpanzee. In his anxiety, he thought of the studies of fossils recently made by the French zoologist Georges Cuvier and the conclusions to be drawn from them: "Ignorant and bigoted men, who are either too illiterate to appreciate truth, or too indolent to be at the trouble of investigating it, may declaim, as they have invariably done in all ages and all countries, against the innovations of science: they may hold up to popular odium now the great truths of zoology



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and geology, as heretical and anti-religious, in the same manner that they formerly reviled the sublime discoveries of Galileo, of Locke, and of Newton." The writer pointed out that when zoology and geology had proved our present creation to be only the latest of a series of epochs through which the planet had passed, "prejudicial and ignorant men immediately raised the cry of irreligion and infidelity, because the new doctrines appeared to contradict their own interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony." Darwin's "On the Origin of Species" did not appear for another twenty-one years, but already the yeast was working.

Prudently, the founders of the Society, even before announcing its birth, had acquired from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests permission to use government land in Regent's Park for their project. The zoo people had originally requested twenty acres, but five was, at first, what they got, and on these the architect Decimus Burton hurriedly constructed housing for two hundred specimens already on hand—monkeys, llamas, birds, bears, and a number of ungulates, including a giraffe that King George had received from Mohammed Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. In a remarkably short time, the respectable middle classes took the garden to their hearts as a place to which they could escort the children and their country cousins without themselves suffering boredom. The zoological garden was such a success that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests could not hold out against the Society's pleas, and before long they had granted it more park land.

Soon, other such institutions were springing up everywhere, not only in Britain but on the Continent as well. The idea had caught on, and so had the new slang name for a zoological garden—"zoo." It owes its origin to the British love of nicknames, but it was exported so widely that the word "zoo" soon appeared in every community that had a zoological garden. Eventually, it achieved the dignity of inclusion in dictionaries; the Oxford English Dictionary gives 1847 as the date of its first appearance in print. By that time, public zoos were so much a part of civilized life that people tended to assume they had always existed.

WHEN, some months ago, I began visiting contemporary zoos, Paris and London seemed the logical starting places. My first discovery was that the old Jardin des Plantes had been replaced as the focal point of the Pari-

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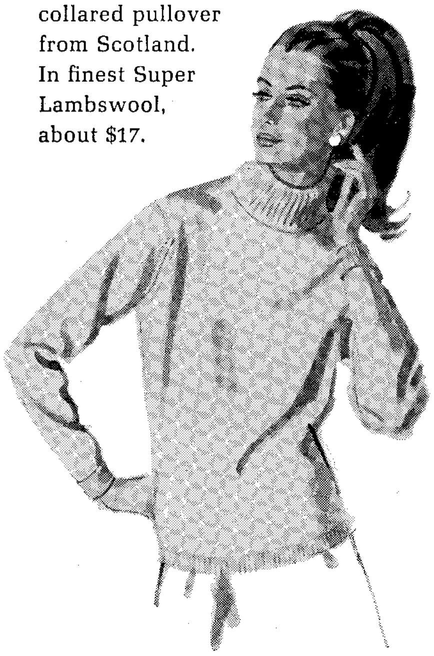

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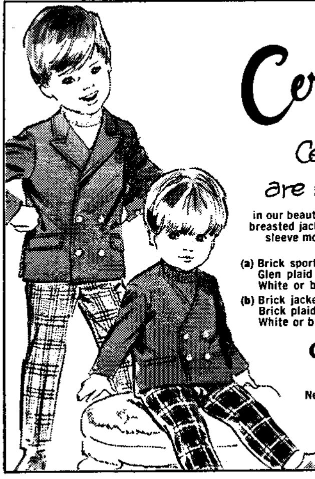

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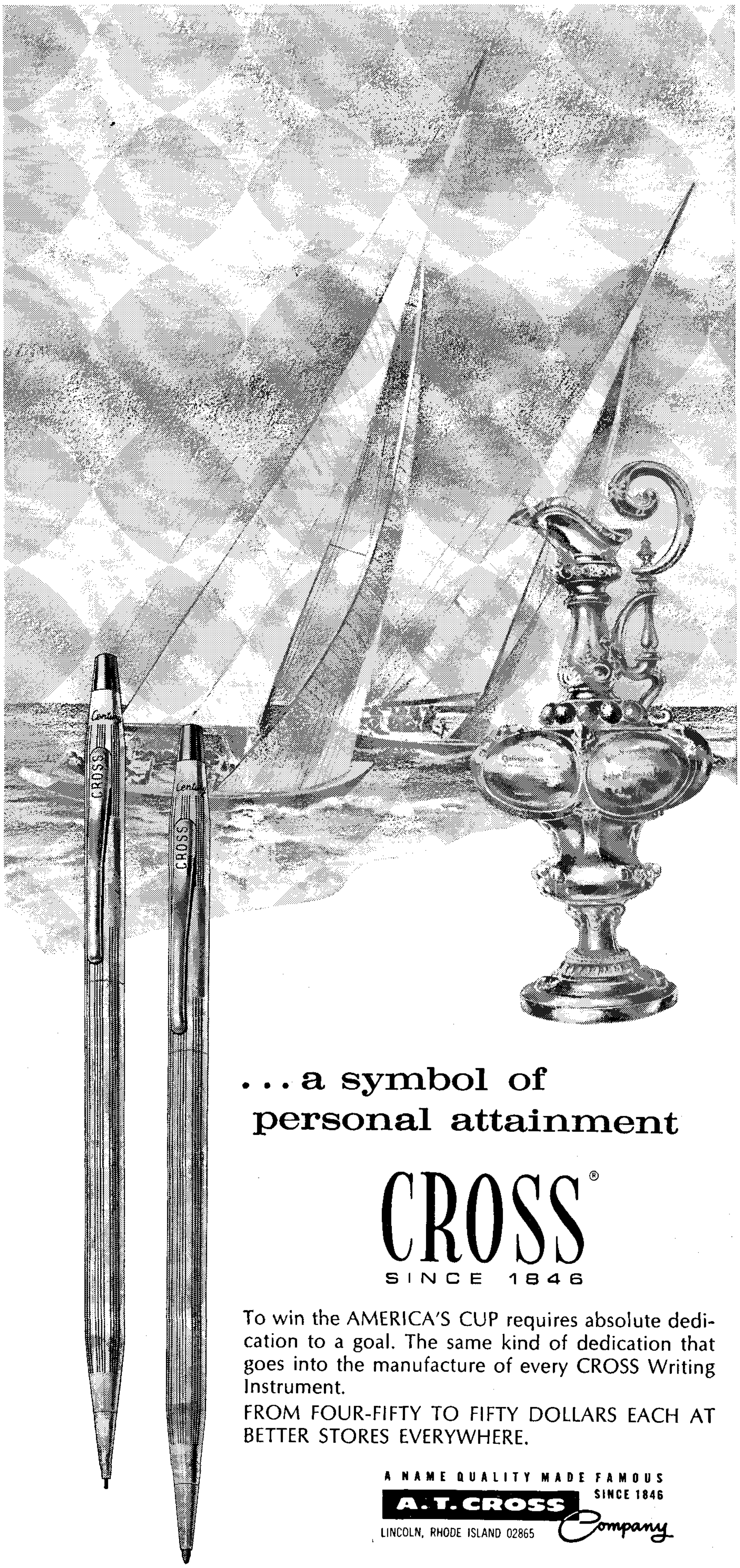
sian zoo world by Le Parc Zoologique de Paris, which was opened in 1934 to take care of the overflow from the Jardin menagerie. This zoo is situated in the Bois de Vincennes—now a part of the city—in the very same spot where Mazarin set up his farm almost three hundred years ago. Dr. Jacques Nouvel, who is the director of both zoos, explained to me when I telephoned him to ask for an appointment that he did most of his work at Vincennes, and that there he could give me a better introduction to the present zoo situation in Paris. Vincennes still seems a fairly long way from the center of the city, though it is no longer cut off by walls, and though a constant stream of traffic rolls past all day on the way to residences beyond the limits of its pretty, forested park. The modern planners have retained as many trees as possible, so when I came through the gates and made my way to the administration building, I walked in shade nearly up to the door. But there was no truckling to historical sentiment in the architecture; all was pure early-twentieth-century public-school, outside and in. As I walked carefully down an echoing corridor, on what looked like brown polished linoleum but seemed more slippery, I reminded myself that, as a matter of fact, the zoos of Paris are supported by the Ministry of Education.

Dr. Nouvel met me in a brown waiting room. "As the oldest modern zoo anywhere in the world, the Jardin des Plantes, surrounded on all sides by city buildings, became too small for the national collection many years ago," he told me. "The authorities were overtaken by an embarrassment of supply, if you like. In 1934, therefore, this zoo was opened. It was not intended to take the place of the Ménagerie du Jardin; smaller animals are still kept there, but here it is possible to accommodate large groups and herds." The difference in size is considerable, I learned; Le Parc Zoologique spreads over some forty acres, whereas the menagerie of the Jardin occupies only about nine. And even with the forty acres, Dr. Nouvel said, the Vincennes staff would like more space, and is hoping to get permission soon to use some of the surrounding land.

I had been told that Dr. Nouvel and his assistant directors were all veterinarians, and I mentioned this. Dr. Nouvel said, "Yes, we find it a satisfactory arrangement. The veterinary doctors manage the zoos, and the zoologists and other scientists work under our scrutiny. A considerable amount of



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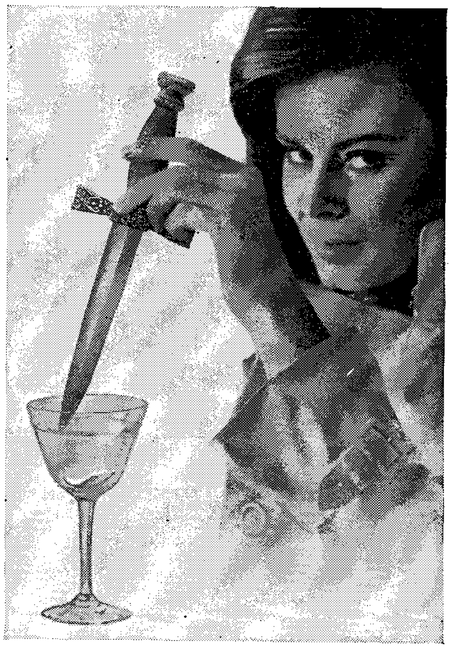

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research goes on here. The buildings that occupy the rest of this clearing are all laboratories." Botany, with emphasis on tree culture, is also studied at Vincennes—a fair turnabout, it seems, considering that it was the botanists who had to make way for all those zoological specimens at the Jardin des Plantes during the Revolution.

After our talk, Dr. Nouvel turned me over to an assistant director, Dr. Jean Rinjard, who was to show me the exhibits. As Dr. Rinjard and I started out, he told me that the Paris zookeepers feed their animals according to a diet system invented by Professor Herbert L. Ratcliffe, of the Penrose Research Laboratory, which is connected with the Philadelphia Zoo. "Professor Ratcliffe himself was here last year," he went on, speaking so enthusiastically that I refrained from asking if there were any dissenting opinions among the staff members on the virtues of the Ratcliffe diet. The diet—which can be loosely described as a system of instant feeding, mostly by means of ground-up foods—is not universally approved, I had learned, though nobody denies its convenience and economy. In a bulletin published in October, 1956, Dr. Ratcliffe wrote that he had evolved his system to obviate the results of malnutrition in zoos—breeding failures, rickets, cage paralysis, poorly formed and maloccluded teeth, intestinal disorders, reduced life-spans, low resistance to infection, offspring of poor quality, obesity, and poor coats or plumage. "Since 1935 we [in Philadelphia] have used controlled-diet mixtures to meet the needs of a great majority of our animals," he continued. "These mixtures are prepared in a central location, then distributed in predetermined quantities each day to the exhibition buildings. Their actual preparation requires not more than forty hours of semi-skilled labor each week. Thus, these diets are not expensive to prepare and may readily be fitted into a daily routine." He listed five basic diets. Diet A, "for omnivorous mammals and birds," is broken down into three subdivisions—one for debilitated monkeys, one for cage birds, one for flamingos. Diet B is for herbivores, Diet C for carnivorous mammals, birds, and reptiles, Diet D for anteaters and aardvarks, and Diet E for all cats. For fish-eating animals, he confessed, no diet had been found that was better than fish. Probably the most outstanding opponent of the Ratcliffe diet is Dr. Hediger, of Zurich, who maintains that a wild animal in a zoo must not be fed or otherwise treated like a domestic ani-

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mal—a battery hen or a calf—for if it is, the whole point of keeping the wild animal disappears. At best, he says, a captive animal is beset by boredom, and the only highlight of his day is his relief from routine. The instant diet recommended by Ratcliffe deprives the animal of this relief and thereby spoils the relationship between the animal and its keeper. Those who have tried the Metrecal diet may have an inkling of what Hediger means about the need for relief from routine.

I didn't mention Metrecal to Dr. Rinjard, though. He told me proudly of the Vincennes herd of okapis, which included three babies born there and now numbered five. The zoo had eight giraffes, he went on, and a collection of bears representing every species in the world. I remarked that I found the Vincennes landscaping very pleasant, and he assured me that this aspect of zookeeping was of the first importance to the French—or, at any rate, the Paris—public. People wouldn't come if the grounds weren't pretty, he said. We paused to look at a moated enclosure known as an "island," on which a troop of spider monkeys lived, and then we surveyed a genuine island in a little lake, on which five chimpanzees disported themselves. "In all, we have fifteen chimps," my guide said. "The ones here on the island are all at least five years old, but we have a new baby at the ape house. Let's go see how it's getting on." Like so many ape babies born in captivity, this one had been deserted by its mother. We found it taking the air, like a British baby, in a basket outside the back door of the house. Its black hair stood up on its head like a mop. It was timid, and screamed at us, so we went away.

"Here we have a pair of Indian rhinos," said the Doctor. "The male was born at Basel, and the female is from Assam. Here's a baby yak. And there ahead of us is the Grand Rocher, our main landmark."

Since one sees the Rocher a long way off, it didn't burst on me as a surprise; nevertheless, close up it was enough of a novelty to stop me in my tracks—an artificial mountain rising more than a hundred and twenty feet, all white concrete, with paths winding around it to the peak. Mountain goats played on these man-made trails. Around the base were penguin pools—a pool for each species—equipped with fountains or sprays that operated at intervals to keep the birds cool. "We have many kinds—kings, for one, and, naturally, Humboldts," said Dr. Rinjard. "You

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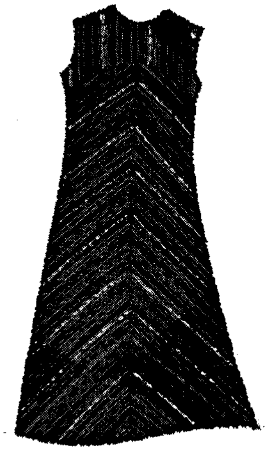

pre-

Remember those simple flowing garments the Pre-Raphaelites were so excited about? Some of them were effective, but most looked like bedding snatched up to cover one's nakedness on the way out of burning buildings. This, perhaps, is what they were aiming at. At nicer stores. 3 to 15. About $30.

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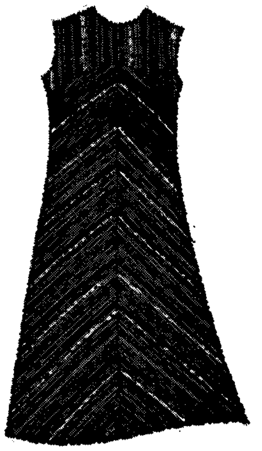

raphaelite

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see those caves behind the pools? They lead into chambers that are air-conditioned, for hot weather; we can vary the temperature from five to eight degrees centigrade." (That was from 41 to 46 degrees Fahrenheit, I calculated.) Some of the penguins breed—proof of how comfortable they have been made far from home. But goats and penguins are not all that the Rocher has to offer. There is a master cave in the middle of the rock, between the honeycombed walls, which contains an elevator shaft, featuring a ride so popular that we had to wait in a long line for our turn. When we got to the top, we stepped out on a little balcony—higher, I was glad to note, than the highest point on the goats' path—the view from which proved to have been well worth waiting for. Paris looked far off, calm and blue, a cardboard cutout on the horizon, and even the Vincennes trees looked small, like thick dark-green rushes surrounding the zoo as if it were a small pond. Or perhaps, I thought, Le Parc Zoologique looked like a neat flower bed set in the middle of an untrimmed lawn.

Next morning, I thought without eagerness of my plans for the day—a visit to the Ménagerie du Jardin des Plantes. For one thing, I had been there many years before and remembered only a kind of shabby sparseness. Mainly, though, I had been put off by several casual remarks that Dr. Nouvel and Dr. Rinjard had made, giving me the impression that the Jardin was merely a repository for leftovers from Vincennes—smaller animals, mostly. But my visit had been arranged, and so through the gate and into the grounds of the Jardin I went—reflecting that the landscaping, with its eighteenth-century formality, was much prettier than I remembered—and found myself looking straight into the enormous tawny face of a wisent, or European bison. I actually stepped back, but I need not have been alarmed; he was a peaceful animal, and a stout fence separated us. He had a lot of family connections with him. While I was still wondering what the Vincennes idea of a "smaller" animal might be, I came on three Przhevalski's horses—not as large as the wisents, but still hardly as small as rabbits. These horses, from Mongolia, are all but extinct in the wild—in fact, until very lately they *were* considered extinct—and zoo authorities are most interested in conserving them. An international studbook is kept of all known specimens. Silently, I apologized to the National Museum of Natural History. If,

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when you are strolling in the menagerie section of the Jardin, you are troubled, as I was, by little flashes of *déjà vu*, this is probably because you are recognizing the background of many a Delacroix painting. The artist often used inhabitants of the Jardin as models, and liked to brush in the rocks they reposed on, too, which are just as they were then. The building called La Rotonde, in approximately the center of the menagerie, was built in 1802 with some of the first money extracted from the government in Paris for the upkeep of the new public collection, and it, too, stands as it used to, an impressive red bulk enhancing with its weight and authority everything around it. Its five entrances lead into animal houses as bleak and dark as medieval prison cells, but these have outside paddocks now, and most of the Rotonde is used for storage. The Jardin's guidebook—which also covers its numerous botanical, paleontological, and geological exhibits—pays its respects to the zoo's early days, when "certain beasts of the Jardin des Plantes were celebrated all over Paris, like the lion from the Royal Ménagerie at Versailles whose inseparable companion was a dog, and that other who, in friendly spirit, used to rub himself tenderly against his keeper." Animals apart, the Jardin is still what it has been since 1635—a botanical and geological museum. It has extensive laboratories, a large library, and many exhibition galleries, and still serves as a clearing house for the work of all French natural scientists. The professors, it is clear, have more than overcome the blow to their dignity that the Republic administered back in the seventeen-nineties.

My next stop was London. It is doubtful whether any thirty-four-acre plot in the world has ever meant more to its public than the London Zoo in Regent's Park, though one must admit it isn't the most modern zoo in the world. Probably it never will be. Things move fast in the zoo world but slowly in England. Money for zoo buildings is as scarce as it is for everything else, and the British had the war—both wars. But Regent's Park, with its huge annex thirty miles away at Whipsnade, nevertheless has a tremendous collection of animals—more than fifteen hundred species—and this places it among the top four zoos in the world.

In a newspaper article in 1963, a writer named James Fisher traced the growth of what he called the "higgledy-

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piggledy" architecture of Regent's Park. The first overall plan, made by Decimus Burton in 1827, was not fully carried out—zoo designs seldom are—but Burton managed to build, among other things, a giraffe house that still serves the zoo well. An ambitious new plan for the twentieth century was drawn up in 1909, but the First World War did for much of that; the authorities succeeded in putting up some things, though—among them the still extant Mappin Terraces, for monkeys, and a few barless pits designed in imitation of a system invented at the famous zoo privately run by the Hagenbeck family in Hamburg. A third plan was duly frustrated by the Second World War, which interrupted the building of an elephant house, condemning the Regent's Park pachyderms to a long term of existence in the cellar of a zoo building. At last, in 1963, things really began to move, and when Mr. Fisher drew up his report, there was a new footbridge, a walk-through aviary, designed by Lord Snowdon, that was nearly finished, and, as a climax, a genuine, completely finished elephant house. At the beginning, I didn't care for this last structure, which looks like a mini-pyramid—or perhaps a brown version of the Hagia Sophia in Istanbul—and is very dark inside. I expressed this opinion to one of the officials, who replied, "All right, but, say what you will, it's nice to get our elephants aboveground after all those years." I had to admit that he was right. Furthermore, I soon began to like the elephant house, and now I like it a lot. I am trying to get fond of Lord Snowdon's aviary, too, but that's going to take longer. It's a flight-cage, really, made up of what look like plumber's pipes held together by chicken wire in a complex of tentlike shapes. The real point is that it's there, and so are new cattle and zebra and antelope and deer houses and a new gibbon cage—all of which have been badly needed for a long time.

I learned from the curators of the London Zoo—and, later, from curators elsewhere—that, even for a zoo with an impressive array of species, the acquisition of animals, rare ones and all, is less than half the work. The real job is maintaining them after you've got them. This entails proper housing, of course, but it also calls for a very special staff—superintendent, keepers, vets. The development of the present technique of zoo maintenance has taken years of wasteful trial and error. To be good with wild animals, a person must have what amounts to an

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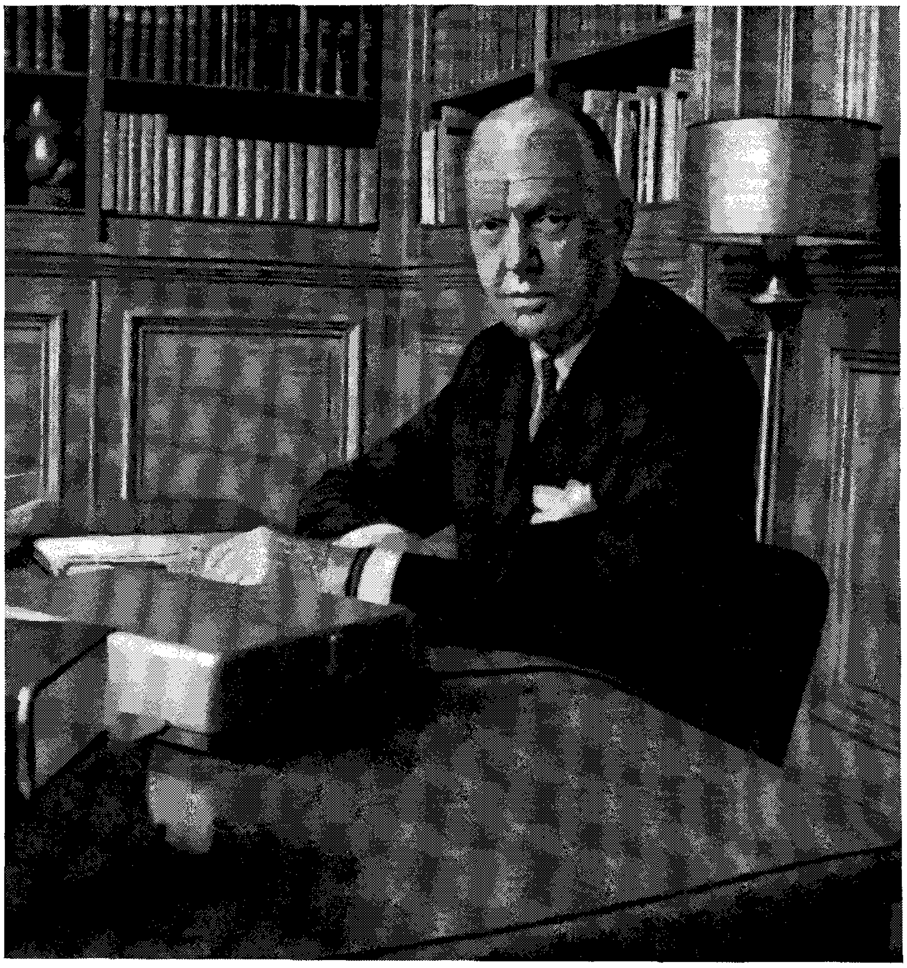
extra sense. It is more than empathy. There is something of maternal feeling in it (though the right approach is by no means sentimental), and something that corresponds to the green thumb of the gardener.

Fortunately for the London Zoo, one of these gifted people, Abraham Dee Bartlett, happened to be around in its early years. Bartlett was born in London in 1812, the son of a barber named John Bartlett. (John Bartlett's employer was a master barber of Drury Lane named William Turner, who is primarily remembered as the father of the painter J. M. W. Turner.) Abraham Bartlett, in a memoir of his youth, recalled that when he was a small boy his father often left him for the day at the establishment of a friend named Edward Cross, in Exeter Exchange. Mr. Cross ran a small, primitive menagerie, where, for a few pennies a head, the public could get a glimpse of some mangy animals—the place was a forerunner less of the zoo than of the circus sideshow. The little boy was allowed "to crawl about in the beast-room of that menagerie, playing with young lions and other animals that were not likely to harm me." As a result, he couldn't remember when he first saw lions, tigers, and elephants. This happy acquaintance with nature seemed doomed when John Bartlett insisted that his son, at the age of fourteen, become apprenticed to him. For seven or eight miserable years, the boy dutifully toiled in the shop in Drury Lane, his only amusement a hobby he had learned from Mr. Cross—that of preserving the skin and feathers of dead birds which the menagerie proprietor had passed on to him. "Somewhere about 1833 or 1834, I determined again to seek the society of wild animals, but as I could not offer myself as a keeper, and as I had no means of becoming a proprietor, what was I to do?," he writes. "It then occurred to me that I could become a taxidermist." Bartlett became so adept at taxidermy that he found it possible to make a living at it that was not merely satisfactory but quite beyond his expectations. Naturally, he was patronized by the new Zoological Society, and the members felt a personal gratification at a triumph he gained at the International Exhibition of 1851, where he won a medal for an imaginative reconstruction of an extinct bird, the dodo of Mauritius. A live dodo had last been seen at the beginning of the eighteenth century. "An ingenious example of the art" was the judges' verdict. When the Exhibition ended, Bartlett stayed on with the



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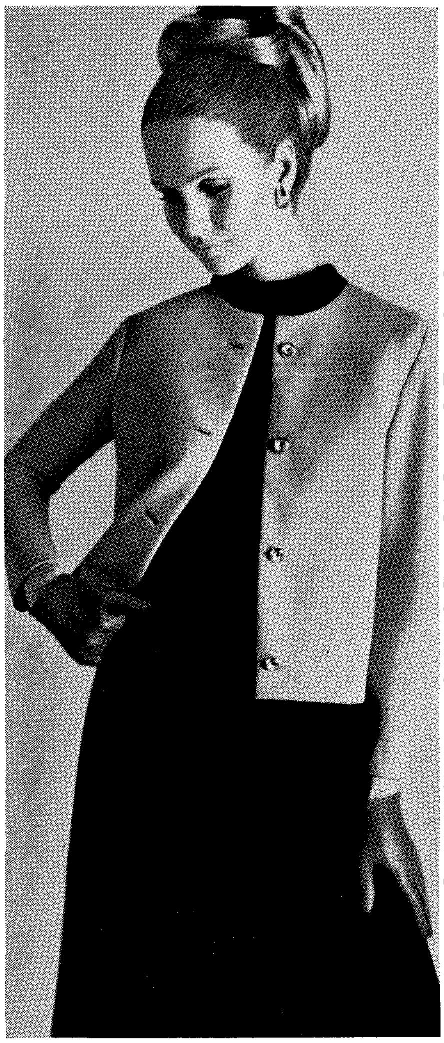

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Slightly higher in the west.

Crystal Palace Company, which set up a profitable permanent exhibition and amusement center, but he was soon disillusioned by this. ("Punch and Judy, tightrope dancing, roundabouts, etc.," he wrote scornfully.) The Zoological Society saved him from these horrors. In 1859, it offered him the post of superintendent of the zoo, with a house within its confines.

For the next thirty-eight years, Bartlett reigned over his kingdom of beasts—a ruler whose beard, top hat, and tails were well known to the public. Zookeeping was still a new profession, and a superintendent had to feel his way in the care and tending of wild animals, operating very much on his own. Nowadays, he would have the help of a long list of specialists—vets, pathologists, gardeners, dieticians—and the business side of zookeeping would be handled as another department entirely, as would the consultant architect's work. Bartlett had to look after all these things himself. He had keepers to do the dirtier jobs and to help with the handling of difficult beasts, but it was up to him to decide when, say, a rhino's horn needed attention, and then to do the necessary surgery. He did remarkably well at all of it. He worked out methods of keeping animals warm or cool, and formed some sound theories about their temperaments and reactions. He answered the public's questions, which poured in. It was, of course, his duty to sequestrate any animals that he considered unsafe, and one such act led to what was perhaps the stormiest episode of his career. Jumbo, a great African bull elephant, had come to London as a small beast, shaky on his pins, and had grown up to be a splendid specimen, weighing about six tons; the Society's Council claimed that he was the largest elephant in captivity. Children rode on his back, and as the years went on the public got so used to him that it assumed him to be always benevolent. The staff knew better, however, because, after seventeen years' residence in the zoo, Jumbo showed disturbing signs of maturity by becoming subject to attacks of musth, the periodic madness that afflicts adult male elephants. During one frenzy, he attacked the ironwork of his den with such force that he broke off both his tusks. Afterward, the jagged ends grew upward and curved back against the insides of his cheeks, causing painful abscesses. Naturally, Jumbo's temper grew worse with the pain, so Bartlett devised a long-handled spear with which he managed to lance the sores. Jumbo made

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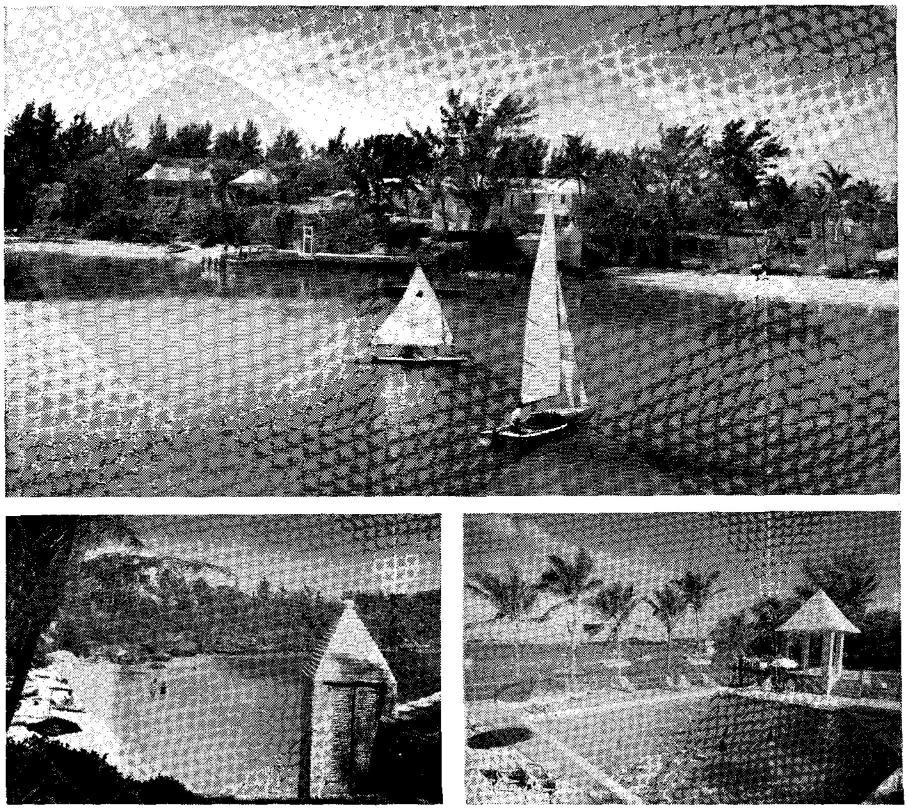
little fuss about what must have been an agonizing operation, and he remained calm for a time afterward, but Bartlett, feeling that the respite was only temporary, warned the Council that Jumbo might have to be shot. The members, who didn't relish the job of telling the public the news, put off doing so. In 1882, there came a most timely offer from P. T. Barnum, in the United States. Barnum said that he would like to buy Jumbo, and the Council welcomed the suggestion, especially when the showman agreed to a price of two thousand pounds. Once the news got out, however, the British public—or, at least, the British newspapers—raised an outcry over the notion of Jumbo's being sold to the barbarians. Bartlett was sure that Barnum had stirred up the hullabaloo for the sake of publicity, and he may have been right. Anyway, the Council did not revoke its decision, and Jumbo sailed west. In America, he was a circus star for three years, until he was accidentally killed by a train while he was being loaded aboard a railroad car.

Bartlett himself died in 1897. His son, who succeeded him, was nowhere near as good a superintendent, and was soon released. After trying out several replacements, the Council reluctantly concluded that no one—or, at least, no single person—was likely to be as satisfactory as A. D. Bartlett, and in about 1902 a committee was nominated to reorganize the whole administration. Dr. Peter Chalmers Mitchell, a physician, was appointed secretary of the Society, and he and the zoo's superintendent, Dr. G. M. Vevers, worked together, sharing the responsibility. As a medical man, Chalmers Mitchell had certain ideas that startled and alarmed his contemporaries. For one thing, he insisted that fresh air was necessary for all the animals—even those from tropical climates, which until then had been carefully and lovingly smothered in hermetically sealed rooms. Until 1902, no lion, tiger, parrot, or monkey in Regent's Park was permitted to breathe fresh air, and whenever one of them died, as one of them often did, it was assumed that somehow, in spite of all precautions, it had been subjected to a fatal "draft." Chalmers Mitchell insisted that the creatures had simply been stifled. "I do not suggest that the provision of heat is in itself an evil," he argued. "The first requisite is free access to the open air, the rest is light, space, and cleanliness; these things having been secured, any form of heating that may be thought advis-



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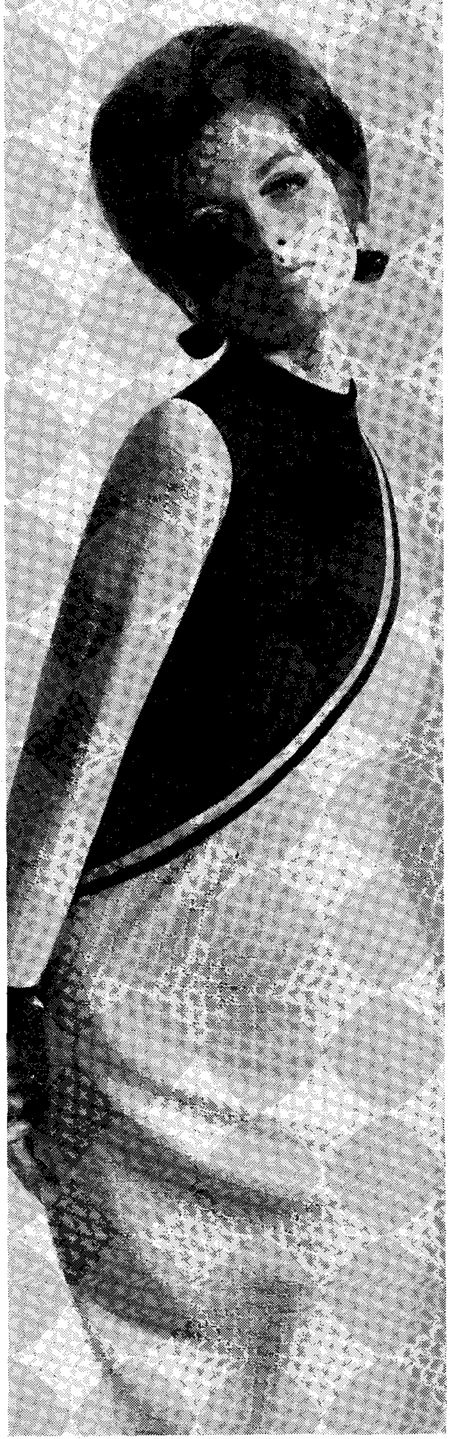

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able may be added, insofar as it does not in any way interfere with the primary considerations." It took Chalmers Mitchell two full decades to reorganize the Regent's Park buildings according to his theories, but in the very first year of his tenure he managed to get his way in one particular. He moved the baboons into unheated outdoor cages, and they not only survived but flourished. As time went on, the secretary continued to hammer away at his favorite idea of open-air cages or enclosures—preferably barless ones, like those in Hamburg. Chalmers Mitchell next suggested that the zoo build an elaborate annex in the country where animals would have better conditions for breeding and people could see them in a "natural" setting. He and Dr. Vevers found a place called Hill Farm in the village of Whipsnade, near Dunstable, Bedfordshire, consisting of somewhat more than five hundred and fifty acres of rolling land. The Society bought it, and Whipsnade Zoo was opened in May, 1931. Its function has best been described in the *Zoo Newsletter* of the Zoological Society in these terms: "In the limited area of the London Zoo, it is the Council's policy to exhibit pairs or small groups of a wide and representative range of species, but the aim at Whipsnade . . . is to establish and build up large groups and herds of animals in surroundings which are as natural as possible. Buildings and heated houses are kept to a minimum, fences are replaced by sunken ditches, and always the Council and its architects have in mind the importance of maintaining the parklike atmosphere where the undulating landscape, the woods and avenues of trees, the bushes and wild flowers form a natural background to the animals in their paddocks."

Well, yes and no. The background is natural to England, for the park is an English park, but most of the animals are not English, and have had to get used to all that unfamiliar greenness. Whipsnade's designers avoided the idea, favored by the Hagenbecks in Hamburg, of make-believe backgrounds; no concrete caves or artificial mountains are to be seen there—only the gentle Bedfordshire countryside. Bison roam the meadows, lions sun themselves on greenswards of a kind unknown in Africa, and tigers loll under oak and beech trees. And most of them flourish. Bennett's wallabies never had things any better in Australia; like the peacocks, they wander the terrain at will, and they breed so abundantly that Whipsnade's director sells at least a hundred surplus baby wallabies every year.

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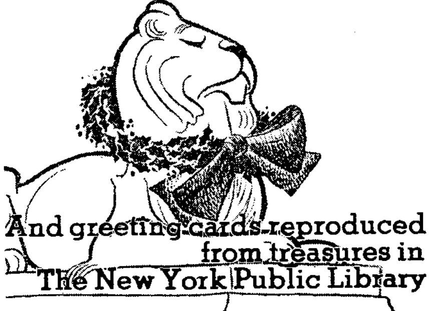

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Around the entire tract is a nine-foot fence of pointed steel bars bent outward at the top into graceful curves. The bars were originally bent inward, the fence having been designed to keep the zoo animals from escaping. Almost at once, it became apparent that they hadn't any interest in crossing it, but British wild animals had. Foxes, especially, learned to get inside the fence, and, once there, they destroyed rare birds and eggs, and carried off exotic small mammals until the fence bars were swung around.

So far, Whipsnade's breeding successes include an increasing herd of Thomson's gazelles from East Africa, a number of polar bears, three Indian rhinos, some hippos and pygmy hippos, and three onagers. Musk oxen, which are usually difficult to keep, have done well there, and the staff can boast one of the finest deer collections in the world. Graceful little Chinese water deer are allowed to share the freedom of the place with the wallabies and the peafowl, but they choose to do their wandering during "closed" hours, cannily staying safe in one paddock or another by daylight. In sum, Whipsnade has proved itself fully adequate as a breeding center, but the public knows it better as a zoo—the pleasant object of a drive into the country, and a place where children can ride on a camel or a pony. Elephant rides were recently discontinued; the constant passage of jet planes overhead has ruined the nerves of the great beasts, so that they, like Jumbo in an earlier time, cannot be trusted. —EMILY HAHN

(*This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.*)

•

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Aug. 8—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold I. Pratt Jr. on July 26 in the Mount Auburn Hospital here. Mrs. Pratt is the former Miss Frances H. Gillmore, daughter of Mrs. Quincy A. Gillmore Jr. of Pinehurst, N. C. The child, the couple's third, is a grandson also of Mr. and Mrs. H. Irving Pratt of Oyster Bay, L. I., and a great-grandson of Mrs. Harold I. Pratt of New York. He has been named Charles Quincy Adams.—*The Times.*

By some household eccentric.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE ENGLISH CURRENCY FRONT

[*From the Boston Globe*]

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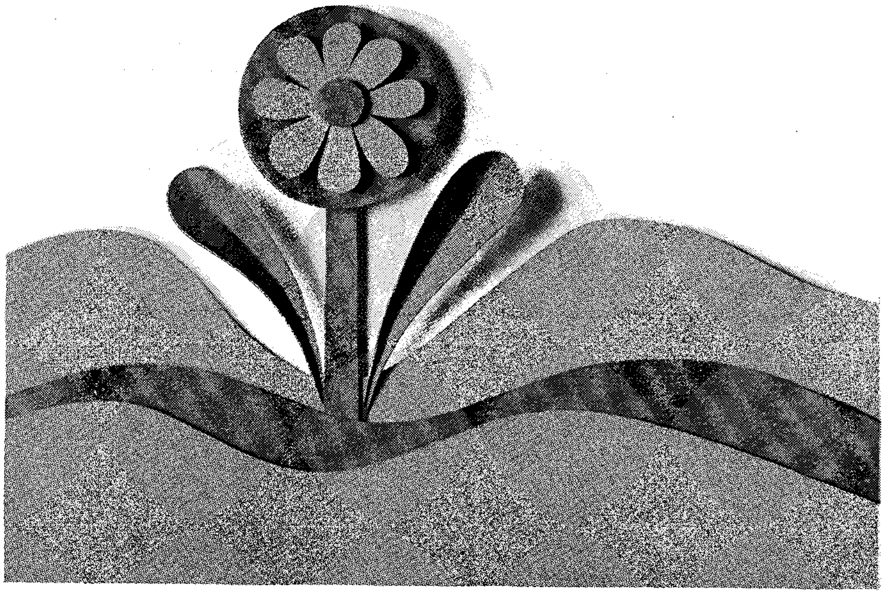

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Moonlight

TWO BIG SHOWS
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WEARING a high collar and a curly-brimmed bowler, with a heavy mustache adding the melancholy of late-nineteenth-century respectability to his shrewd face, Jean-Paul Belmondo daintily removes a dried leaf from the keyhole of the gates of a grand house. Then he throws a Gladstone bag over the wall of the garden, where it lands with a hefty clatter of burgling ironmongery. The period housebreaker whom Belmondo plays in Louis Malle's "The Thief of Paris" is a dapper workman. He takes his time, knows what to leave alone, and cracks open the panels of delicate antique consoles with no more sentimentality than a fisherman shows about gutting a salmon. If there is something harrowingly bleak in the way he behaves, that seems a silly thing to notice in a man who has obviously been up all night, working alone in an empty house that he is steadily reducing to a glum wreck; he probably only needs a good sleep or a mate on the job. Two hours later, though, when the film has flashed back over his life and brought us to the end of the theft scene begun at the start of the picture, his desolation can be sensed as the inner point of the narrative. As he sits back in a train with his bags of plunder, the man's face looks almost erased—not with fear but with boredom. The close of this crime picture offers no nice lift of chase or escape; there is only the sight of a man burned out. He hasn't been caught, and won't be. He doesn't even financially need to be a burglar any longer. The only pressure on him is his effort to recapture his reason for starting. His original impetus was the instinct of a dissenting radical, not of the treadmill nihilist that he has become, but it ran into the sand somewhere and the tonic force of it now eludes him. When he began thieving, it was to avenge himself on the whole ensconced class of greedy men who ruled late-nineteenth-century France. The action of his priggish and irreproachable uncle in respectably pinching his inheritance stimulated him to a truly revolutionary rage. After the energy of sheer temper was spent, all that he lacked was the revolutionist's belief in a scheme. Georges Randal—a character first created in a book by Georges Darien, which was adapted for the screen by Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carrière—is a recognizable forerunner of our own politically disaffected generation. He is plagued with an ear for the phony which persistently makes him hear his own clan of anarchists and con men as trotting out just as much cant as the tightfisted bourgeoisie and the professional hogwash merchants of the right. For instance, there is a scene in a crammed Dieppe at electioneering time when Randal, professionally busy, finds himself sharing a hotel room with a dead woman. The corpse has been dumped there by the hotelier, who crisply tells the weeping daughter to change the sheets in the other room, as they need every bed for the political trade. As soon as the coast is clear, another crack thief pops out from behind the furniture to shake Randal's hand and discuss a natty new burgling kit from America. He looks like a possessed curate, hair parted in the middle and face rigid with purpose. Then the bellow of a redneck political candidate floats up from a banquet on the floor below: "I call a spade a spade. . . . One by one, the pillars of society are collapsing: Family, Morality, Property, Patriotism . . . being undermined by Jews, Masons, and all those bleating Socialists. . . ." It might be the voice of Randal's uncle, another rebuking plain speaker, who endlessly complains of the difficulties of the propertied classes and once memorably instructed a beggar outside a graveyard to get a job, later telling his orphaned nephew and ward, then a child, that good advice is always better than a handout. To the adult Randal, the trouble is that the pieties of his own side can sound confusingly like the flip side of the enemy's. The dedicated criminal in the room with him has just intoned, "We're going to hit where it hurts." "Hit who?" says Randal. The sage of the lower depths ducks the awkward question as neatly as the political candidate beneath would avoid a rotten egg, and says, "Strength is the only language the world understands. But first we've got to weaken the bourgeoisie by terrorism." "I'm leery of violence," says Randal, with perfect truth. In another scene, when he happens to have seen a public guillotining, he looks as if he were going to be sick; but then, equally in character, he loses his way and contradictorily says that he sometimes feels like smashing everything. "Do you want to cut off the branch you're sitting on?" asks his companion, an unholy abbé who has taught him most of what he knows. The abbé, Father Lamargelle (Julien Guiomar), is a caustic, sniffy man with a High Camp style and a nose that he sometimes lifts like a dowager scenting a garlicky foreigner. He does it with particular distaste when he finds himself next to a devout abbé reading a breviary on a train. Lamargelle tells Randal that he should try to stay out of jail; Randal had thought of going there to make connections, but the reverend father insists that one meets quite the wrong sort of people there and that the food is awful. The abbé seems to have rather elevated ideas of a thief's social purpose. A second-rung spirit called Roger, who is talented enough as a burglar but unfortunately given to mooning over what the beauty of Venice means to him as an artist, remarks to Randal one night during a shaky trip along a rooftop, "As Lamargelle says, thieves are the moonlight of honest men." Randal is comforted by none of it. A belief that any dialectic social function might attach to theft drifts further and further beyond his grasp. All he possesses now is energy, and a passionate feeling for his cousin Charlotte, whose presence seizes him as if she were a twin sister. France gets more socially violent, some of his colleagues join the anarchists, and he seems growingly isolated. Roger retires, presumably to Venice, after throwing a little tantrum about the exploding locks that he's expected to deal with. Randal begins to catch the tone of the abbé's sulphurous wit, and the world feels cold.

Crime pays at the box office and politics are supposed to be commercial death, so I suppose I risk doing injury to a fine and absorbing film when I say that "The Thief of Paris" seems to me to be much less about a successful burglar than about a failed radical who misses finding the right work for himself by some hair's breadth of disjuncture with his time. The film has more political wit and amplitude of observation than any period film since Visconti's "The Leopard." Without planting historical notes, it persuades you that this is exactly what it was like to live in France through the eighteen-nineties. There are tangs and hints of the Panama Canal scandal, anti-Semitism,

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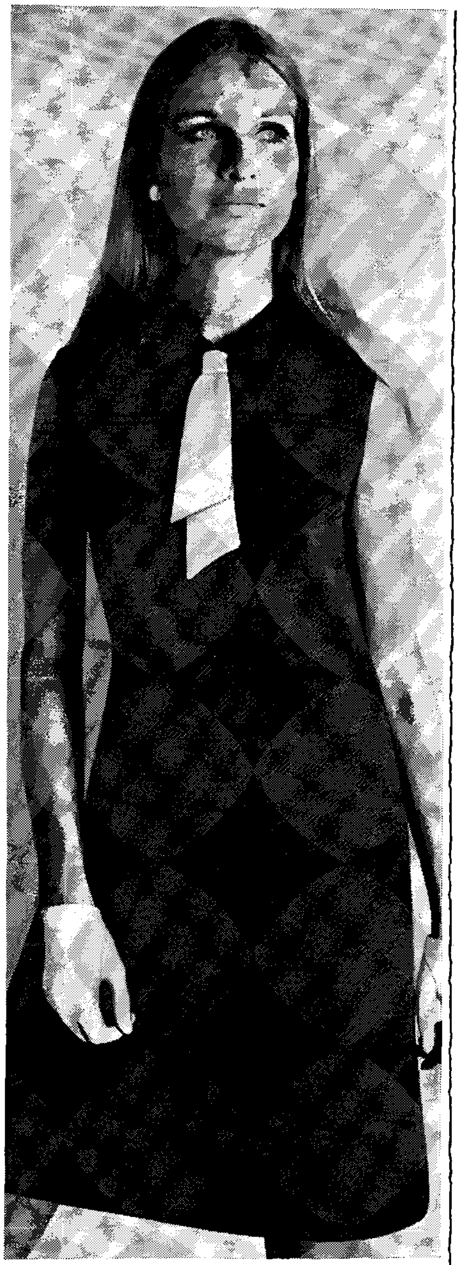

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Dreyfus, a long past of economic depression punctuated by unreliable booms, an endless succession of governments, and a left hopelessly splintered between unions and intelligentsia. It is a world in which money confers the sanctions and dignity that once belonged to scholarship, in which members of the *haute bourgeoisie* cheat one another and live forbidden double lives, and in which fretful women elect to disguise brains as brazenness. Henri Decae's color photography and Malle's own eye for props and sets and extras' faces are endlessly a pleasure: turn-of-the-century train compartments, gas lamps, a performing bear in a courtyard, boys sweeping London streets with besom brooms, the papery voices of lawyers bringing sacred news of bequests, the Cruikshank features of pickpockets and informers. And throughout the film there is the flat, bilious taste of the new century as it lay on the tongue of a man who was gifted with an acute knowledge of his epoch's hypocrisies and depleted by a very modern disbelief in his ability to do anything about them. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE RED ROWBOAT

Nothing is so still
as a red rowboat
half sunk among reeds.
The red runs rippling
the water with its
tenuous silk. Struck
from the darkened hull,
the rods of light run
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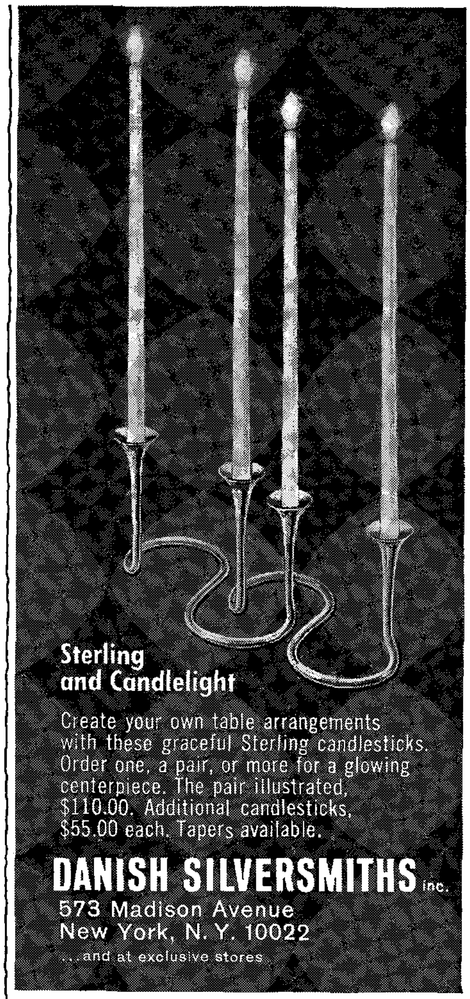
upon reflection—
but the form waits closed
and draws out of time-
less suspension wakes
of streams. A ribbon
of water looses
its tongue, like the pale
dip and glimmer when
the oars press forward
the current idling
among cresses. The hafts
are polished with long
strokes of sun slipping
through oaks and willows.
Everything moves: cat-
tails and glittering
scythes of green, the
stream; but the center
moves only upon
itself, like a hub
or a prayer wheel.
The eye moves inward.
Let me touch water
where it breaks and flows.

—GENE BARO



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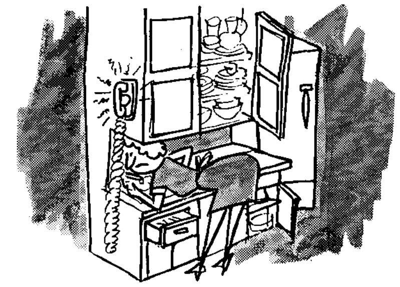

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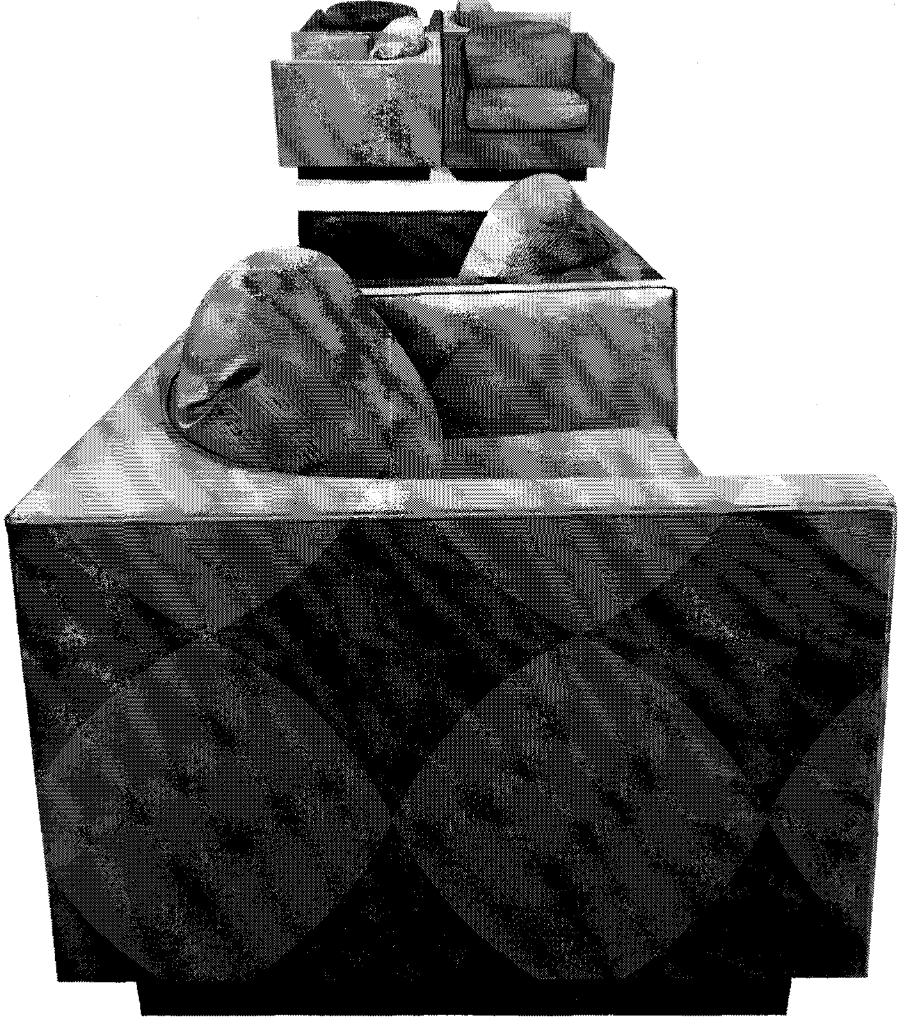
THE RACE TRACK

Family Affair

TOTTING up the results of the Saratoga races, which ended last Saturday, I see that the horses of Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, who owns the Wheatley Stable, and those of her son, Ogden, won four of the six important events at the meeting. (The establishment didn't have starters in the two others.) Their biggest scores came last week, when Queen of the Stage took the Spinaway Stakes and What A Pleasure took the Hopeful. What A Pleasure, who runs in the colors of the Wheatley Stable, put up a fine performance to win by a head and a neck from Royal Trace and Exclusive Native in 1:16⅖ for the six and a half furlongs. Nine two-year-old colts went to the post for this six-figure jackpot, which wound up the session at the Spa, and Pappa Steve set a sizzling pace, doing the quarter in 0:22 and the half in 0:44⅗. He was followed closest by Exclusive Native and Forward Pass, who overtook him on the turn and were clocked in 1:09⅗ for six furlongs. Meanwhile, What A Pleasure, who had begun slowly, was moving into fourth place, and as they swung into the straight Baeza, who rode him, sent him at the tiring leaders. He won going away. Subpet, who had beaten him in the Sapling at Monmouth, was never in the picture. Pappa Steve finished last. It was the fourth victory in six tries for What A Pleasure. His next start will be in the Futurity at Aqueduct on September 23rd. Tall, rangy, and light-bodied, he isn't the handsomest colt you've ever seen, but he is beautifully bred. He's by Bold Ruler, of course, and his dam, Grey Flight, by Mahmoud, is famous, too. She has foaled nine winners of stakes races (I'm told that's a record), among them Misty Morn, who is herself the dam of Bold Lad and Successor and four other stakes winners. Speaking of dams, A. B. Hancock, Jr., and William Haggin Perry recently gave $365,000 for Quill, who raced brilliantly some years ago and is now in foal to Native Dancer. I wonder how much Misty Morn would bring at auction—or, for that matter, Grey Flight, who is twenty-two years old.

Mr. Phipps's Queen of the Stage preserved her unbeaten record in the

The Square Chair



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Spinaway Stakes, the crowning event for two-year-old fillies at the meeting. Although she was under pressure to repel the challenge of Dream Path through the stretch, observers thought she had more than a bit left. I dare-say her sixth try will be for the Matron Stakes at Aqueduct on September 9th, and, after that, the Astarita, at seven furlongs, later in the month. The only racer of her age and sex to have bettered her record was C. V. Whitney's Top Flight, who won seven straight in 1931, beating not only all the fillies she met but the colts, too—in the Saratoga Special, the Futurity, and the Pimlico Futurity.

I DON'T remember a meeting at Saratoga at which the Greentree Stable hasn't won at least one stakes race. This year, its Paoluccio beat Assagai by a neck in the Seneca Handicap over the turf course. Though Assagai showed plenty of zip from the gate, Paoluccio, who had seventeen pounds' advantage in the weights, wore him down in the stretch. Calling to mind Twenty Grand, Devil Diver, Tom Fool, and other good ones who carried the stable's silks, I found it hard to realize that the Seneca was Greentree's first stakes victory on the New York tracks this year.

TO sum up, this was Saratoga's most successful season. Attendance and betting reached new highs, and most of the right horses won. When you read this, they'll be running at Aqueduct, and racing there will continue through December 15th, five extra days having been granted to the New York Racing Association to make up for those lost last spring because of bad weather and the horsemen's strike. This weekend, three-year-old fillies will be out for the Gazelle Handicap. On Labor Day, Buckpasser and Handsome Boy may meet in the Aqueduct Handicap.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

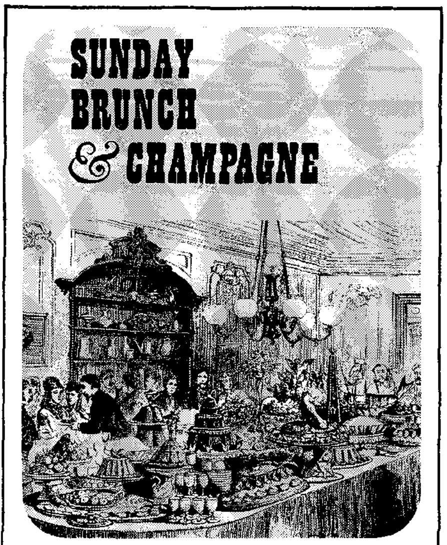
[*From "Home to Harlem," by Claude McKay, Harper & Brothers, 1928*]

Far and high over all, the sky was a grand blue benediction, and beneath it the wonderful air of New York tasted like fine dry champagne.

•

Milo O'Shea has the title role in "Ulysses," film version of famous James Joyce novel at the Trans-Lux 85th Street.
—*Caption in the Post.*

You can't get ahead of the Irish.



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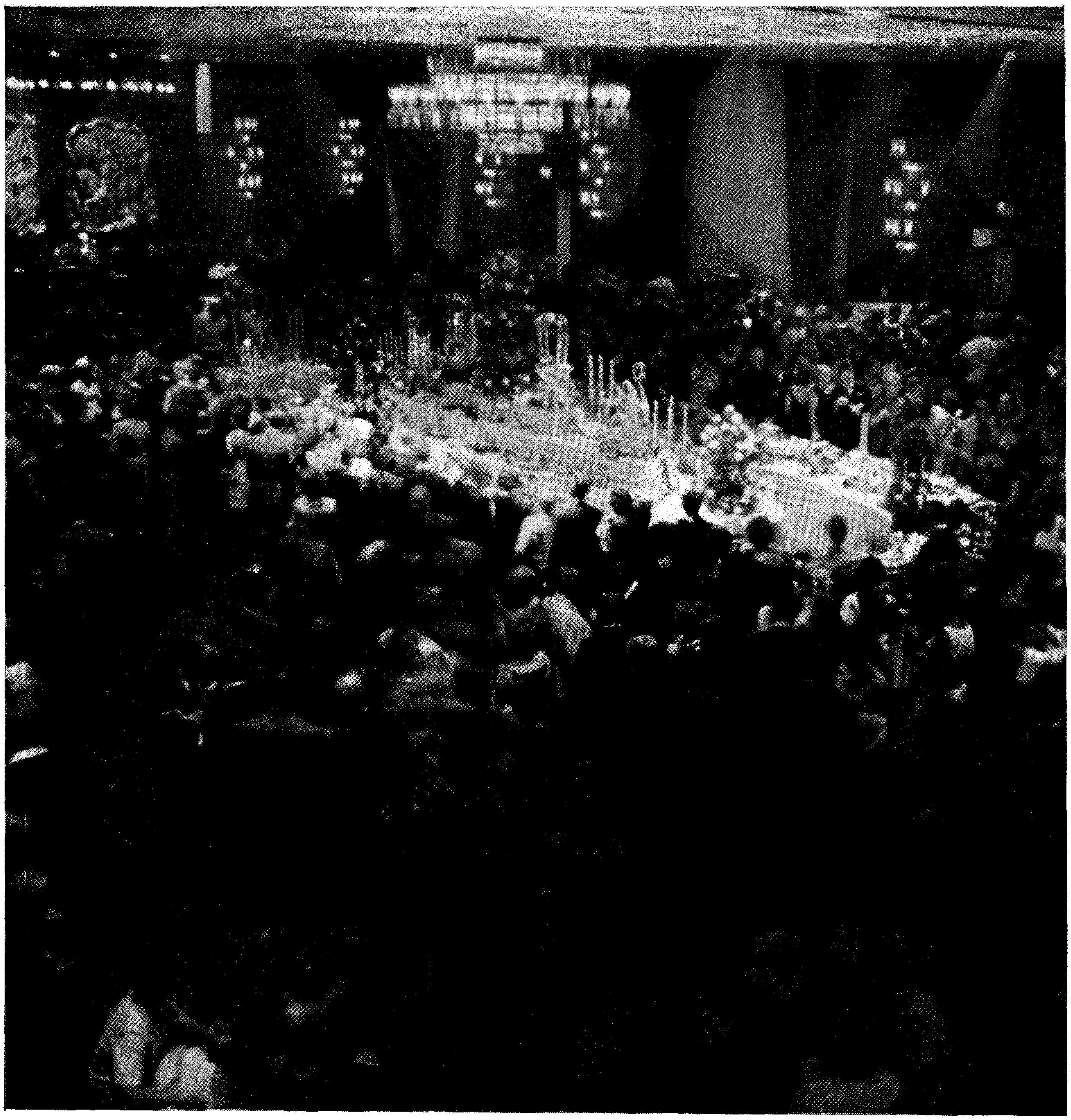

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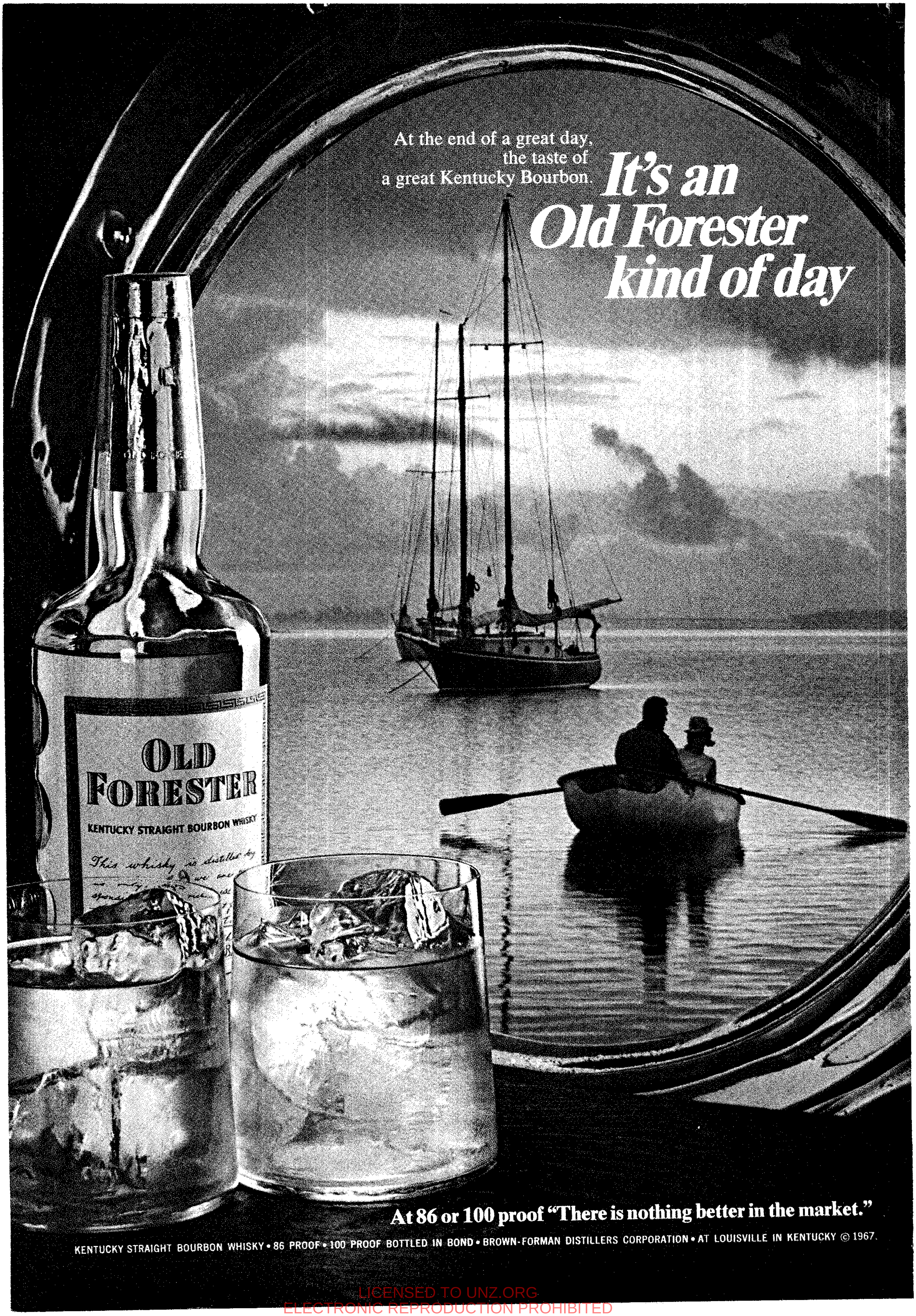
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BOOKS

All in the Family

SIMENON is today's great proof that a real writer, one born to write, can never write himself out. After fifty years as a working novelist, and with a couple of hundred novels and countless short pieces behind him, he is writing better than ever. His new novel, "The Old Man Dies" (Harcourt, Brace & World; translated by Bernard Frechtman), seems perfectly flat and transparent at first, but two strong notes of color remain in the reader's mind, like signposts planted to lead him back into the story he has just finished.

The first note of color: Three Utrillos hang on the walls of the Auvergnat, a restaurant on one of the shabby side streets off Les Halles, the central market of Paris. The Utrillos are a great satisfaction to Auguste Mature, who, when he was twenty-six, bought the restaurant with his savings and a small loan from his brother:

> Old Auguste had got them for almost nothing. A friend from Riom, with whom he had gone to school, ran a restaurant at the time in Montmartre, at the very top of the Rue du Mont-Cenis. Auguste had loaned him some money and, as his old schoolmate was unable to repay it, had accepted the pictures in return.

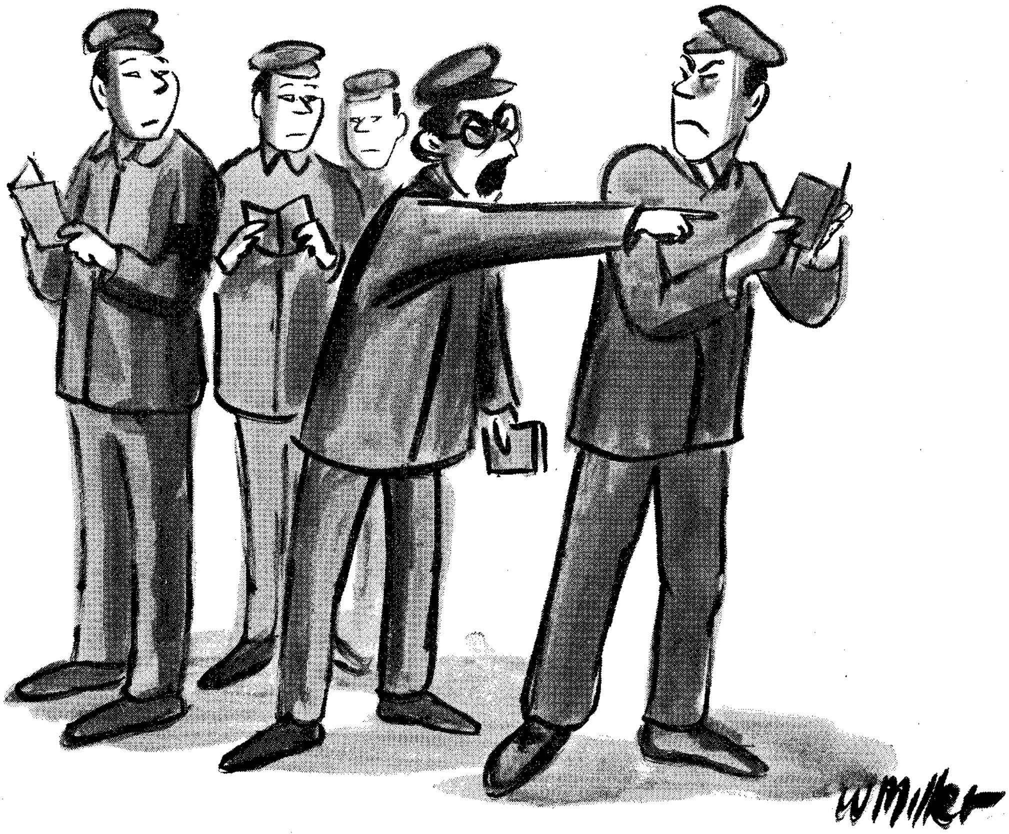
Auguste bought the Auvergnat, then tiny and purely a local establishment, in 1913. This is 1966, and the Auvergnat has been enlarged and has become fashionable with newspapermen and actors, and even the diplomatic corps. The street looks as poor as ever, and from outside the restaurant is just another little place among the many small restaurants in the area, although it is distinguished from the rest by the big hams and salamis that hang in the window, which also holds the great loaves of grayish bread Auguste still gets from his own province, Auvergne. The interior of the Auvergnat reflects the prosperity that has come to the restaurant, particularly in the last twenty years or so—after the Second World War. It was then that Antoine, Auguste's middle son, joined his father in running the restaurant. Antoine was just out of uniform and back from Germany, where he had spent four years in prison camp. Unlike his two brothers, Antoine had always loved the Auvergnat, and he did not want to go back to his old job as cook at the Strasbourg tavern in which he had been working in 1939.

The original home of the restaurant, the front room where the bar is, is now the Bistrot, and there is a second dining room, the Senate, in the back, where the kitchen used to be. The kitchen is now where the family bedroom was, and only a glass partition separates it from the rest of the establishment, so that diners can look in and see the famous Auvergnat specialties being prepared. On the floor above, Auguste lives with his wife, but at the age of seventy-nine she has returned, peacefully, to her infancy, and has to be put to bed and fed and dressed like a baby. She and Auguste still share the big wooden marriage bed they bought second-hand two days before their wedding, but the old lady no longer remembers anything or recognizes anybody. Auguste has never ceased to love her:

> He had not spent a single night away from her ever since they had been married, and even in recent times, when she looked at him as if he were a stranger or pet dog, he would often sit down in front of her in the hope that they might pick up the thread of God knows what conversation.

And on the floor above his parents, Antoine lives with his wife, Fernande. They are childless, and Fernande is cashier in the restaurant, keeping watch on everybody and everything from her desk between the two rooms. As the story opens, it is evening, and they are busy at the Auvergnat. Most of the tables are occupied, and all the waiters. Antoine, in his dark-blue suit and his white shirt, is supervising both rooms and offering advice on food and wine. In the Bistrot, with its old marble-topped tables and its tin bar, Auguste is walking contentedly about or sitting down now and then with a customer, and sneaking a drink when Antoine's back is turned. Auguste still holds himself very straight, with his chest thrown out. He is a proud, dignified old man.

This is a particularly important night at the Auvergnat. The British Embassy has reserved a table for eight. The British Ambassador, who has lunched incognito at the restaurant two or three



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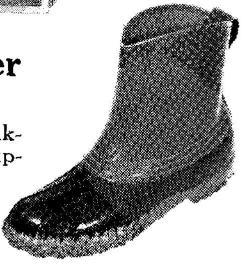
times, is dining there for the first time and bringing people of consequence with him. In his honor, Antoine has sent out for flowers and has shaved himself twice. The Ambassador arrives and takes pleasure in showing off his discovery, "his" restaurant, to his guests, pointing out the glass partition that reveals the kitchen, and calling their attention to the Utrillos on the walls of the Senate. In the front room, Auguste is happy, playing host as he pleases, walking from table to table, chatting with people he feels like speaking to, and reminiscing about his early days. The Ambassador and his guests are seated, and the evening approaches its high point of success. But this evening will be remembered not as the night of the Ambassador's visit but as the night Auguste died. As the old man crashes to the floor of the Bistrot, the story begins to develop, and we are drawn casually but more and more deeply into the spasmodic, half-embarrassed, almost inarticulate conflict between the three sons, in which the youngest, Bernard, the fat, spoiled one, is the futile but insistent aggressor. Bernard is forty-seven, a would-be playboy who is always badly short of money. He has tried his hand in the film business and in other businesses, but he seems unable to take hold anywhere or to make a life for himself. He has no wife; instead, he has a pretty, docile, twenty-eight-year-old mistress. Ferdinand, the oldest brother, who is fifty-three, is a lawyer with a snobbish wife and two grown children. Ferdinand has always been ashamed of the restaurant, but now, like Bernard, he is anxious to find out how much money he can expect to inherit. Yet no one can find a will. Most of the action from now on takes place in the domestic rooms above the restaurant. The three brothers, in middle age, are all still controlled and comforted by the respect they bear their parents—the dead father and the childish mother—and although Ferdinand and Bernard do not share Antoine's love for the Auvergnat, they both enjoy the sense of security and even of permanence they derive from the sturdy life and health of the restaurant—their proof of their father's strength and of their mother's tenacity and devotion. This book is all family business—the restaurant, the discussions, the regrets, the impulses to and away from one another, the pain, the arrangements, the shame, the gossip—all family business.

The second note of color:

Marie was plump and rosy, like most women who live in a butcher shop, a fact that Antoine had often noticed,



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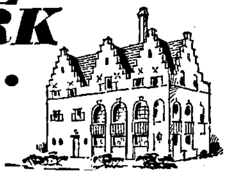

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though without knowing how to explain it.

Marie Chaussard was the daughter of a butcher, a neighbor of Auguste's. Auguste Mature and Hector Chaussard were the same age, they had started in business at about the same time, and they had grown old together, always remaining best friends. It had been intended, or hoped, that Marie and Antoine should marry, but Antoine married a young Breton girl he found walking the streets:

> Fernande was very young and delicate-looking and was lost in a world of which she understood nothing.

Antoine has nothing of the reformer about him. He married Fernande because after knowing her for a while he found he was in love with her. There is perfect trust between them. They are now well along in years, and their only sadness is that they have no children. That is the sadness they share. Antoine's heart has a separate sadness that makes him lonely. He is heartsick when he sees his own fate reflected in the ugly domestic developments and attitudes that follow upon his father's death. Antoine has no regrets about his choice of wife. Marie Chaussard married someone in the government tax department, and her brother, old Hector's only son, stayed at home with his father and now owns four butcher shops in Paris. But Antoine gives no thought to the dowry he would have got with Marie Chaussard, and he is so bewildered by his brothers' snobbish attitude toward the Auvergnat that he really has no understanding at all of them. Like his father, Antoine is a simple man.

If it were not for the opening pages, Simenon's novel would be gentle, poignant, ironic, nostalgic, an impeccable portrayal of a universal situation, but no more than that. Yet these opening pages give the story a sharp twist at the very beginning, so that as we read on, getting to know Auguste and Antoine and the rest more and more intimately, we never forget, we cannot forget, that we have seen them as they really are. And what Fernande and Antoine really are, as far as we, readers and strangers, are concerned, is unwelcoming, calculating, indifferent, unkind. Their rudeness, the particular rudeness of some restaurateurs, is like a slap in the face, and Simenon delivers this slap immediately, then takes his time about showing us what Antoine and Fernande are *really* really like.

Here are those opening lines:

> From the cashier's desk where she was sitting and smiling vaguely Fernande saw

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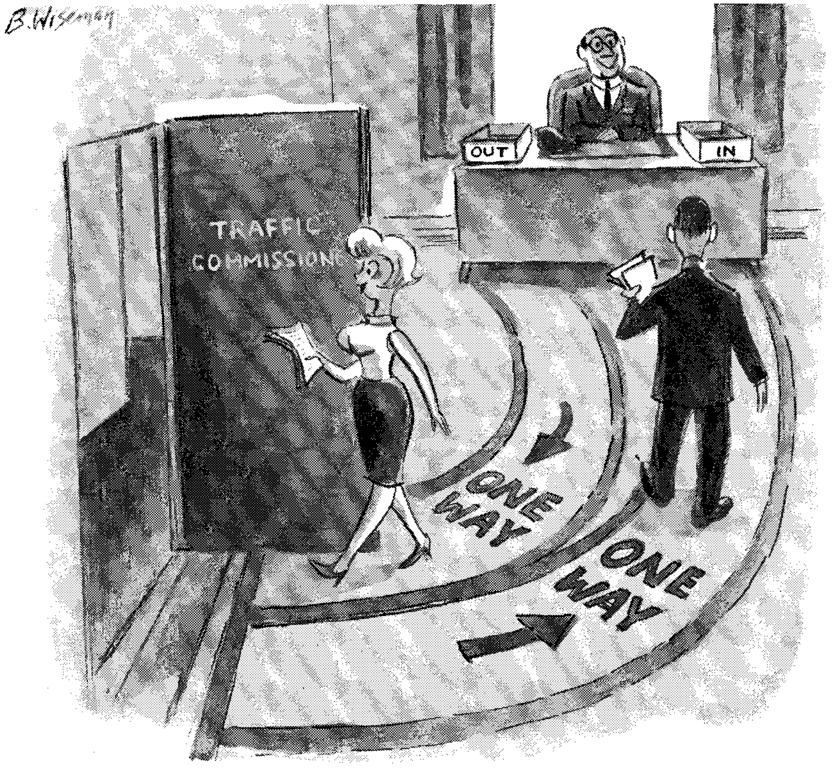

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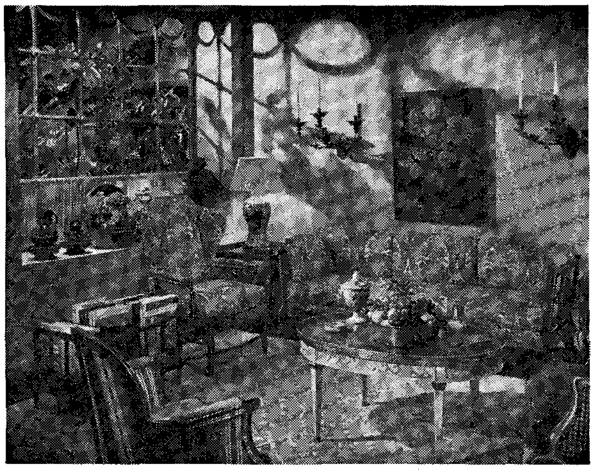

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the couple enter and realized at once that they were newcomers. They were both very young and were wearing new clothes from head to foot like newlyweds, which they no doubt were. As soon as they crossed the threshold they tried to conceal their surprise and hesitation.

Antoine had also spotted them from the back room but had not bothered, and it was François, the red-headed waiter, who had gone to welcome them.

"This way, please . . ."

He gave them a bad table, in the middle of the restaurant, and the young people glanced at a corner table without daring to say anything. In any case, if they had asked for it, François would have said that it was reserved.

The buxom Liselotte went to take their coats, and, as she passed the cashier's desk, winked at the boss's wife.

The Ambassador and his guests had not yet arrived, but their table for eight was set in the back room, which the staff called "the Senate" because it was reserved for good customers and prominent persons.

It is in this first glimpse of the Auvergnat that Simenon shows his crafty and subtle hand. His total awareness is the source of his sympathy—an unsentimental, untiring, ungrudging sympathy that allows all his characters to move about freely, just as they have to, just as they do. He shows us that the world is romantic and that life is romantic, but that men and women are not romantic except sometimes, in their moments of selfless responsiveness. It is in the contradiction between man and his extraordinary life sentence that Simenon divines the magic we find in his work.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS, by Evelyn Berckman (Doubleday). This engrossing tale of nineteenth-century England is based on fact—fact fortunately made mellow by the passage of the years. Starvelings is an immense and once majestic estate in Wiltshire, and it is the ancestral home of the noble Stanyon family, which has been going downhill for generations and has hit the primeval mud in the person of the present (1855) baron, a bedridden wreck with a horrid history, whose mysterious wife and even more mysterious son are hidden away someplace in the bowels of the neglected and rotting mansion. Miss Berckman tells how the tiny heir of Starvelings is salvaged, to some extent, out of all the wretchedness that has surrounded him from his birth. The heroine of the piece is Davina Milne, only daughter of a local clergyman,

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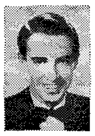

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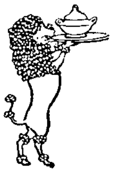

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GENERAL

CITIES IN A RACE WITH TIME, by Jeanne R. Lowe (Random House). This excellent book tells just about everything that has been done or learned about big-city problems. The author has been a writer and researcher in urban affairs for a dozen years, and her book describes the experiences of cities for even longer than that. Some chapters discuss a particular city's achievements and failures at rebuilding and renewing; others discuss problems affecting most cities, such as ghetto education and finding the right role for private investment in urban projects. The book's style is clear, and its inclusiveness—its scope in both time and geography—makes it exceptionally useful. Ten dollars.

THE MEDIEVAL FOUNDATION OF ENGLAND, by Sir Arthur Bryant (Doubleday). This useful, easy, short social history by a well-known English historian opens in remote millennia when England was a damp melting pot for assorted migratory peoples. It closes at the end of the fourteenth century, when England had survived invasions by Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans (who nearly all became Englishmen) and had acquired a parliament, two universities, much of her legal system, and something of her national character. Sir Arthur, as usual, writes reliably well. He is a trifle insistent that England, B.C. or A.D., is the best of all possible places, but that makes for happy history.

LIKE A CONQUERED PROVINCE: THE MORAL AMBIGUITY OF AMERICA, by Paul Goodman (Random House). In this book—originally a series of lectures delivered over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation—the author tells our northern neighbors what he thinks is right and what is wrong with the United States. Wrong: our foreign policy (especially the war in Vietnam), centralization (the growth of bureaucracy and the curse of bigness in government, business, and agriculture), and the trend toward impersonal administration in schools, cities, and private enterprises. Right: the country's tradition of rebelliousness, its populist heritage, and the people's bred-in-the-bone egalitarianism. Mr. Goodman's anatomy lesson is a mixture of vagueness and acuteness; his discussion of rebellious students is sharp and dis-

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criminating, but he does not seem to know much about how Big Bad Operators operate. His utopia—a country filled with inexpensive, local, unsupervised goings on—seems less alluring than it has seemed in the past. This is partly because the country has so many large-scale problems (the dirt in Lake Erie, for instance) that call for large-scale, technical, organized mopping-up, and partly because Mr. Goodman's overvaluation of amateurish spontaneity takes too little account of virtues that are always in short supply—artistic polish, thorough scholarship, precise thought.

THE SWASTIKA AND THE EAGLE, by James V. Compton (Houghton Mifflin). What did Hitler know about the United States? How did he get ideas about America? And how did these ideas affect his foreign policy? To find the answer to these questions, Dr. Compton has gone to a variety of sources—both documents and people, including some German diplomats of the period. In this matter as in others, we learn, Hitler exhibited a despot's greatest weakness: he could not use advice. The well-trained older members of Germany's Foreign Service reported that the United States was a great power and that most Americans disapproved of Nazism. Hitler preferred to believe his own Nazi observers, who told him that a political democracy composed of many ethnic strains was decadent. For years, Hitler's misconceptions were unimportant—Nazi Germany and the United States had comparatively little to do with each other—and though Hitler occasionally considered a Nazi coup in the United States, more immediate problems distracted him. But after his armies failed to knock out Russia in the summer of 1941, his diplomacy became deranged. Much of Dr. Compton's solid study offers a sad, sad spectacle, but the last chapters, in which the Japanese and Germans, like two teams of con men, attempt to use each other, record idiocy that approaches farce.

THE WOBBLIES: THE STORY OF SYNDICALISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Patrick Renshaw (Doubleday). A succinct, readable narrative by a young English specialist in American studies. He tells us that in 1905, when the Industrial Workers of the World was founded, American trade unions were feeble and wages and working conditions abominable. The I.W.W. set out to organize all work-

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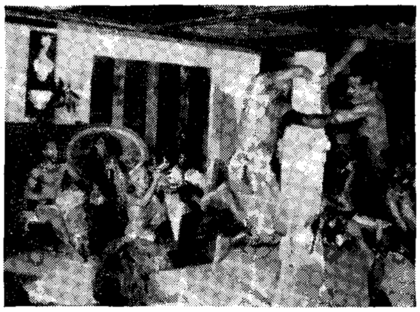

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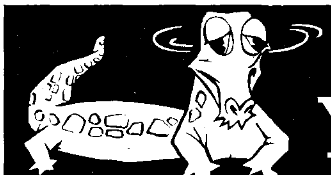

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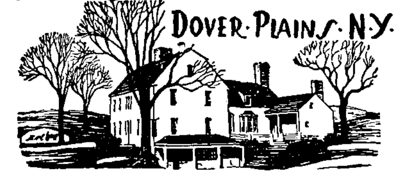

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ers in industrial, rather than craft, unions. What the workers would do once they were all unionized never arose as a practical question, for, despite some notable organizing successes, the I.W.W. died young. The revolutionary speculations and programs of some of its spokesmen had terrified many Americans, and during the First World War's "Red scare" the I.W.W.'s leaders were found guilty (unjustly, in Renshaw's opinion) of conspiring to sabotage the war effort. The author is as critical of the Wobblies' heroic legends as he is of their enemies' panic distortions, but his sympathies are clearly drawn to the Wobblies' sufferings, if not to their radical fantasies.

The American Literary Revolution 1783–1837, edited by Robert E. Spiller (Anchor). An anthology of documents on the birth pangs of American literature, from Philip Freneau noting ruefully, in "Advice to Authors" in 1788, "There are few writers of books in this new world, and amongst these very few that deal in works of imagination, and, I am sorry to say, fewer still that have any success attending their lucubrations," to Ralph Waldo Emerson announcing triumphantly, in "The American Scholar" in 1837, "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds." An excellent anthology, done with impeccable scholarship.

The First Merchant Venturers, by William Culican (McGraw-Hill). A volume in the Library of the Early Civilizations. The ancient Levant was a crossroads of commerce for the high civilizations around it—Minoan Crete, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and their successors. The wealth and techniques of all these civilizations shaped the Levant, but the Levant, in turn, influenced its neighbors, its greatest contribution being the Phoenician alphabet. Mr. Culican does this work of historical justice in a learned, charming, and stylish fashion, and provides beautiful and profuse illustrations.

VERSE

High and Low, by John Betjeman (Houghton Mifflin). It was delightful, twenty-odd years ago, to be persuaded to share Betjeman's enthusiasm for obsolete nineteenth-century verse forms and for neglected (poetically, at least) British people and places—enthusiasm touched in

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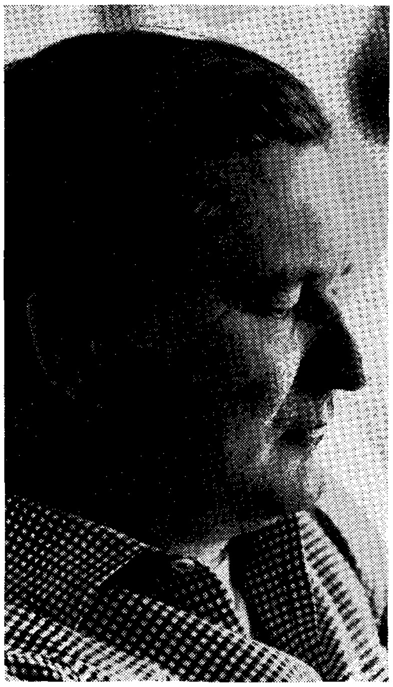

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Along with *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, the September issue also includes articles, poetry, and all regular features

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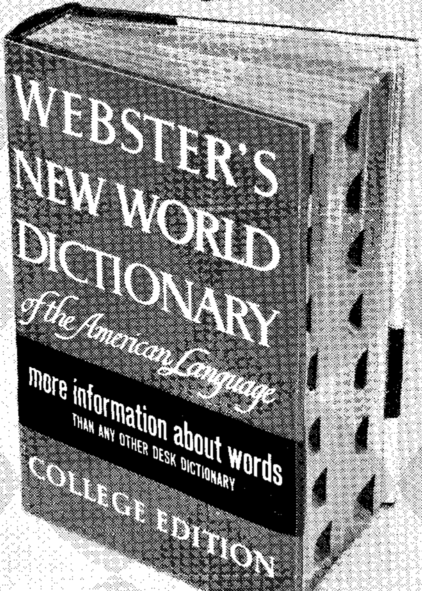
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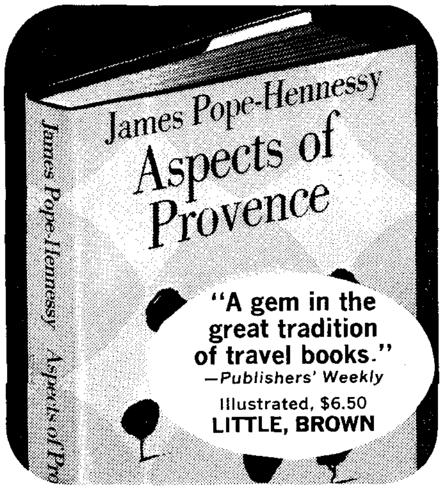

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with exactly the right degree of nostalgia. With the passage of time, Betjeman's interests grew so specialized that, while he became Britain's most popular poet and a strong contender for the Laureateship (if that honor has survived), many of his pieties seemed rather baffling to the American reader. In this newest, small collection, the sly fun remains attractive, and although Betjeman's voice of feeling now often comes through as a sort of parody of parody, on the whole he avoids shows of outright sentimentality.

POEMS WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH, by T. S. Eliot (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). This handful of juvenilia (1904-10), carefully and authoritatively edited by John Hayward, certainly belongs in the Eliot canon, although it adds little of interest to it. The poems written for official occasions are fittingly dull. Certain lyrics cast prophetic shadows before, one or two in a Laforgian direction, while the opening lines of "The Death of Saint Narcissus" prefigure a passage in "The Waste Land." Valerie Eliot's prefatory note reports the touching fact that Eliot remembered his mother's saying that she thought poems of his printed in his school paper "better than anything in verse she had ever written. I knew what her verse meant to her."

•

NEW YORK (NEA)—Jack Brabham has a kind of Gary Cooperish way of making astounding statements sound like comments on the weather. . . .

Better not ask him why he drives, either, because Jack doesn't like questions like that. "Why do you write?" he's liable to say. He also isn't pleased with questions like: "How does it feel to be the Grand Old Man of racing?" dowohlnozzz bbmhhm rdddddd old," he'll say.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

Hey, that's good! What kind of car was that?

•

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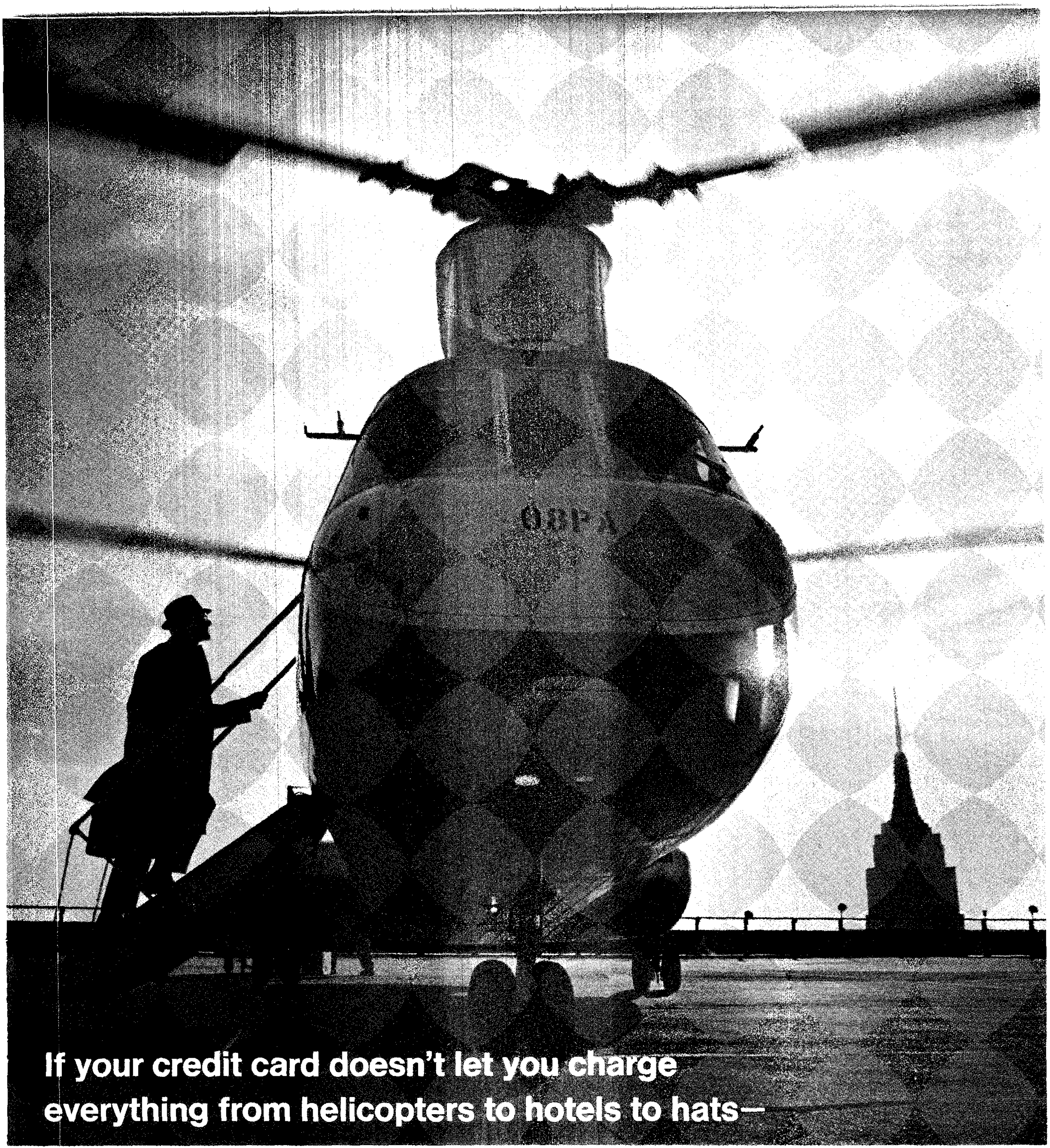

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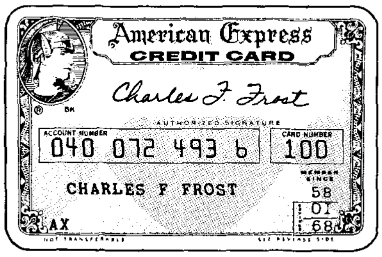
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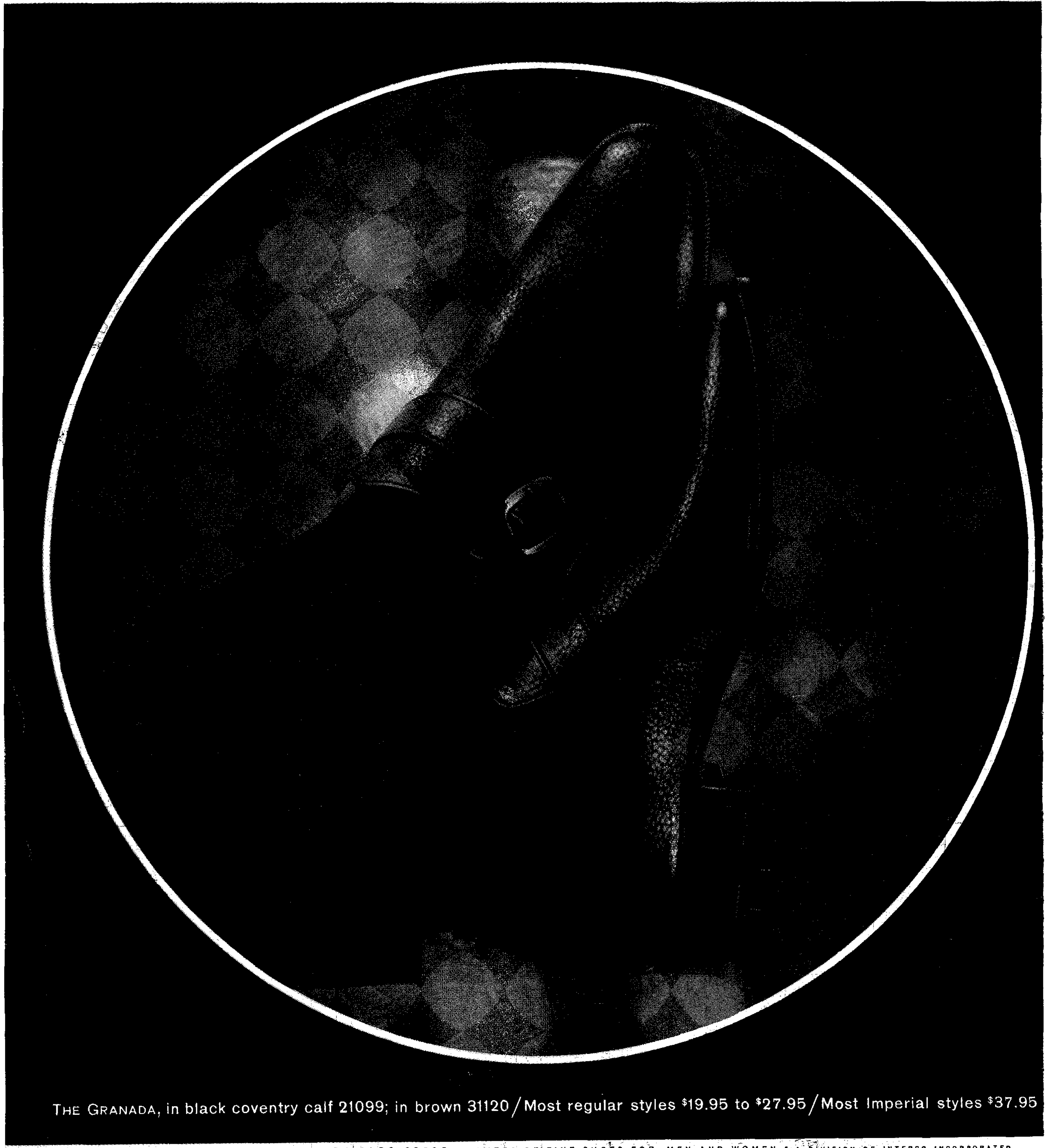

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